

Sardar Sawan Singh Maharaj Sahib.

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Letter from Prof. Sardar Bahadur Jagat Singh, B.A., M.Sc., Professor of Chemistry, Lyalpur Agricultural College.

Lyalpur, the Panjab, India,
Dec., 30, 1933.

The fourteen letters contained in this book, and the statements in Part II, are based upon the personal observations and experiences of the author, Dr. Johnson. He has lived in close contact with the beloved Master for over a year and a half, and I regard him well qualified to write on this subject. I wish to say that in no instance has he exagerated the mastership or other qualities of the Master. If anything, he has rather understated them. We who have known the Master intimately for many years fully believe him so great that no human language can possibly portray him as he is. We can never say how great he is. We can only bow at his holy

feet and worship in silence, joy, and deep gratitude.

For many years I have watched men and women of all classes, from the coolie up to the shrewdest and most cultured intellects, sit humbly at his feet while he so wisely pointed the Way. We sincerely wish this might be the great good fortune of all who read this book.

Earnestly yours,
Jagat Singh.

Letter from Judge Sewa Singh, B.A., Senior Judge of the Civil Courts, Delhi, India.

Delhi,
5th January, 1934.

Dear Doctor Johnson,

I have read your letters which are going to be printed in the form of a book with great delight. It is wonderful that you have comprehended in so short a time the teachings of Sant Mat. As pointed out by you, the first essential for a student of Sant Mat is the selection of the right Master. You are, no doubt, fortunate in selecting the Master about whom you speak so much in your letters. The greatness of a Master can be better experienced than described. In my opinion your description of the Master, if it errs at all, it errs on the side of incompleteness. He is beyond description. The doctrine, that souls can only work out their salvation if they come into contact with a perfect Master and learn from

Him the secret of Word, is not a new thing. Almost all the religious systems are aware of it. In the Bible the Son is the Master and Holy Ghost the Word and the Father, the Supreme Lord. The Vedas, Upnishdas and other religious books of the Hindus, and the Quran of the Mohammadans are full of references to Shabd and Masters who could reveal it to individual souls. The doctrine may sound a little new to the western mind, but I hope this book of yours will be of immense benefit to them.

Yours affectionately,
Sewa Singh.

Letter from Prof. Jag Mohan Lal, M.A., Professor of English Literature and History, Randhir College, Kapurthala.

Kapurthala, the Punjab,
India. Dec., 31, 1933.

On a hot summer's day in June, 1932, a serene elderly gentleman, very different from the average European or American tourist, dismounted from a closed car and entered my house in Kapurthala. I had the pleasure of entertaining him for two days. I noticed that the things usually sought and admired by tourists held no interest for him. He was a typical searcher for the higher realities, for Truth. There was evident a deep hunger of the soul in this American traveler.

He and I soon came to know each other well and when he admitted me to his confidences, I discovered a man of remarkable wealth of experience and ex-

tensive study. He is an eminent surgeon, and since his coming to India, many have received the benefits of his surgical skill, even though he came not here to practice his profession. He had left a flourishing practice in America, and probably at the psychological moment, came to India in search of Light. Of course this could be found only at the feet of the living Master. For over a year and a half Brother Johnson has been engaged in an earnest study of the Master's teaching, and to the Master he has dedicated his life. He has given to the Master love and faith, the two things needed, if one is to make the inward journey to higher regions. Dr. Johnson has had the good luck to meet a real Master, and his keen and trained intellect, and broad experience have enabled him to grasp the teachings quite accurately and assimilate them. I know that he has carefully analyzed every phase of this teaching, and weighed its every point. He has not accepted it blindly. He has so clearly mastered the teachings that he is now eminently fitted

to put the very quintessence of Sant Mat before his own people. Much of it is given in this little volume, and every word of this book is true, to my personal knowledge.

May Sat Guru bless his efforts, and through him all America and the world.

Faithfully yours,
Jag Mohan Lal.

Letter from Rai Har Narayan, B.A., Retired Deputy Director of Land Records,

Punjab Civil Government.

Dera Baba Jaimal Singh,
Via Beas, Dist. Amritsar,
the Panjab, India. Nov. 28, '33

Dr. Johnson, the author of this little volume, has asked me to write a few words regarding the Master. I am happy to do this, although I fully recognize that no words can be found to adequately describe him.

The Master was pleased to accept me as a disciple twenty four years ago, and for the last nine years I have lived in constant close association with him. I have had every opportunity to study him and to know him well.

He is respected and honored by all who know him. He is in this country not only highly venerated and loved for

his noble human qualities, but he is regarded here as the super-man, the ideal. His genuine Mastership is not questioned by the tens of thousands all over this country who may have the privilege of bowing at his holy feet. He is our great Teacher and Exemplar. All men here delight to serve him; for all love him beyond the power of words to tell the story. It is the proudest achievement of my life to realize that he loves me well enough to permit me to serve him.

We regard the Master's teaching as the message of immortal life and the Master himself is leading us onward and upward. The Master is truly wonderful and his life is a living wonder to us all.

It gives me great pleasure to fully endorse and to testify to the truth of all Dr. Johnson has written in this book. He has lived right here among us for a year and a half, and is fully qualified to tell this story. Our gratitude is due to this eminent American surgeon for what

he has done and is doing to introduce our Master and his teachings to the English speaking world.

Sincerely yours,
Har Narayan,

WITH A GREAT MASTER

IN

INDIA

By

Julian P. Johnson, M.A., M.D.

Being a series of letters written to friends and fellow-students in America during the first fourteen months of his sojourn with the Master.

PART II

gives a brief statement of the Radha Soami system of spiritual science, the Yoga of the

SOUND CURRENT.

Those who have been seeking a real Master will here learn how to find him; and those who do not know if real Masters exist on earth will here find some evidence which they can not afford to neglect.

THE SAWAN SERVICE LEAGUE

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WITH A GREAT MASTER IN INDIA.

Foreword:

"When the chela is ready, the Guru appears," is a common saying among occultists, and is often repeated in the literature. For a quarter of a century the writer kept trying to believe this statement; but he often wondered if it was literally true, or was it just an optimistic expression of those few who had succeeded in finding one. For a quarter of a century he had believed in the existence of the Guru, the Master, the genuine Mahatma. God knows there was plenty of need for them. If they did not exist, there was in the economy of human life a decided deficiency. If one accepts the major premise of a supreme and benevolent Creator, whose fundamental nature is love, then he can scarcely believe that Creator would leave untold billions of

his children to wander around like babes in a wilderness, unguided, unenlightened and unprotected. If he sent us down into this world for some beneficient purpose, then he can not fail to look after us, and to see that his purposes are ultimately conserved. There simply must be Masters. That is our first and root conviction. They are necessary to any rational order in this world. Without them, there is chaos, only blind drifting, and chance. Nothing but hopes and vague uncertainties, groping speculations. Excepting the Masters and their disciples, there is not a man or woman in all the world who has any certain knowledge concerning the most important problems of the soul, or even of the existence of the soul itself. All the rest only believe, imagine, speculate and preach. Only the Masters KNOW.

Without the revelations of Masters,—living Masters, not the story of Masters written in books, the origin of which no man can tell—without the certain knowl-

edge which they possess, the scientific student is almost driven to the conclusion that man is only a physical structure, beginning with the foetus in utero, and ending in the dissolution of death. He may conjure up dreams to please his fancy and feed his imagination; but they are hardly worth his time. Without the Masters there is no provision for the soul of man. If the Creator has made no provision to properly instruct and take care of the spirit, then there is no spirit. But happily we are not left in the dark concerning these things. There are men who KNOW.

To say that the people have a book to guide them is futile, when but a small fraction of the human race has ever had access to any one book, and there is no general agreement as to the value of any book as a guide. To say that they have priests and other religious leaders to guide them is likewise futile, even ridiculous, in the light of the well known fact that those teachers are practically all in the

dark themselves, leading worldly lives and driven by the five common passions, just like other men. Besides, they are utterly lacking in any sort of agreement among themselves as to the most fundamental principles, or precepts, by which they propose to guide their followers. To say that they have a divine spirit to guide them is only a guess, a dogma. If that were the case, then the whole world would truly be guided aright and the results would be uniform and highly salutory. Spiritual enlightenment would be universal.

So it is evident that this old world sadly needs real masters who alone of all men can speak from positive knowledge. For that is the one supreme mark of distinction between masters and all other teachers. They KNOW. All others only believe.

Always one Master on earth.

And so it stands out as a vital fact, well known to those who have had the

experience, that the Great Supreme Father, in his loving kindness, has provided that there shall always be at least one perfect Saint, or master on earth in the physical body, ready to guide all who are ready to go with him. And no matter where on earth a soul may be, even to the remotest islands of the sea, and no matter what his handicap or difficulties, if he makes himself ready for the master by always doing the best he can under the circumstances, the very day and hour he is fit to stand before the Master, and ready to follow him in the right spirit, as certain as the path of a planet in its orbit, just that certain will the Master appear, and take charge of his pupil. No matter how the meeting is to be brought about. That may be left entirely to the Master. His wisdom and power are all sufficient; for he is the viceroy of the Supreme King, appointed to do that specific work among men. The only concern of the student is to make himself ready.

A long and thorny path.

But the way to the master's feet is often a long and thorny path. Many are the weary years when doubts spring up and the heart grows faint; when hope is no more than a flickering candle to guide our sore and aching feet. It often happens that a person struggles on for years amidst his doubts and perplexities, groping blindly, as it seems to him, when at last, just as he passes a turn in the road, suddenly and unexpectedly he stands face to face with realization. Then he is ready to exclaim with Cowper:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

A sketch of my life:

I was brought up in a most orthodox environment. When I was a boy the sermons in the Baptist church where I attended fairly smelled of brimstone. And any one who was not "converted" and baptized by immersion was pretty

sure of immersion in that lake that burned with unquenchable fire. But there were many questions I wanted to ask; only those questions were generally settled by the indignant assertion that the old devil was putting doubts into my mind. As a boy I was reading and explaining the Bible to every one. There was no mystery about it. Only I found out later that some of my explanations were not to be tolerated. They were quite unorthodox, and every thing unorthodox was of the devil. The book of Revelation was one of my favorites. I knew all about it, even though many of the world's greatest scholars never claimed so much. However, only a few days ago I picked up the New Testament and read that portion of it again, to see if my later studies had thrown any light upon it. I found, somewhat to my amazement, that now I had not the slightest idea of its meaning. I wonder if the writer himself had any clear conception of it.

Licensed to preach at seventeen.

At the age of seventeen I was licensed to preach and spent the next seventeen years trying to convince the world that the Baptist church was the divinely commissioned organ of the Almighty for the enlightenment and salvation of mankind. At twenty two I was graduated from college at Bolivar, Missouri, from which school I obtained three degrees, and was then appointed a missionary to India. That ancient land always held a peculiar fascination for me. As a boy even the map of India held me spell-bound. Now I was sorry for India and would go out and set her right in matters of religion. I was not then aware of the fact that the great men of India were adepts in religion and spiritual science ages before my own country was discovered by civilized man; even when my ancestors were pirates along the northern coasts of Europe. But I was young, optimistic and egotistic. Nothing daunted, I set out to convert the world. But after nearly

three years in India, I returned to America with my orthodox egotism a bit deflated. I was like an automobile tire with a small puncture, a little flat, but still going. I had met a few men in India,—although they were not masters—who knew so much more about everything than I did that I was mystified, amazed. Amazed not so much at my own ignorance as at their massive learning. I had come to India to convert ignorant heathen; but by the side of some of them I was still in the primer class. I had my three diplomas tucked away in the trunk, and I never showed them to anybody after that. I had gone out to convert the heathen and the heathen had set me to thinking, even if they had not converted me.

I was born with an irrepressible desire for knowledge. At least it was very early manifest. My mother used to call me the standing interrogation point. I just must know the "ins" and "outs" of things; the "whys" and the

" wherefores. " I never could accept complacently what was dished out to me and ask no questions. And this trait of character has often got me into trouble. It has always been quite impossible for me to fit myself into a nice little stall some place and eat my hay along with the rest. First I wanted to analyze a sample of the hay ; and that a good horse is not supposed to do. I never could take gracefully to the harness, while some archbishop sat up in the chariot behind me with his whip in hand.

Five years of intensive search.

Determined to get my feet on solid ground if possible, in matters of mind and soul, I entered school again ; this time in the great University of Chicago. There I spent five years in an intensive search for reality, graduating in two different departments, one of which was theology. But my graduating thesis was a disappointment to my dear orthodox professors. I chose as my theme, " The

fundamental principle of the Reformation." I took the position that the real source and inspiration of the Renaisance and of the protestant reformation in Europe was the great Aryan principle of individual liberty, reborn, and now asserting itself, in spite of all church dogmas, both Catholic and Protestant. The fact that a few great Protestant leaders, themselves only half liberated from the tyranny of dogma, took a leading part in the general awakening, by no means obliged us to ascribe to their teachings the real source of the Renaisance. They themselves were the unconscious agents of a greater and deeper principle, of a far more gigantic force, which was now moving all Europe and the world.

But my beloved professors were deeply grieved that I did not attribute the great awakening to the dogmas of the Baptist church. Their labor of love had been wasted upon me. I was hopelessly led astray by German rationalism. Much was the pity. But as for myself,

I was in a worse predicament than a man on the highway with a flat tire. I did not even have a highway. I was utterly in the woods. I had a roll of diplomas, but they were of no use to me. They meant nothing,—except one thing, and that is, after all, a thing of supreme value ;—they represented a real mental awakening. If a man once awakens from his age-long stupor, and learns to think, actually begins to think independently, he has accomplished much. Until that time arrives, it can never be said of him that he is an educated man, no matter how many diplomas he may have won, or how loudly the world may acclaim his learning.

I begin the study of medicine.

Being now without a profession which I could sincerely follow, I turned to the study of medicine. That at least was something definite with which I could occupy hands and brain. I won my medical degree from the State University

of Iowa and settled on the Pacific coast to practice. But in all the years that followed, my interest in spiritual things never slackened. It rather grew more intense. I must have been born under that star. I sought eternally for the real, for the true. But now I no longer sought for it in organized religion. I no longer expected to find it in the great schools of learning. So, I became interested in " New Thought ", in Christian Science, in Spiritualism. But none of these seemed to get at the root of the matter. I found in Theosophy a greater appeal than in any of the rest. It held a keen interest. It surely had glimmerings of the Light, But much of it seemed so far away and intangible. Its great teachers wrote learnedly and pointed to Masters far away in the depths of the Himalayas, where the Great White Brotherhood controlled the destinies of men. But when I tried to get in touch with some of these great ones, the path of approach always vanished. I took up the study of Rosecrucianism. That also

was good. It seemed to point in the right direction. It was deeply fascinating. But in it I could never find the way to the feet of any man who could speak with authority on any of the deeper problems. If they had masters, they were to me quite inaccessible, and I was put off with many vague promises. I continued to flounder about in the deep waters. I never seemed quite able to get my feet on a firm foundation. Finally, during a long course of reading, and especially during the study of oriental philosphy, of the Vedas, the Bhagavad Gita, the Upanishads, etc., the idea of the Master gradually took shape in my consciousness. There was the ideal. Standing out among all creeds and systems, yet above them all, was the living Master. He represented the highest and the best in actual life. For he has himself actually achieved in his own person the highest ideals of all religions, and by virtue of that achievement he and he alone could speak with authority on the subject. And the most appealing thing

about the Master was the idea that by following him any man may achieve the same results and himself become a Master. No one has any monopoly on spiritual attainments. The idea of the Master appealed to both reason and intuition. I was quite sure that if there was no such thing as real Masters, there ought to be. There must be Masters. I became more and more convinced, that if I could not find the solution of all my problems in a living Master, then that solution could not be found on earth. Further search would be useless; for I had now explored about everything else that offered any rational promise of light. So I began my search for a Master. I wrote to everybody in the world that I had any idea had ever seen one. Most of them did not reply; and this list included many Indians who at that time were posing as Masters in America and collecting ready cash for a prescription purporting to make their students into Masters, for so much per head. Those who did reply generally put me off with

some vague and indefinite statement. One man who claimed to have spent years with Masters in India, replied: "When you become master of yourself, you are in the presence of the masters." But to one crying in the wilderness, there is not much comfort in that. Once or twice I thought I had found a Master; but on closer scrutiny and more critical study, I had to give up and begin my search all over again. But each time I renewed the search with more zeal than ever. In spite of many counterfeits, the real master must be found somewhere. Every good thing in the world is imitated and capitalized by designing men, and the better a thing is the more cleverly it is counterfeited. I was now convinced beyond a question that real Masters did exist somewhere on earth. Knowing that India has been the reputed home of the Masters for ages, I would have set out for India at once; but after arrival in India, I would have had no way of locating the Master. I had heard of different men who had gone to India in search of

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a master and returned disappointed. I believed then, and have since found out for a certainty, that there are millions of people in India who have no knowledge of a real Master, perhaps many who have never heard of one. And I now know of scores of people who live less than three miles from the greatest Master in India, and yet they have not the least idea of a Master. They have seen him pass through their villages time and again. They have heard him spoken of as a "Holy man." And yet they have no idea of his mastership. They pass him by as just one more of the thousands of "sadhus" who are more or less reverenced as men who possess certain unusual knowledge and powers; but most of whom are little more than dirty beggars, going about collecting an easy living. The people have been so imposed upon that most of them pay but slight attention when a real Master does appear. But my search was a long distance one, and I just had to go on waiting and searching for a clue.

A medical officer in the U. S. Navy.

In the mean time I had spent nearly three years as Assistant Surgeon in the United States Navy, during and after the great war. Later, I settled in California and resumed private practice. I built a hospital of my own and developed a considerable surgical practice. Years passed and a heavy practice wore on me to some extent. But my interest in the eternal quest never abated. I became entangled in world affairs; I made much money, invested it and lost it. Complications, involving business and domestic difficulties, wove about me an intolerable situation. All the while that inner urge for the eternal realities became more and more dominant and insistant. I became more and more disgusted with the world and its false glamours. It seemed to me that the whole world was rushing on, madly indulging itself, and then when it got the belly ache, it came to me for a pill or an operation. I was sick of it all. So one day I rented out

my hospital, filled up my gas tank and, all alone, I headed for the south on a vacation. I did'nt even tell my most intimate friends where I was going. In fact, I didn't know myself. But I knew I had to have a change and a rest. And a few days later I drove into a grove of eucalyptus trees in Brawley, the Imperial Valley.

The darkest hour of life.

It was then, during the winter of 1928-29, while visiting in the Imperial Valley California, that the darkest hour of my life came upon me. It seemed as if I had come to the end of all roads, the end of the trail. Ahead there was nothing but the desert, the darkness and the end. Nothing but blank darkness. Bitterness of soul and despair settled upon me. I was ready to hate the whole world for leading me on in a series of constant disappointments. But finally, realizing that would only make bad matters worse, I at last resorted to hum-

ble prayer to that Supreme Father in whom I had always believed, but who, it seemed to me, had sadly neglected one of his boys. Self-pity and blaming others is such an easy way of sliding out of one's own short comings.

An ocean of love.

Whether my prayers were heard and answered by some gracious divine agency, or whether my attitude of prayer simply brought me into harmony with the divine law, does not matter. The end results are the same. I awoke one morning with a keen realization of having been literally floating in an ocean of love. It seemed to me an actual experience, floating in an OCEAN of LOVE. I could think of nothing else all day that day. The aspect of the whole world had changed over night. And the following morning I had the same delightful sensation. It was evident that some vital and transforming change had taken place in me. I looked upon the world with new eyes. I loved everythng that lived; and most

gratefully I bowed my soul before the Supreme Father.

The long search rewarded.

A few days later the impression came to me like the strokes of a hammer upon my brain that I must go north. So, without further hesitation, I just put a notice on my door—" Too hot ; gone north." In fact, the weather was getting pretty warm by that time. I drove over to Pasadena and Los Angeles, and then up the scenic coast route. Returning by the inland Pacific Highway, I stopped in Ashland, Oregon, to visit an old lady, Julia R. McQuilkin, whom I had known and loved for twenty-five years. She was then nearing her eightieth mile stone in life's journey. But her brain was active and her soul radiant. She had lived a long life of useful deeds. Almost the first thing I noticed on entering her sitting room, lying there on her library table, was a copy of " **Radha Soami Mat Prakash.**" It struck me peculiarly. I began to read, and one of the

first paragraphs my eyes fell upon read:

"The Supreme Being is a boundless **OCEAN OF SPIRIT, OR LOVE,** and the human being a drop or current of spirit or love from this ocean, and love being the very essence and means of existence of the whole creation, it follows that no effort in any direction, temporal or spiritual, unless actuated by love or affectionate regard, can be crowned with success, and the work or labor rendered easy, sweet and harmonious."

Strangely enough, here was my ocean of love in which I had been baptized; and in the very same paragraph a complete and perfect explanation as to why I had failed in so many of my undertakings. It came with the force of a personal message from the skies. I continued to read. When lunch was ready, I fed myself with one hand while I held on to the book with the other. I asked questions. Finally when the little volume had been read through the second time,

I asked my friend where she had obtained it. In all philosophical and occult literature there was nothing like it. It carried a different message. My beloved hostess smiled and said that it was an exposition of the teachings of a Master in India. I eagerly enquired what Master. She then told me that for seven years she had been an Initiate of this Master and if I wished she would give me directions as to how I might get in touch with him myself. "If I wished." Would I wish to drink water, if I was dying of thirst? At last I was to find a Master. I asked her why she had not told me of her Master before, when she knew well that I had long been in search of one. She smiled again and said: **"You were not ready before."** Ah, that was it. I was not ready. Even though I longed to see the Master, I was not yet ready to stand in his holy presence. That was why my Guru had not appeared. We are so prone to think of everything else except our own unworthiness. But at last, thanks to that

Ocean of Love and my good friend, I was to find a Master. About eight months from that date I received instructions from the Master himself to proceed to Port Angeles, Washington, for my Initiation. I could never convey to another person any adequate idea of the deep gratitude which I felt when this message came.

A little over a year from the date of my Initiation, one fine day, I laid down my surgical instruments, locked the doors of my hospital, and slept soundly that night. The next morning I drove down to Sanfrancisco to take steamer for India. On the 24th day of March, 1932, I sailed out through the Golden Gate, headed for Honolulu and the far East.

Studying Buddhism in Honolulu.

I stopped over in the Hawaian Islands for two weeks; but instead of much sight seeing, I put in most of the time studying Buddhism with a very cultured gentleman by the name of E. H. Hunt,

who is an accredited Bhikshu, or priest, of that faith, in charge of the beautiful Hongwanji temple. This faith is well known in the Islands, mainly because of the large number of Japanese adherants. But the impression of this writer is that Buddhism, like Christianity, has seen its best days. It has served its purpose in the divine plan; has drifted into a mere dead formality, and will eventually disappear, as a more vital faith comes to take its place.

The journey westward.

On the fifteenth of April we weighed anchor and slowly moved out of Pearl Harbour, while the band played the beloved Aloha. As we sailed away into the setting sun, a gorgeous rainbow formed a perfect arch over the entire city of Honolulu. We accepted that as a hopeful sign, a promise, that our quest would not be in vain, and that we should return to American soil with the fruits of success. Under the tricolors of the Mikado, our

ship set its steady course westward, while we looked fondly upon the last receding speck of land over which floats the American flag.

Our out-bound party.

There were in our party sailing from Honolulu five Americans, outbound on four different missions quite as opposite to each other as the four points of the compass. One was a young man, ex-soldier, a lovable, jolly fellow, going to Singapore, or the Philipines, or where ever the ship wished to carry him. His object was to spend time, his youth and money. It mattered not at all if fate brought fortune, romance, or war. He would play his guitar under the southern moon and forget that the world had its problems. He could'nt be bothered.

There was another young man of about thirty years of age, educated, affable, and a bit serious. For he had read Kant, Schoperhauer, Herbert Spencer, and of course, Nietschke and Ibsen. But in

Tokyo he easily found the pretty Japanese girls more interesting than the Critique of Pure Reason. He was willing to agree with Keiserling that the Japanese had reduced love making to a fine art, and he had always been interested in the best examples of real art. He was going out to Shanghai to build for himself fame and fortune in the newspaper business. As a journalist and writer of philosophical story, he expected to succeed H. G. Wells; perhaps even blazing the trail into worlds of high thought which Wells had never dreamed of. Such is the boundless optimism and egotism of youth.

There was then a middle aged couple husband and wife, bound for Tibet as missionaries. They had been called, so they said, to carry the gospel into that almost inaccessible region which was now the very last outpost of the known world where it had not been preached. This was necessary, they explained, so that in the end those heathen might be prop-

erly damned, without excuse for their obstinacy, when the Lord Jesus should come in all of his glory to judge the world. The Lord was at that moment, they believed, somewhere in the highest heavens, all ready with his shining host, restraining his impatient angels, just waiting for the day and hour when he and his wife had crossed to the western border of Tibet, preaching as they went. Of course, they did not know a word of the language which they were to use in preaching. But that did not matter. Then suddenly the end of the world would come; the terrible judgement; the wholesale destruction of the wicked, and the gathering up of the elect. That select and somewhat exclusive company would consist of only a hundred and forty and four thousand, out of the total population of the earth. Of course, they had already received their tickets as members of the select party. All the rest of mankind, since the beginning of the human race on earth, were to be cast into hell fire, with the devil and his an-

gels. Such was the cheerful outlook of our missionaries.

Lastly there was an elderly man, possessing the intelligence and scientific training of the average American surgeon, a contemplative mood, a philosophical bent of mind, and somewhat of a dreamer, now going out to India in search of a Mahatma,—not Mahatma Gandhi.

It is astonishing how our friends suddenly become interested in our welfare the moment we start out to do something which they think we should not do. There are always plenty of people standing ready to whip us back into line with the old order; but seldom is any one willing to help push us out in search of the new. While my friends in America were getting anxious about me, I was becoming quite solicitous about my missionary friends. They were evidently moving straight toward deliberate suicide, fired with a fanatical zeal worthy of any crusader. They had only money enough to take them to Yunan and their entire

equipment consisted of a few clothes a roll of blankets, two Bibles and a guitar which they could not play. They had no organization back of them, and no sort of preparation for the rigors of the cold mountain regions ahead of them. They expected Jesus to miraculously enable them to speak the language, play the guitar, to feed and clothe them and to provide means of travel. They were further handicapped by having with them their little boy only five years of age. I wished to save them, if possible, from a fatal error. So, on separating from them at Hongkong, after trying persuasion in vain, I handed them a letter to be read at their leisure, urging them to reconsider.

While my missionary friends were reading the above mentioned letter, I was reading many anxious messages from America. The following letter will do for a sample:

Oakland, California, March 26,
1932.

Dr. Julian P. Johnson,
Care the American Consul,
Hongkong.

Dear Julian :—Just received your note, too late to meet you. I was out of town for a couple of days. I was much surprised and shocked when I read it. I can not feature you doing such a thing, and I hasten now to send this letter out, hoping that when it reaches you in Hongkong, you will have reconsidered the matter and may turn around and come back home. You, an educated man, a skilled surgeon, with many years of experience, a hospital of your own and a good practice,—just to drop it all and start out on a wild goose chase. If it were summer time, I would say the heat had affected your head. Mahatmas, masters ? Who ever saw one alive ? Those birds exist only in the warped imaginations of dreamers. If there were such men in India, certainly such eminent scholars as

Swami Vivakananda and Tagore would know about them. Any way, the Christian faith of your mother, and in which you used to be a minister, should be good enough for you. Why leave the good old U. S. A. in search of a chimera among heathen people, in a strange land and among a million strange gods? It is unthinkable. Come back home and forget it, and settle down and enjoy life, while you may. You have many years of usefulness ahead of you yet.

Earnestly and affectionately yours,
N. W. D.

Affectionate warnings unheeded.

I fear much that in both cases the benevolent interference was in vain. Only other instances of love's labor lost. We are all such obstinte creatures. We all left Hongkong, bent upon our several errands, and nothing but personal experience will ever convince us that we are in the wrong. My missionary friends will probably leave their bones beneath

the drifting snows somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Tibet, unless indeed a miracle should intervene.

And the one in search of a mahatma sails on serenely over the southern seas, bound for India and whatever discovery there awaits him. In the mean time, totally unmindful of either missionaries or mahatmas, the beautiful moon climbs the eastern sky; soft breezes blow from the islands of the south; and the "Southern Cross" beckons us on to Singapore. Tonight we stand on the deck of the steamer and watch the restless waves keep time to the silent march of the stars, just as they have done for a million years and more.

The arrival in India.

It is no part of the plan of this little volume to describe in detail the long journey to India. The space must be reserved for more important matter. The reader may imagine with what emotions the writer beheld at last the outlines

of India. Dear old India. Much loved and much misunderstood India. We enter the muddy waters of the Ganges. Calcutta lies on the distant horizon. Our journey nears its end. Slowly we come to anchor at last, and the American traveler sets foot upon the land which holds so much of either success or disappointment for him. The land of prince Gautama Buddha, the land of the Vedas, believed by many to be the oldest teaching ever recorded by man, but which are quite modern compared with one other; the land of renunciation and ascetic extremes; the land of Ram Chander and Sita; the land of Kabir and Nanak; the land whence all religions have emanated. For even Jesus received his inspiration here. The land of wretched poverty and of immense wealth; the land of pitiful ignorance, and also of the keenest brains, the broadest culture and the deepest wisdom to be found any where on earth. The land of a million gods, and also the land where wise men teach earnest students to become gods. Such is India,

the mother land of the world.

The story of him who came to India in search of a master will now be continued in the form of a series of letters written to his friends and fellow-students in America, giving in some detail his actual personal experiences with the Master. The facts set forth in these letters are duly attested by a group of men who occupy the highest positions in the social order. The reader is at liberty to write to any one of them for confirmation of any part of this story.

Part II will consist of a much condensed statement of the Master's teachings, commonly called Sant Mat, or the teaching of the Saints. It is called the Path of the Saints, or the Spiritual Science of the Saints. It is also called the Radha Soami faith; also the Yoga of the Saints, and many other names. But they all refer to that system which has been taught and practiced by all Saints of all ages and countries for count-

less years. It may be explained that the term Saint (Sanscrit, Sant) as used here, has no reference to a canonical saint, like those of the church. It refers to a great soul who has learned to live a perfect life among his fellow men, who has mastered himself and made himself free from all limitations of the soul, developed his latent powers, risen to the highest pinnacle of achievement in the spiritual realms, and is now able to conduct his disciples to the same sublime achievement. Such is the real Saint, or the perfect Master; and such is the great Master portrayed in the following pages.

The Masters adopt modern methods.

If it happens to occur to the readers of this little volume that this public statement is not in line with the time honored method of the Masters, let it be noted here and now that the Modern Saints have abandoned the old rigid rule of secrecy and exclusiveness. The reasons

which made it necessary in past ages no longer exist. The Saints now make public appeal to modern intelligence, using modern methods. They freely give out their message through books and the public discourse. The only secrets now withheld from the public are certain instructions given to disciples at the time of Initiation and during their further progress on the Path. Also the individual personal experiences of the disciples. Those secrets, while vital to the student, would be of no use to the public. To all disciples the Master's injunction is: "Freely you have received, freely give. Only do not waste your time trying to give to those who are not ready for it. Use common sense and discretion, tempered with love."

It may be well to call attention to one other fact in this connection. Occult students have generally held the idea that the Masters accept disciples only after the most rigid and searching tests; and so generally the disciples of a great

Master have been but very few in number. But now their methods are different. Great numbers flock to them. Our Master here, for example, has initiated as many as four thousand and nine hundred in one month. The tests are not severe. Almost any one who comes to the Master honestly in search of the Way is accepted by him, if his karma is not too bad. In reality the Master seeks larger numbers. This is not because he wishes a larger following; but it is because he wishes to give to a larger number the golden opportunity of spiritual redemption. No matter if many of them follow but indifferently, and die at last straying from the Path. If they have been Initiated, the seed has been sown, and in the next life they will be more spiritually minded and make better progress. In the following life they will do much better, and not later than the fourth life following Initiation they will every one come to the full light.

The full story cannot be told

Having now had the inestimable privilege of living for over sixteen months in close association with one of the greatest of these Saints, the writer is most happy to offer this personal testimony to all who may be seeking the Light. The major part, and the most vital, of all his experiences with the Master must remain untold. They belong in that category of individual experiences which can never be told to another, and if it could be told would serve no good purpose. Only the most superficial, the least convincing, of all his experiences the occult student may put into writing. Each student in search of the larger reality must travel the path for himself. The most that even the Master himself can do at first is to point the way. If the soul of the reader is ready for the light, he will not fail to see the guide post directing him on the way; nor will he ever again pause until he rests at the Master's holy feet. But if he is not ready, he must simply pass again under the Wheel

and wait for future ages to bring him to higher levels of consciousness.

Letter number one.

Dera Baba Jaimal Singh,
Punjab, India, June 3, '32.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Brock,
Port Angeles, Washington, U.S.A.

My dear Friends;—I am going to write to you the very first letter after my arrival here and the meeting with the Master. All of this experience has made me feel more than ever my indebtedness to you as the Master's representatives in America.

When I arrived in Calcutta, I found four letters from the Master awaiting me, giving me assurances of his welcome to India, and also giving me directions as to my procedure on arrival. He desired me to come directly to him, rather than stopping over to see other places just now. He said he was going to Karachi shortly and invited me to accom-

pany him. Of course, I followed his instructions, and accordingly sent him a telegram that I was taking the first train out of Calcutta for Jullundur City and Beas. I had only about six hours in Calcutta, and saw but little of that great city. However that did not matter. I was looking forward to something much better than seeing cities. It took me two nights and one day, by fast mail train ; and so, about six o'clock Thursday morning, June 2, I arrived in Jullundur City, a nice little city about twenty seven miles from Beas. Two of the Master's most intimate helpers met me at the train. One was his private secretary, Rai Sahib, and the other was Sardar Bhagat Singh, an attorney, or advocate, in Jullundur City. These men extended to me such a cordial welcome that I soon felt quite at home. The Master's secretary is all kindness and goodness, and the attorney just radiates true nobility and spirituality. But the greatest of all surprises awaited me as I entered the home of the attorney and

stood face to face with the Master himself. They had not informed me that he was there. I expected to have to go on to the Retreat at Beas to meet him. But he was so kind as to come on to Jullundur City even the night before, so as to be there to meet me and extend his gracious welcome. The attorney introduced me by saying: "And here is the beloved Master you have come so far to see." But I would have known he was the Master, if no word had been spoken. There is no one like him. I was simply unable to speak, scarcely able to think. I just grasped his hand and stood there. After a while, I was able to tell him that I was most happy to have this privilege of meeting him. I do not know just what he said, but it was something about me being most welcome. It seemed that I stood there in a sort of daze, but quite happy. A sense of great peace had come into my soul. One of the signs of true greatness is that they do not awe you with their greatness, towering above you; but they inspire in you a

subtle peace of mind and soul and make you glad. All about the Master were grouped a number of men and women, some sitting on the rugs, and others actually kneeling in an attitude of worship. Later when I had a chance to notice them, I could see that their faces were literally shining with love and happiness. The Master sat down, after shaking hands with me, and I was given a chair close by him, while all the rest sat on the floor so as to be lower than he was. This was to show their respect for his exalted character.

At length I was able to find speech and told the Master that I was so taken by surprise at meeting him thus unexpectedly, that I was quite unable to express my deep appreciation at having this wonderful privilege of meeting and talking with him. He expressed delight that I had been able to complete my long journey and assured me that he would do all the coould make my sojourn in India as comfortable as possible;

but he expressed some concern lest the food and such accommodations as they could provide might not be what I was accustomed to and so might prove a hardship to me. I assured him that material food and physical comforts were of very little importance to me now. I had come to India for that spiritual food which was of much more vital concern. His smile was most gracious and he assured me that he would do his best to give me even that spiritual food as I had need.

First impressions of the Master.

And now I wish I could really describe him to you or tell you of my impressions. But did you ever try to describe a beautiful sunset? I was expecting to see an unusual man. I knew he had long white beard. I knew he was an elderly man and an East Indian. He really belongs to the Aryan, the pure white race, and now the color of his skin is about that of the average American

with a good coat of sun tan. He is five feet, nine inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty eight pounds. He wears a tall white turban and his general bearing is that of natural born nobility. No king could be more graceful and dignified, and yet that dignity is so tempered with sweet humility that one is drawn to him. His voice is low and clear as silver bells. His smile is extremely gracious and one can see that his heart holds only lovingkindness to all. After an hour with him, about all I could do was to just sit and think of his face. I could think of nothing else. I could still feel the vibrating music of his voice. I could fancy the whole environment was permeated by a peculiar light. Or was that a fancy? His followers here do not think that is a fancy. To them he is verily "The light of the world." And that is no exaggeration or hyperbole. Truly, as his secretary wrote several years ago, he is to be seen and not described. Since seeing him I can think of nothing else.

His image lingers before me all the while. I have never seen such a face before, nor imagined there was one like it among the sons of men. If ever there was a face combining old age (he is now seventy four years of age) with beauty, majesty and calm power, it is his. But beyond all of that, there is a sort of spiritual radiance which no words can describe, but which gives one a feeling of deep peace, as if the discords of earth were no longer possible in his presence. As you look into his face you lose all desire to talk, even ask questions. You simply absorb the light. His voice is vibrant with love and his smile seems as if it lights up the room. He is as simple in manner as a little child, with no sort of pose or air about him. He always appeared as if he regretted being the center of an adoring crowd. His spirit of good fellowship is enchanting. You soon feel at home with him and not only that, but you soon come to feel that there is no real home except in his presence. Thus he makes you a part

of his own family at once. His manner toward all of us is much like that of a mother comforting her tired children and soothing them to rest. His manifest love is his supreme quality, as it appears to me, and that is also the very essence of his gospel.

The spirit of true brotherhood.

I had come from the very opposite side of this globe to see the Master, and now the one hour and a half I have spent with him is more than abundant reward for my long journey. He and the entire group of disciples have given me such a sincere welcome that I can not find words to express my gratitude. Their love appears to know no bounds. They treat me as if I were truly their own brother returning from abroad. In it all there is no formality of any sort. It is real brotherhood. It is a deep mystery how this has come about. I must have time to think. At present I am conscious only of a deep peace and of

infinite gratitude that the Supreme Father has directed my wandering feet to stand at last in the presence of a living Master.

At four in the afternoon I bade adieu to our worthy friend the lawyer and the Master and left with the Master's secretary for the Retreat at Beas. Dera really means tent. It was originally the hermitage of Baba Jaimal Singh, who was Guru to our Master. Now the place is called "Dera Baba Jaimal Singh" in honor of him. When I left the Master in Jullundur City he was ready to start on a trip across country to visit his sons and other relatives at Sirsa, about one hundred and fifty miles from here. At the end of the week he will return here and we will start for Karachi, as the weather is now getting quite warm in this section. We came to the Dera in a beautiful Dodge sedan belonging to our Master. I was made welcome by all of the good people of the Dera and was soon comfortably quartered in the guest house.



Buildings in Dera Baba Jaimal Singh.

Every attention was given to my comfort. They are all so kind to me, and I simply cannot give them money, not even the barber. They will not have it. They say it is their privilege to serve me as their brother and guest. I wonder if there is another such a group of people on earth? I doubt it, even as I doubt if there is another such a sublime faith known to man. Here they live their religion. It is their daily bread, their life, from the Master down to the poorest laborer.

A great monthly satsang.

Last Sunday was the time of the regular monthly gathering, and over eight thousand people were here, they say. There were two thousand people applying for Initiation, and of that number the Master accepted and Initiated seven hundred and forty. And of the total number Initiated, two—and they were both women—were able to see inner lights during the devotional period which

followed the Initiation.

Meditation at three, A.M.

You will no doubt be interested and perhaps amused when I tell you that promptly at three o'clock this morning, at the ringing of a bell or gong, I got up and sat for devotions for a period of three hours. It was never so very easy for me to get up early in the morning, unless it was to go to the surgery for an emergency operation. I was always ready for that at any hour of the day or night. But here at the Dera the Master always rises at three o'clock in the morning for his devotions, and he generally sits until six in the summer time, and until eight in the winter. Most of the others do not sit so long. This is not compulsory on any one ; but all do it out of their love for the Master, because they know it is his wish. The Master regards the sitting as the most important of all our activities. After a delightful period spent in meditation, I went to sleep for

a while, only to be awakened by a bunch of boys who wanted me to go for a walk with them. Among them was a grandson of the Master and a great grand son, the latter a beautiful boy of about six years. So we went for a delightful walk up the Beas river, just as the sun was coming up over the valley beyond. The river here is perhaps a quarter of a mile wide and it presents a weird and enchanting scene peculiar to this country.

The time passes, and as this letter is already long enough, I must bring it to a close. I will no doubt have more to write later that will be of interest to all of you. I hope I may thus be of some real service to the American students who may not have this privilege which I am enjoying.

With R. S. greetings and fraternal love to each one, I am very happy to be your grateful fellow-student,

Julian P. Johnson.

Letter number two.

Karachi, July 12, 1932.

Dear American Fellow-Students :

In my last letter I gave you an account of my first meeting with the Master. Believing that a further account may be of interest to you, I am going to give you in some detail the story of the last month with the Master. It must be understood in the beginning that I acknowledge my utter inability to do justice to the subject. But I will do the best I can. And I hope in the future to be able to eliminate myself from these accounts ; but just now I regret that I am unable to do that because of the fact that I am writing about my own experiences and impressions. These letters are therefore somewhat in the nature of a personal testimony, of which personal experience must form the basis.

The man who brought the message to America.

It is the custom of the Master to

give daily discourses on some phase of his teaching in public meetings which are called satsang. These satsang gatherings are largely attended every day, and at the end of the month many thousands attend. It is then a sort of "camp meeting." There has been manifest the deepest interest and most absorbed attention in all of these meetings which the American has attended. But the weather was getting very hot, some days up to 120; and the Master, with a few others, was getting ready to leave for the coast. One hot evening we sat on the roof of a building and conversed for two hours with Ker Singh Sasmus, the man who, with two others, brought the Radha Soami message to America and gave the Instructions to Dr. and Mrs. Brock more than twenty years ago. He is now gray, with long beard and a patriarchal appearance, but very active and his face is full of light and love. He is so utterly unassuming and humble and kindly that it is a real benediction to meet him. I

said to him : " And so you are the one who brought this great truth to America and initiated Dr. Brock." Quickly he replied : " No, I did not Initiate Dr. Brock ; I only served as the beloved Master's helper. We can do nothing of ourselves. It is the Master alone who Initiates all souls. He alone connects them with the Sound Current."

A journey into higher regions.

I shall never forget another evening which I spent on the roof with a small bunch of the Master's most beloved disciples, and we listened to a lady give a detailed account of her spiritual experiences, what she saw and heard during her journey through the First, Second and Third regions, and up to where she entered the region just beyond Daswan Dwar. The only trouble with the account was that the interpreters became so absorbed in the story themselves that they almost forgot to tell it to me. This was a rare privilege ; as disciples are generally

forbidden to relate their inner experiences to others. But on this occasion we had special permission from the Master. And this is only one instance of how kind and gracious he is to every one. It will be impossible for me now to give you even a resume of this story. Perhaps some time I may do so. But it made the journey ahead of us all a more vital and fascinating undertaking, thrilling to the last word. One could see the light of truth and joy shining in her face as she told in simple language of the marvels she had seen. But she often paused to say that there were no words in earth language to describe many of the things to be met with there. They were utterly unlike anything familiar to earth travelers. But she told her amazing story with such unhesitating assurance of reality that it carried conviction. I believe she has been about fifteen years on the Path and is much loved by all who know her. She appears to be about forty five years of age. Her name is Bibi Rakhi.

Sight restored to the blind.

On another occasion a group of disciples sat on the roof and we listened to stories of many kind deeds of the Master in helping students. It may be known to all of you that as a rule the Master does not use his extraordinary powers to perform miracles. But they say that on special occasions, when the disciple has great merit and his spiritual welfare can best be promoted by such means, the Master does extend his grace even to the extent of a miracle. This is true especially when the karma of the disciple is favorable. But it must be well understood that this faith is not built upon miracles, nor is any student to look for them in his own experience. If they come it is simply his fortune and the boundless grace of the Master. One account was of a lady who went totally blind. The doctors had given her case over entirely, saying that she would never recover sight ; for the function of the optic nerve was gone. She and her

husband were both devoted disciples of the Master and their love was extraordinary. They had advanced far on the Path. So on one occasion when this lady was traversing one of the upper regions in company with the Master and a few others, another radiant one walking with them, said to the Master in the hearing of the lady herself: "This lady is quite worthy, you should restore her sight." The Master instantly replied: "All right." And on the morning of the second day thereafter the lady's husband came into the room where she was sitting, and as she looked up to him her sight was perfectly normal. While this story was being related to the writer, the lady herself sat there before him, with large, clear and beautiful eyes smiling at him, confirming every word of it. She is the wife of Raja Ram, of Rawalpindi, a well known business man.

Many similar events are related by the Master's disciples; but they are some-

what in the nature of secrets and the Master does not like to have them given to the public in such a way as to attract attention to himself. I must not go into them any further now.

Visit to the kingdom of Kapurthala.

I would like to give you an account of my visit to the native kingdom of Kapurthala, only a couple of hours drive from Beas; of the drive through the grounds, visit to the palace, a veritable museum of ancient and modern implements of war, many other historic relics, and the beautiful art exhibits. The rajah is a lover of art and some rare specimens adorn his palace walls. But these things can be told by travelers who have nothing more important to write about. I must hasten on with my story of the Master and his work. I may just mention in passing that I was a guest in the home of a college professor by the name of Jag Mohun Lal who teaches in an excellent school of higher learning

in the capital city of this little kingdom. For two days the most cordial brotherly love and kindness was extended to me in the home of this good man who is a devoted follower of our Master. It was through his kindness that the writer was admitted to the royal palace and grounds.

The Master is thinking of America.

One day the Master and a number of the leading disciples were sitting in my room conversing, while I was showing them my diplomas. When I showed the Master my diploma in theology, one of the men remarked that it was my certificate to be a "padre." The Master smiled and said: "Now you will soon be a real padre." And when one of the men urged the Master to go to America, this writer said: "Yes, it would be a great day for America, if you would consent to go there and take them this Truth." The Master replied: "The work that I would do in America you shall do for me. And that is why you have

been brought here to prepare for it."

Love the supreme law.

On the morning of the 20th I met the Master at the bed side of a sick man. After a few minutes conversation with the sick man, the Master turned to me and said in English: "Where there is love there is no law." I said: "Yes, because love is the supreme law." And the Master said: "Yes, that is true."

Hard to remain here in the body.

One day the master seemed a bit sad and I asked him if he did not feel well. He said, yes he felt all right. And then he went on talking about the higher regions, how the soul so much disliked to come back down here and put on dirty rags, when it was used to wearing the finest robes in the palaces of the Father's kingdom. He said: "It is hard to remain here in the body." On another occasion the Master remarked that if one looks down upon this world from the higher regions, it all resembles

a bunch of garbage cans and out-houses, in comparison. The very atmosphere seems poisoned and so dark in comparison with the fair lands above. So it is difficult even for the unselfish Master to remain away from home and live in this low land of shadow and uncleanness. Only his great love for human souls who so much need his help detains him here. But there is one great compensation which he has even now. He may daily visit his splendid mansions above and converse with the glorified inhabitants of that region. The joy of that then sustains him through all of his arduous labors here. He knows it is only a matter of time until his work shall be finished here and he will take up his permanent residence there.

The Master's eldest son.

I must tell you of the visit of the Master's oldest son. He recently came to visit his father at the Dera. He is a fine looking large man, now with hair

and beard quite gray, looking to be about fifty years of age. When I was introduced to him, I made the remark that I would rather be the son of such a father as his than to be the Prince of Wales. He replied that he too was very proud of his father, and he added: "He is as God to me." I understand that this oldest son was initiated by the Guru of our master. The Master's family are all Initiates, I am told. On another day when we all met with the Master for satsang in Lahore, on our way to Karachi, this same son came to greet his father, and it was an inspiring sight to witness the devotion he manifested. There stood the Master with dignity tempered by a beautiful humility, and a tall stately old man, with long gray beard, the Master's son, prostrated himself on his knees touching his forehead to his father's feet. I fancied such a sight was rare on this planet.

Ninety one years a satsangi.

I must mention an old satsangi who

is a faithful attendant at all of the meetings. He is one hundred and nine years of age and was Initiated by Soami Ji himself, the founder of this science, ninety-one years ago. He is a bit stooped and feeble now, but is able to attend all of the meetings. He walks to them all and sits as close to the Master as he can get. One day I asked him if he was happy and he said: "Oh yes, of course." Day after day he sits, the joy-bells ringing through his soul, waiting patiently for his release. He is very thin. Evidently not much of his time does he put in consciously down here, when he can withdraw from the body and rest in those bright upper regions with which is he already quite familiar.

(It may be added here that he passed to his Home above only a few weeks after this letter was first written, and his poor old thin body was reduced to ashes out on the banks of the Beas river).

The journey to Karachi.

At four A. M., June 23, we left Beas

for Lahore, the capital city of the Punjab, on our way to the sea coast. This part of the trip was made by motor car. We stopped over a few minutes in Amritsar where, in the dawning daylight, several hundreds awaited the Master at the new temple. A wealthy man by the name of Shiv Shankar is building a magnificent new Radha Soami temple and quarters for the Master to hold satsang in Amritsar. The Master inspected the work on the new structure and we then drove on, arriving in Lahore at seven o'clock. We found a crowd of about five thousand people awaiting the Master, and he gave them an hour's talk. After a brief rest and breakfast, the Master went on to a distant village where about four thousand people were gathered to greet him, while the rest of us remained in Lahore over night. At nine o'clock the next morning the Master met us at the train en route for the coast and we went on together. At about eleven o'clock that morning our train pulled into a station amidst a great throng of people,

many thousands. They had heard that the Master was to be on that train. He went out to meet them. They had erected a little platform and spread rugs for him. The Master never stands up and lectures to the people, American fashion. He always sits on the floor or on a little raised platform, and, with legs crossed, talks to them in a conversational manner. His voice is full of melody and it carries well to a large audience. At this particular station the train was actually held up for about half an hour by the crowd, while they clamored for the Master's "darshan." That is, just to see him and give him their Radha Soami and get his greeting. Can you imagine a fast mail train in America being detained by a mob of five thousand people pressing to get a glimpse of a minister, or priest, of some church?

Again it must have been about ten o'clock that night, when the train stopped and a great crowd came sweeping in from the platform, almost pulling the Master

out of his bed, men and women all in one grand rush to get near him. They crowded into the compartment and then the Master went out onto the platform and talked to them for a few minutes. This was the last demonstration on the way to Karachi, which we reached on the morning of the 25th.

Karachi by the sea.

Karachi is a beautiful little city lying along the borders of the Arabian Sea, about fifty miles north of the mouth of the Indus river. As we came almost in sight of the city a strange sight greeted us. An airport lay out to our left with two modern planes standing there, one of them with the motor going just ready to take off. Over to our right was the highway, and on it mingled modern motor busses, ox carts, and a long string of camels forming a caravan, such as might have been seen on these shores long before the days of Alexander the Great, or even before the days of Abraham, or the Babylonian empire—ages of history meet-

ing at a single point.

Arriving in the city we were met by friends, and the ever present motor car always waiting for the Master wherever he may go. This time it was a Buick and belonged to Devan Sahib, a Government railway official, who is a disciple of the Master. We drove a few miles through the city and then out into the suburbs to an elevated region by the sea, where we found two bungalows all ready for us. Many friends who had preceeded us were waiting to welcome the Master. Here soft breezes blow in from the sea practically all of the time day and night. Like some places on the coast of California, this little city is rapidly building up as a summer resort. Many magnificent palaces are already built here and others under construction. The change is most welcome, after the heat of the Punjab plains and the dust of the long journey. A bath and breakfast and once more the world seems a fair place to live in.

The Master sits by the sea.

And now what shall I say? Am I still on earth, or am I in some weird border land? And how shall I estimate the values or describe the situation? It is all so strange, so unlike anything in the home land. It is beyond words. Here we sit by the ever-surging waters of the Arabian Sea, calmly watching its white caps break upon shores hoary with age and rich in history. We think of ancient religious teachers who have visited this land and probably stood upon this very spot, including Krishna and Buddha and even Jesus himself. For it is known that he visited here. We try to recall some of the doctrines of the ancient sages, prophets and Mahatmas; and all the while we are conscious of the fact that the greatest of them all sits on a bench here by us at this moment, calmly reading a book. We have so often wished that we could have known some of those great souls who were the light bearers of the human race; and

yet right here by our side sits one whose radiance is not dimmed by comparison with any of them. For he has penetrated all of the deep mystries of life and of death and he has conquered the last obstacle between man and the supreme heights. Here by us quietly rests one whose powers far transcend those of the greatest prophets of old; aye, even of the beloved Master of Nazareth and Galilee. And I sit here by the waters of the ancient sea, trying vainly to comprehend the situation. As I sat there at his feet studying the situation, he looked up from his book and glanced across at the restless waves. Some children played near him and a smile lighted his face as he watched them. This writer then asked the Master the following question: "When you know so much more than all the books in the world, why do you read them?" He smiled and said: "I wish to familiarize the mind with the writings of the different Saints so as to use them in my discourses to support the teachings of Sant Mat."

There are many people who look to some old authority which they have learned to reverence. We can often take advantage of that to convince them of an important truth."

It is difficult now to fit myself into the picture here. I am an American trained to different ideas—trained in the materialistic west; that west which believes itself to lead the world in all modern achievements. As a product of that west, I sit here at the feet of the greatest of modern sages whose wisdom embraces and transcends all ages and lands. I sit at the feet of one whose powers are not limited by time or space, whose word or will could transform a kingdom or a world, whose very glance has in it the power of death or of eternal life; aye, whose commands even the waves of this ancient sea must obey, if he chose to command them. And yet he is in outer appearance only a gentle old man, with long white beard and a kindly smile for the children that play at his

feet. The multitudes pass by him, some haughty and vain, not even noticing him, bent on errands of pleasure, pomp and ceremony. But occasionally comes a group of satsangis who bow adoringly at his feet. I listen as he greets them with that sweetest of all pronouncements —"Radha Soami." And so the day passes. All the while I keep thinking, what a pity that the world does not know him. The crowds pass him by as if they were utterly blind, and so they lose the golden opportunity which might have meant so much to them, if only their eyes had been opened.

Glimpses of a marvelous truth.

How I wish I could do justice to the subject. But I am as yet only a little child on this holy Path. Day by day I am trying to grasp the deeper meanings of this sublime truth; but much of it still eludes me. It is much like an experience I had at Crater Lake, once, the first time I ever saw it. I went

up and sat down at the rim, and for four hours I sat there trying to let my soul grow big enough to appreciate the majesty and sublimity of it all. So I sit to-day at the feet of the Master, trying to penetrate the deep mystery, trying to open my consciousness to an adequate appreciation of its sublime depths. Aside from the Master himself, I try again and again to compare this system of truth with other teachings, and daily I am more and more amazed at its solemn grandeur. It is like the peaks of the Himalayas, only a few hundred miles north of us. It is monumental, gigantic, overwhelming. But no man can absorb it all at once. At first there will be doubts and many things will astonish the student. Later he will come to wonder why all the world has not seen its truth and hastened to make it their own. It is so obviously true. After floundering about in a vortex of religious and philosophical speculation for a half century I am prepared to welcome this teaching with more than ordinary glad-

ness. When one gets even a feeble grasp of its fundamentals he simply knows it is true. It is so clearly rational and it meets all demands of both reason and intuition. It is scientific fact and it solves all of the problems of life, here and hereafter; and they are solved in such a beautiful and simple manner that one instinctively knows he has reached the final solution. And the center and soul of it all is the gracious Master himself, now living among us. He goes on loving and teaching and helping us, leading us up over all the difficult places, up and up, until the last supreme height is reached, and we merge our souls into the Stream that gave us being, bathed in infinite Light.

There is much more one could write, but not now. This letter is already too long. I will close it with a prayer which I believe you will all like. It was written by our first Master, Soami Ji, and was translated into beautiful English by Pingle Rung Rao, of Hyderabad, Deccan:

"Oh, August Radha Soami,
Thou living Self and loving Master,
Beneficent Father and Mother of all,
Be merciful, make us thine own,
And save us from the snares of time.
Passed I through Sat Yuga, Treta and Dwapar,
Unknowing of the heavenly melody proper;
Now art thou merciful in this Kal Yuga hard,
To chant in loud and lucid strains THE WORD.
Oh, Soami, descending into this plane below,
Helpest thou the living entities
To span the worldly ocean across;
To cast the trinity off and reach the Fourth Abode,
Whence the living Namē unfolds,
And the living Mastership.
Bathed in glory and effulgent light,
Thy servant tenders this solemn petition;
Grant us even the regionless region,
The chief abode, the sphere of bliss,
The refuge at thy feet,—MY LORD."

With greetings of fraternal love, I am

Your fellow-student at His feet,
Julian P. Johnson.

Letter number three.

Karachi, India, Aug. 9, 1932.

Dear American Children of the Light,

The time has arrived for this disciple to make further report to you concerning his experiences in India. On the second day of this month, just two months from the day he first met the Master, he made the following entry in his diary:

"For twenty five years I prayed and longed for the day when I might stand before a living Master. Now, thank Heaven, I sit at His holy feet, look into his eyes, listen to his inspiring voice as he expounds to his disciples and others the sublime precepts of his message. I wonder how it has come about, and yet it is a living reality. Daily my consciousness becomes more absorbed in this glorious Truth; daily more enraptured in the sacred presence of my Lord."

The above entry gives some clue as to my present attitude of mind after two months with the greatest of all teachers. But the Master daily grows upon your consciousness. No beginner can fathom his depths all at once. Often after years of constant association, the disciple fails to appreciate fully what the Master is. The mind is so stupid, and it has wandered in the darkness so long.

Morning dawn by the Arabian Sea.

It is now four o'clock in the morning,

on the shores of the Arabian Sea, where this disciple stands. The hush preceeding the dawn is only accentuated by the roar of the waves breaking upon the sands. On the east coast of India the red streaks of dawn are just beginning to be reflected in the sacred waters of the Ganges. Early pilgrims are gathering for their morning bath. Three hundred and fifty millions of people are at this moment just beginning to stir with the activities of a new day. But the light of this dawning day is material, and it brings no relief from the Wheel of birth and death. The light of the Spirit is not yet shining in the souls of all of these millions. There the darkness of the ages still broods, and each soul keeps its silent vigil in the prison house of Maya. Age after age, through ten thousand times ten thousand lives, these poor souls have struggled up through the slime and ooze of earth—up and up, slowly emerging into the light. And this disciple, listening here to the ancient song of the sea, while the first streaks of dawn light up

the east, prays for the dawn in his own soul. In the dim early light he can see the vague outlines of a bungalow, standing on the crest of a hill; and in that bungalow at this moment quietly sits the Master in holy meditation. In that the disciple can see the hope of India and of the world. For the hope of the world, the light of the world, is the living Master.

The Master always busy.

Since the last letter this disciple has lived, apparently, many years of ordinary life; so much of thought and experience has been crowded into one short month. Indeed, after wasting millions of years, it is highly expedient that we should concentrate much activity into what time is left. The dear Master gives satsang twice a day to all disciples and enquirers, besides many private audiences. We all try to spend as much time with him as possible, and his patience is never exhausted, listening to questions, some of which must appear trivial and silly

to him. Yet he always has a kindly answer for every one. He prescribes spiritual remedies for all our spiritual ills. He is the Great Physician. People continue to come from all directions to see him. He came here for rest; but they will not let him rest. The little informal talks in the sitting room have grown into gatherings of two to three hundreds. Many of all classes and creeds come to see and hear the "Holy man." Some out of curiosity; some to argue, and some to seek the truth. Only two weeks ago an over enthusiastic leader of the Sikh religion came and tried to involve the Master in arguments. Later his fanatical followers started opposition meetings near by and some of them came and tried to create disturbances in our meetings. The police had to be called once to dispel the mob and restore order. Every inch of ground is bitterly contested. This Radha Soami Science is much opposed all over India, wherever it is preached, because it destroys the old superstitions and interferes with

the livelihood of the priests. It is particularly opposed by the Sikhs whose fundamental faith is practically the same as this; but they have given up the idea of a living Master and bound themselves to the sacred writings alone. This fatal mistake of theirs no doubt came about through a misunderstanding of some remark made by their last Guru just before his death. Any way they now denounce all living Masters although their sacred scriptures teach the vital importance of a living guru. This is a very peculiar phenomenon in the history of world religions. But in spite of all opposition, the Radha Soami teaching is rapidly spreading. Having started publicly in 1861, it now numbers something like a quarter of a million adherants. It may be said with truth that this is not really a religion in the historical sense of that term. It has no creed, no priests, no ceremony, no outward show of any sort, and no organization. There is only the Master and his disciples. That is all. The system itself may be

called, "The Science of connecting the soul with its Creator." That is the Master's own definition. It is the practice of the Sound Current, through a scientific system of concentration and meditation. It is not concerned with any external forms. It establishes no external authority. The individual simply follows the Master, as the student of chemistry would follow his instructor in the laboratory. It is a universal science and is world-wide in its application to human needs. It is suited to all nations and peoples. It is the only religious or spiritual system ever inaugurated in history that is absolutely universal in its application to the religious needs of mankind. And while it is not actually a religion in the historical sense of the term, yet it amply satisfies the deepest religious needs of the soul; and in uniting the soul with its Creator it accomplishes the summum bonum of all religions. It answers to the noblest aspirations of the finest spirits among men.

All Classes wait upon the Master.

It is quite interesting to note the personel of the master's disciples. Just yesterday, out of a gathering of about three hundred, we noted sitting meekly at the Master's feet, listening to him with rapt attention, four doctors, six college professors, five lawyers and judges, including one supreme court judge, and a considerable number of others, probably eight or ten, who have degrees of Master of Arts, Doctor of Science, Bachelor of Arts, etc. It must be a marvelous message indeed that can appeal to such men so strongly and at the same time appeal with equal force to the lowly and the ignorant. While they can not follow the scientific aspects of the system, they absorb the spirit of it in their souls and so reach the goal at the same time along with the learned and the great. It is a blessed thing that the ignorant can love as well as the learned, and it is love that takes the soul up. Wherever the Master goes he is loved and honored alike by all. At his holy feet all meet

on a common level, and all wordly distinctions are forgotten. Even kings have bowed before him and sought to make girts to him. But the Master accepts no favors of any one, high or low. He remains always the giver himself, never the receiver. He insists that his mission in this world is to give and not to receive. In that respect as in all others he is our great exemplar. A few days ago this disciple attended a rich lady in sickness at her home. The husband gave him twenty five rupees for the charity fund, as reward for his medical services. But the Master ordered the money returned to the man, with the message that we want only the love and good will of the people and not their worldly goods. Where on earth is there an equal to this?

Two important things learned.

If you ask this disciple what is the most important thing he has learned during these two months spent with the Master, the answer must be that two things have taken prominent positions

in his consciousness. The first one is **THE SUPREME IMPORTANCE OF THE MASTER.** This great truth grows upon one as he advances in the study. He finds more and more that the Master is the very center and soul and substance of the system. Without him there is nothing. And this means that he must be a living Master, not one of past ages. It is in this respect that all of the prevailing world religions have made their fatal blunder. It is the reason why they have become devitalized, a dead formality, a lifeless shell. No soul can ever be saved from the clutches of Maya and the Wheel of birth and death, without the aid of a living Master. There is no other way and there never has been any other way for a single soul to escape. Without the personal intervention and help of a living Master no one now or in any past age, has ever been able to shake off the bonds of mind and matter and rise to higher regions. We are all utterly dependent upon his grace for our liberation. Without him each

soul is as dependent and helpless as a new born infant. Left to itself, it would surely perish. The Master illustrates the situation by comparing us all to people in frail little boats out on an angry sea, each by himself struggling on against inevitable death in the storm lashed waters. There is no possible escape. But in the midst of the struggle, a great ship hoves in sight and the captain calls aloud to all in the angry waters below that they may come aboard the ship and he will take them safely to port. The captain is the Master and the ship of salvation is NAM, the Sound Current. But in spite of the fact that death is certain if they remain where they are, yet but very few accept the gracious invitation of the Captain. This is because they are laboring under the deceptive delirium of the physical senses, deceived by the god of this world. The conclusion of the whole matter is that all systems of religion or philosophy which make not the Master the key-stone of their structure must be discarded and the

living Master must be sought, as the very first and most vital concern of the individual.

What is a real Master.

In spite of the fact that he had believed in the existence of real Masters for a quarter of a century, this disciple did not have a very clear and definite idea of what a Master is until he had contacted one. It is not believed that occult students generally have a very clear conception of the Master. Of course, the whole world is more or less familiar with the general idea of mahatma, rishi, guru, or master. They are generally thought of as great men who have "attained," who have realized "superconsciousness", who have miraculous powers. Men and women talk and write learnedly of master-ship. The masters are conceded to be great and unusual men. But when we are told that a true Sat Guru, or Master, is in fact the Lord Creator himself, now and here, operating in a human body, the student is somewhat startled, to say

the least. Many will be ready to throw up their hands in protest. How can it be? And yet if you reflect but a moment, you will see that the Master could be nothing else than just that. We speak of oneness with the divine. Unless that is a mere rhetorical flourish, it must mean what it says. And actual oneness with the Infinite means identical individuality. Hence the Master who has attained that oneness with the infinite Lord is now identical with the Lord. He is the Lord. We speak of a spirit of oneness among groups of individuals; but that involves no organic oneness. It is a mere figure of speech. But the case is quite different where individual men attain oneness with the Supreme Being. In that case they actually blend their very beings with the Supreme. They thus partake fully of all of his attributes. So the lesser becomes identical with the greater, one and the same being. That is the goal of all development. That is the blest Nirvana of the Vedantist and the Buddhist. It is the highest Heaven

of poetic fancy, or of prophetic vision. And that is exactly what the Master has attained. That is exactly what has made him a Master. The exercise of his divine prerogatives is limited only by the human body in which he resides, and the laws governing the life of that body.

If it be objected that this exalts the individual man too highly, it may be replied that it exalts the whole human race along with the Master. If he be a god, then all men are potential gods. They are in fact gods already of a lesser degree. If the Master is the Supreme Creator operating in the human body, then all men are sparks of that same central fire. An illutration may help us to grasp the idea. The concept of oneness is fundamental to the occult student; for he must lose himself and not only come "In tune with the Infinite," but must become ONE with the Infinite. If we take a common electric bulb of fifty watt power and let it stand for the average high class man, then we may

compare the Master to one of fifty thousand watt power; although, of course, the proportion is not correct. But the light in both is due to the same electric current that comes from the same central dynamo. Manifestly the only difference between the two lights lies in the amount of concentrated energy and power and the intensity of radiation. In both cases latent universal energy has become dynamic. Each one is a part and parcel of the same universal Essence; but it is not all of that Essence. So, the Master is the Lord himself; but he is not all of the Lord. For the Infinite Creator is Universal Spirit. He becomes dynamic in individuals, and thus sheds his holy radiance among men. The Master manifests the Lord; but he does not manifest all of the Lord in this one human body. Likewise the ordinary man is a spark of the divine Essence; but he has not yet developed into that glowing, radiating Light that the Master has become. But the disciple looks confidently forward to the time when he also shall

become a Master; when his light shall shine equally with that of other Masters. And that is the glorious outlook of all students on this Path. All about us here at the Dera are men and women who are well along on the Way, and the joy of attainment even now illumines their faces. To lead the disciple to the goal of mastership is the work of the Master, and without the Master, no one can ever attain mastership. It is utterly impossible. Hence the vital importance of the Master in the Radha Soami system.

Egotism our worst enemy.

The second great truth so strongly emphasized here during the last two months of intensive study is the fact that **EGOTISM IS OUR WORST ENEMY.** It is the most stubborn and difficult force to be overcome before we can make progress on the inward Path. And it is also the last one to die when the disciple has fought his final battle and stands on the very threshold of perfect realization. This is one of the

five deadly foes that seek always to enchain us to the Wheel. It can be overcome only by the gracious help of the Sat Guru. Here again his vital importance to the student is manifest. Without him we struggle in vain against these five deadly enemies of the soul. They are the chief agents of the Negative Power, under the direction of the mind, to keep us bound to earth.

We leave Karachi tomorrow on the return journey by way of Agra. We should have some very interesting things to report in our next letter.

With fraternal love and best wishes from your brother at his holy feet,

Julian P. Johnson.

Letter number four.

The Dera, Sept. 8, 1932.

Beloved Children of the Dawn:

Greetings from the beloved Master and from all satsangis in India. How we wish you could have been with us during

the past six weeks. Many and varied have been the experiences. The delightful breezes off the Arabian sea were a blessing to soul and body. But the time came to leave the coast. It appears that while time is no item in the successive ages of the soul; yet to this short lived body time seems always to be crowding us. The Master and party left the coast for Hyderabad on the tenth of August, this disciple remaining behind to look after a sick member of our party. He then rejoined the Master two days later in Hyderabad where we were all entertained in the elegant home of Devan Sahib, an executive officer in the North Western Railway. He is of course a disciple of the Master. This is Hyderabad, Sind, to distinguish it from Hyderabad, Deccan. It is a beautiful little city lying along the banks of the Indus river. Here the Master as usual held satsang, attended by enthusiastic crowds.

Satsang in Hyderabad, Sind.

At the first evening satsang held here

an old man insisted on arguing with the Master, although he had been an initiate for over thirty years. This is something that is almost incomprehensible. How any human being who has accepted the Master as a Master can then sit down and argue with him, is one of the deep mysteries to this student. Later this man came to ask advice of the Master, claiming that he had never been able to go inside, or to get any satisfactory results from his meditations. Of course not. How could he expect results? He was manifestly suffering from one form of that deadly malady—egotism. It is a disease that manifests itself in more forms than neurasthenia. Any one who can bring himself to contradict and argue with a Master surely has that disease in a malignant form. How could he expect to go inside? He may never hope for spiritual success so long as he has it. Happily this sort of thing is very rare among satsangis in this country. A beautiful humility is the rule, so far as this disciple can see.

Along the banks of the Indus.

August 13, we accompanied the Master for a ride over the city and out to a park on the banks of the Indus river. The river is now quite swollen from rains and from melted snows high up in the Himalayas. This river is probably two thousand miles long and at this point is about three quarters of a mile wide, although in the deep mountain gorges it narrows down to sixty feet or less. We walked down the river bank for a short ways, close by its turbulent waters, and this disciple wondered how many Mahatmas had left their sacred foot prints along its shores, during the slow moving centuries. Like the Ganges and the Jumna, the Indus has long been considered a sacred river by some of the natives.

The old city of Jaipur.

August 16, we went on to Jaipur, a native kingdom, where the party were entertained in a lovely home of an old satsangi. When we went to leave this place after two days delightful visit and

rest, this disciple offered his thanks to the host for his kindness. But he replied: "I am not the host. That is the Master. He gives everything." And that well illustrates the attitude of the average satsangi. They regard the Master as the giver of all good.

One afternoon we visited the old and long abandoned palace of this kingdom. It was built some five hundred years ago and is now only a magnificent pile of ruins in weather-worn marble.

Light shines in the darkness.

In the midst is a temple to the goddess Shakti, to whom formerly one man a day was sacrificed; but now she gets only a poor goat a day. As our Master stood before this ancient temple of idolatry,—he the very acme of modern intelligence and spiritual illumination—this disciple recalled the biblical reference to Jesus: "The light shone into the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." That was equally true at the mo-

ment where we stood. As we were about to leave these splendid ruins, huge monument of vanished empire and faded glory, we pause and look back for a moment. The old palace is on a mountain top, and, in the days of its glory, was quite a fortress. Across the valley the green and purple of hills and sky mingled with the red and gold of a beautiful sun set. The Master turned and said to the young doctor who was acting as our guide and escort: "One who goes inside will see many palaces, rare and beautiful buildings, landscapes, gardens and all sorts of scenes vastly more beautiful than any that earthly rajah ever built, or that man ever saw on this plane." As he spoke his voice was tender as that of a father and in his eyes was a light not of this world.

The birth place of Krishna.

Late in the evening we took train for our next stop at Muttra, the birth place of Krishna. To all orthodox Hindus, this town is as sacred as Bethlehem is to the

Christian. Our party took a third class compartment, the Master refusing to leave his disciples for greater personal comforts. He never thinks of himself and is quite indifferent to physicol hardships. So the dear Father had his bedding unrolled and lay on a hard bench, this disciple having the good fortune to be placed on the bench along side of the Master, only a board between us. As the disciple lay there during the long hours of the night, he found but little inclination to sleep. He was trying in his inmost being to realize the situation in its right proportions. By his side lay the human form of the Lord of vast regions of Light. He lay there so quietly, so utterly unpretentious, so humble ; and yet in those bright upper regions so familiar to him, and through which he travels in the utmost splendor, his very garments are more gorgeous than any royal purple ; and wherever he goes, untold thousands bow down to him as their Lord and King. Notwithstanding all of that, here tonight he humbly rests on

a hard wooden bench in a third class railway car, while it rumbles along through the darkness and the dust. It is almost too much for human thought. But we know it is a literal fact.

The Master's keen sense of humor.

The next day as we rode along in the jostling old car, the Master told a story of some stupid weavers who had a rickety, noisy old cart. One day when it ceased to make as much noise as usual, they concluded that it must be dead. So they stopped by the road side and actually cremated the old cart, throwing the iron parts, as bones, into the river. The Master laughed so heartily that it was a joy to us all. In fact he is always jolly and full of fun. He never fails to see the humorous side of things. He and his closest disciples laugh and joke much and there is seldom a dull moment. All are happy and have a good time. There is no long face in the crowd. And why shouldn't they be happy? They have infinite wealth and power. Their

lives are no longer limited to this land of shadow and trouble. They can rise at will into regions of unclouded splendor. They are the beloved sons of the Great Father and they have only to ask what they will and it is theirs. And the beauty of it is that they know all of this to be true and are now in possession of it. It is not something to be dreamed of as a far off inheritance. And it is not a matter of faith. They have it now, and they know it. And so they are the happiest people on earth. Their joy can never be put into words, and it is quite incomprehensible to the average man of the world.

Sun set on the Jumna river.

We arrived in Muttra on the morning of the 20th. Here are many interesting places, all sacred to the memory of Krishna. The city is situated along the west bank of the Jumna. The one thing long to be remembered in connection with our visit to this place was the boat ride across the Jumna river at sunset.

The beloved Master always does things the right way and at the right time. When our party were told to get into a small flat boat, this disciple had no idea of what was coming. The boat was pulled up stream along the shore for some distance, and then pushed off and allowed to drift across and down stream to the opposite shore. The river here is about a quarter of a mile wide. The scene grew more beautiful every moment. Now we could see the city spread out along the western shore. The sun was nearing the horizon, and the most gorgeous colors streaked across the sky. It was one of the most beautiful sun sets ever witnessed. No artist could paint it. Deep red and gold clothed the low hanging clouds in glory, changing into purple a little higher up and finally shading off to pale lavender and light blue, high up in the sky. At last the sun dropped down below a purple curtain and suddenly spread out upon the river a great sheet of gold. This disciple sat at the feet of the Master as he watched

the sun go down at last behind the city. The Master sat quietly talking to a few enquirers concerning the way to approach the inner worlds. His face was suffused with a holy light which was more beautiful than that of the golden sun set. Some one remarked to the Master of the great beauty of the sun set colors. Glancing towards the west for a moment, he said: "Yes, it is much like the colors in Tirkuti, the second region."

As we drifted across the river toward the city, whose lights were now beginning to be reflected in the rippling waters of the river, a disciple remarked to the Master that he wondered how many real Mahatmas had crossed this river since first it began to flow. He smiled and said: "Many." And some of us believe that we had the honor and privilege of crossing that river today in a little flat boat with one of the greatest of all Masters who have ever crossed the sacred waters of the Jumna.

The fire-waving ceremony

As we drifted back across the river toward the city, the gorgeous sun slowly vanishing, the dark mantle of night dropped over her, and then ten thousand lights seemed to suddenly pierce the shadows. Our boat was finally drawn up to shore just beneath an old temple where a firewaving ceremony was about to begin. A sort of pyramid shaped light was formed consisting of many smaller lights. This was held up by a priest and waved back and forth. The Master explained that this was a sort of crude imitation of the light to be seen in Shansdal Kanwal, the first station on our inward journey. But the priests have long ago lost all knowledge of its origin and inner meaning. The Master said he had brought this disciple here that he might get a look backward into the remote past of the Hindu religion. Krishna was born here perhaps five thousand years ago; or it may be ten thousand. He was an incarnation of Kal, from whom the Vedas all originated.

The Vedas and their authors knew nothing of the higher regions. And in them no word or hint is given of the Supreme Lord of all.

Light again shines in the darkness.

Our next visit was to a magnificent temple in the heart of the city. It has an imposing marble front, floors and columns. It cost vast sums of money, all contributed by devotees, and is now a source of a very handsome income to the priests. For all who enter its sacred walls must pay, and it is constantly thronged by visitors. But they refused this disciple admittance, although the other members of our party assured the priests that he was of the same religion as themselves. Evidently the pigment in his skin was not sufficient. Afterwards the Master laughed and said next time they would doll me up with some paint and a turban. This experience only confirms the old statement that one must be born into the Hindu religion. He can not enter it by conversion. By conversatoin with

the priests at another time, it became evident that they could not give any reason for this attitude. It was simply the established custom, and that was the end of all argument. To the Hindu, custom is the one law that can not be broken.

The others reported that as soon as the Master entered the temple, word was quickly passed around that a holy man was present and dozens of the worshipers came and prostrated themselves before him, leaving their idols. Then hundreds more stood in respectful attention while the Master spoke to them briefly of the way to go inside and see for themselves all of the lights and worlds that are there. Even the priests forgot their collection of money from the visitors and stood at attention listening to the Master's words. He told them of the Sound Current by which alone men might rise to higher regions and gain eternal life and freedom from the Wheel of birth and death. They said it presented a strange spectacle.

There stood the real Master in the very center and heart of orthodox Hinduism, expounding his message of light, while both priests and devotees forgot all else as they listened to him. It was another instance of the Light shining into the darkness, this time at the most sacred point of ancient Hinduism. Whether any of them comprehended or profited by that Light, we could not say. But this we know that the Master never idles away his time, not even in sight seeing. When our party had witnessed this inspiring demonstration, they understood why the Master had visited this old temple of the gods. To him it was not just a sight seeing trip; but was a part of his mission to disseminate the light wherever men walk in darkness.

Master's message to the Brocks.

We have not yet reached Agra, the main objective of our trip. Much of interest has already been omitted, and yet this letter has reached its limit. The rest must wait until next time. This

letter can not close, however, until a message from the beloved Master has been recorded. He desired to express his appreciation of the long and faithful service rendered by Doctor and Mrs. Brock of Port Angeles, Washington, in behalf of Sant Mat, and the American students. He sends to them particularly his love and blessing. Every disciple now on the pacific coast, and their fellow-student now in India, owes to the Brocks a debt of eternal gratitude. It has been through them that most of the others have received the Light since it was first taken to the coast by Ker Singh Sasmus over twenty years ago. And to this noble soul also we are all greatly indebted.

Sant Mat disciple most fortunate.

This disciple wishes profoundly that it could come within the power of human words, either spoken or written, to convey a proper sense or estimate of the wealth we have come upon through Initiation into Sant Mat. But the story can never be told. It must be experienced

in the innermost deapths of the soul. You should permit nothing to ever cause you to deviate from this shining Path. Full realization will come in due time, and perhaps sooner than you expect. Suddenly some day the golden glory will dawn upon you and then you will not need that any man should tell you ought of the Path. The little spark that now draws you on will have become the Infinite Light, flooding all your soul with unutterable joy.

Cordially your brother at his holy feet,
Julian P. Johnson.

Letter number five.

Kalabagh, Northwestern Frontier Province, India.
October 13, 1932.

Beloved Satsangis in America:

We left Muttra by motor bus on the 31st of August on our way to Agra. Seven miles from Agra, we paused to see the tomb of Akbar, the Moghal emperor.

The tomb of Akbar.

There it stands in solemn and lonely grandeur within sight of the ancient Moghal capital. It was built by the emperor's son, Jahangir. While not to be compared with the Taj, yet this tomb is a magnificent structure, beautifully inlaid walls in multiple designs and colors, surrounded by tall minarettes, and in the midst, the mortal remains of the greatest of the Moghal rulers. From the top of this monument we had our first glimpse of the Taj Mahal, standing seven miles away on the banks of the Jumna river. We are now in a region famed in history. Here the ambitions of man led him to unparalelled heights in the achievement of empire, the amassing of treasure, and the building of splendid monuments. But these monuments, now weather-worn and faded, their immense treasures scattered and gone, are all that is left of the vast empire and the glory of Akbar and Shah Jahan. It would seem that here the genius of man had made his supreme effort to immortalize

himself in piles of marble. And here also the vanity of such an effort is most apparent.

Two opposing forces.

As this disciple saw the beloved Master standing in the dim light before the black and silent sarcophagus of Akbar, it occurred to him that right there in his presence were two of the most illustrious examples in all history of the two great opposing principles in Nature—destruction and construction. The one, representing the principle of destruction, sought to build up unto himself empire and glory at the sacrifice of tens of thousands of his fellow beings. At his feet he forced millions to cringe in abject submission and fear. But now all that is left of him and of his vaunted power are a few decaying bones encased in marble.

The other, embodying the principle of construction, is a genuine superman, a real prince among his fellows. Having

achieved the greatest conquest possible to human beings, namely, the conquest of self and the emancipation of his own soul, he now seeks in utter forgetfulness of self, to rescue others from the downward stream of birth and death, and to lead them to the supreme heights of immortal life and happiness. The empire of the one, built upon force and bathed in blood, has vanished from the earth and his bones moulder among its ruins. But the empire of the other, built upon love, shall endure when the earth itself shall be dissolved.

In Radha Soami Bagh.

We arrived in Agra at 3 : 30, and put up in Radha Soami Bagh, in rooms once occupied by Baba Jaimal Singh, our Master's Master. Close by these rooms they are building an extremely beautiful monument in white marble to the memory of the first great Radha Soami master, Soami Ji. When completed, it will in some respects rival the world famous Taj Mahal itself. For in simple beauty

and elegance of structure it would be difficult to imagine anything superior to it.

We meet a nephew of Soami Ji.

Soon after our luggage was unpacked and we had washed off some of the dust of travel, our first visit was to the bed side of Seth Sahib, a nephew of Soami Ji, now seventy four years of age and in feeble health. This was the real objective of our Master's visit to Agra; for there is a very close bond of love between the two, and it would appear that the end of the earth life of the one is now approaching.

Two real Saints meet.

The meeting of these two great souls was something beautiful beyond the power of words to describe. It was one of the supreme moments in the life of this disciple. The small group who were fortunate enough to witness this event stood in reverent silence while our Master approached the bed side of the other and

with folded hands bowed at his feet. This disciple was quite accustomed to see thousands bowing at the feet of our Master ; but never before had he witnessed the Master himself bowing at the feet of another. By this sign we knew at once that here was no ordinary man, and never did our Master shine more brilliantly, never was his own divinity more apparent, than in that beautiful moment when he bowed at the sacred feet of another Saint. This disciple felt that the event he was now witnessing was of even world importance, and he sensed that perhaps in the far off heavens of Light that event carried deep significance. For the Saints live not for themselves, but for the whole world.

This great soul says he has never taken a morsel of animal food in his life. He was initiated by Soami Ji sixty years ago, and almost from childhood he has been devoted to Sant Mat. He says that now Soami Ji himself visits him daily, bringing blessing, and good cheer. Meet-

ing with this great soul was to this disciple a real benediction, and will always be remembered with gratitude.

Model industries in Dayal Bagh.

Next day this disciple visited the "Model Industries" in Dayal Bagh, presided over by Sahab Ji, the leader of the large Agra Satsang. These industries are quite remarkable, actually manufacturing many of the most useful articles of daily life, and putting out a very superior product, at a reasonable price. They incidentally afford employment to a great many satsangis. They conduct a dairy on modern lines, whose equipment and management are equal to the best in America. They are making skilled workmen of thousands of men, a thing much needed in India.

The Agra Radha Soami group.

The Agra group of Radha Soami disciples contains something over one hundred thousand members, and is the largest group in India, or the world. It

is now presided over by Anand Sarup Maharaj Ji, who is the fifth leader of that group in direct line from the founder. This center is not now and never has been connected with the Radha Soami movement in the Punjab, presided over by our Master, except by the ties of a common brotherhood and a similar teaching. There is amity and cordial good fellowship between the two groups and their leaders.

An American Satsangi in Agra.

At Dayal Bagh, Agra, this disciple had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Elizabeth Bruce, an American Satsangi, who, so far as he knows, is the only other American in India devoted to this science. She is a very clever and brilliant woman, making herself useful in some phases of the industrial work of the center, while she seeks light on the inner Path. This disciple took lunch with her twice and enjoyed some hours of pleasant conversation. It requires no little courage for an American woman to leave all of her

friends and a successful business in the home land and come out here to India to devote herself to a spiritual science quite strange to all of her people. But Mrs. Bruce appears to be very happy in the pursuit of her spiritual ideals in Dayal Bagh, and we wish her all success.

The old Agra Fort, and Shah Jahan.

In the afternoon we visited the old Agra fort, now held by the British, of course; and then we visited the old palace of Shah Jahan, the builder of the famous Taj. After a long reign over vast empire, the building of the Taj Mahal as a monument to his favorite queen, Mamtaz Mahal and many other noted structures, including the Pearl Mosque and the Peacock Throne, Shah Jahan was imprisoned by his own son, Aurangzeb, who then usurped the throne. After seven years of imprisonment in a small room adjacent to the Pearl Mosque in this Palace, his strength about gone, and realizing that his end was near, the old emperor begged that he might be taken

to a small porch in the palace from which, looking across a bend in the Jumna river, he might get one more look at his beloved Taj. His request was granted and he beheld with much emotion that magnificent monument, shining in all of its glory. It is said that on seeing the Taj, the old and heartbroken emperor collapsed and died right there. Thus ended so pathetically, in the year 1666, one of the most picturesque characters in history. He passed from earth as a victim of one of the strangest freaks of fortune ever manifested. It is told here that once when Shah Jahan was at the height of his world power he was visited by a spiritual Guru who admonished him about certain things ; whereupon the king laughed at the Guru and asked him who could interfere with the emperor. The Guru replied that "The words of the true Guru are always fulfilled, even though the greatest of emperors has to be made to eat like an ox in the field." And it so happened that during his imprisonment Shah Jahan was taken for a ride

one day into the country. Passing a field of gram, he asked his guards to get him some of the grain. The guard refused, saying that he would endanger his own life by doing so, without the emperor's orders. But he offered to lead the camel into the field, make it kneel and himself go away to attend to other matters, leaving him to get the grain himself. But his hands were tied so he could not get the grain, and he had to content himself with kneeling and eating like an ox. When he had done so, he suddenly recalled the words of the Guru. His heart was softened and real faith entered his soul.

The great Taj Mahal.

The next day this disciple visited the Taj Mahal. Many books give elaborate descriptions of it. Perhaps the best one will be found in the Stoddard lectures, so no attempt will be made here to describe it. It is sufficient to say that it is no doubt the greatest, most beautiful, most artistic, and the most expensive, structure

ever built by human hands within the period of known history. And it is equally certain that no such structure, or anything like it, will ever again be attempted. It is said to have required the labor of twenty thousand men for a period of twenty years to complete it. The whole world was explored for materials. Extensive portions of the Koran are written into the walls by making each letter of black stone and then inlaying them into the white marble. Many beautiful designs and pictures in wonderful colors are made by inlaying precious stones and costly gems into the marble walls. The building is nearly all of white marble, eventhe floors of the extensive courts and promenades surrounding the Taj itself.

Majestic as it is, after three hundred years, the Taj Mahal stands today trying pathetically to defy the crumbling hand of time, as only one more memorial of the perishable nature and vanishing glory of all things human. To this truth the Taj will continue to bear testimony

until its last marble column has returned to dust.

Crowds continue to greet the Master.

August 25 we left on our return trip to Beas and the Dera. Every hour or two, all through the night, as the train stopped at the various stations, crowds gathered to see the Master. At the capital city of Delhi a carpet was spread and a chair placed for him. Hundreds gathered around him and listened to a few cheering words, and then he gave them his parting " Radha Soami."

We arrived in the Dera the next morning at nine o'clock, where a crowd of several hundred were waiting to welcome him home, showing the utmost joy and devotion. It is always a great delight to see the beloved Guru again.

Many had already begun to arrive ahead of us for the monthly satsang. So, on Friday, the 27th, probably three thousand were present at satsang. The

next day the number had more than doubled, and on Sunday the Master was greeted by a multitude of twelve thousands. Loud speakers were installed so the entire crowd could easily hear the Master's voice.

Many hundreds Initiated.

Following this meeting the Master Initiated five hundred and seventy one; after rejecting the usual large percentage of applicants. During this gathering, this disciple was with the Master in an upper story of the Master's house. The Master stood by the window for some minutes, watching the crowds. Many had grown weary and dropped to sleep on the ground all around the compound. Hundreds of others stood about in small groups engaged in conversation. The Master turned to this disciple and asked him if he had ever found anything greater than love. He then quoted one of his favorite sayings "Where there is love there is no law."

The divine mystery of love.

And what is the divine mystery of the love of a disciple for his Master? It is one of the most absorbing themes of discipleship. It is something without a parallel in the ordinary walks of life. What is it? How can it be explained? What is the mystery of that holy bond which makes men and women even in the hour of death utterly forget all earthly ties and cling to the Master alone? Fortunately this is one theme upon which this disciple can speak from personal experience, although he is well aware, perhaps because of that experience itself, that he can never give adequate expression to the facts of the theme. Since coming to India, this disciple has been blessed with the daily companionship of many disciples whose devotion to the Master has written one of the most beautiful pages in the story of his life. Not only these, but the abiding devotion of the Master himself to his Master adds interest to the theme and crowns the relation itself with undying glory. It is

a sacred bond that once formed, is never broken and its divine fragrance never diminishes through unnumbered years. But like other features of this holy Path, the essence of it can not be written down in words. It can not be described in human language. To be understood, it must be experienced. This disciple has seen hundreds of men and women waiting at the Master's door, even at the outer gate, waiting during all the long hours of the day and night, just for one look into his face and to hear his voice in one word of blessing. And when he passes at last, they often gather up in their hands even the dust where his holy feet have walked. Only last night as this disciple came down from the Master's rooms about ten o'clock, he witnessed a sight that would touch the heart of any man. Four flights of stairs leading to the Master's rooms on the top floor of the Temple (in Rawalpindi) were literally lined with men and women, crowded close together and standing, some women holding infants in their arms, all waiting the

possible chance that the Master might again come down stairs and they might thus be near enough to touch his garments as he passed. And this will continue, hour after hour, until at last the word is passed around that the Master has retired for the night. Often the dear Father continues to see and talk to these people until midnight or later, and then he gets only two or three hours sleep; for he rises at three o'clock, or earlier sometimes, to engage in spiritual devotions, or leaving the physical plane for his work in the higher regions. And so he continues until six o'clock in the summer and eight in the winter. It is a love on the part of both Master and pupil which the world knows not of, and it is quite beyond their understanding. The writer has seen men and women of all ages and degrees of culture, sitting in satsang from one to two hours, listening to the Master's discourses, their eyes sparkling with keen delight, and frequently tears of joy trickling down their faces. One day he watched an elderly man of sixty years

or more, as he sat listening to the Master. He scarcely moved his eyes from the Master's form, and for over an hour the tears constantly dropped from his cheeks while his hands remained closed in an attitude of profound adoration. And this was a cultured man, retired from the medical service of the government. Only last night in satsang, a man of thirty-five years, educated, refined, and very wealthy, sat listening to the Master while occasionally the tears dropped freely, apparently unnoticed by himself, so absorbed he was in the light of the Master's presence.

This is a relation almost too sacred to write about; but the following extract, taken from the writer's diary, will be suggestive at least. This writer is deeply conscious of his own unworthiness, yet infinitely grateful to the Master for his loving kindness.

"October 5, 1932. Now, on the eve of our departure for Rawalpindi, the be-

loved Father enquired after all plans and arrangements, and ordered a change in the plan regarding my servant, so that he could remain with me tonight and help me in the morning. Bless his holy name. No earthly father was ever more kind and solicitous even of the material comforts of his children. How can I bless him enough! If only I could serve him better. How has he become my very life. It is a deep mystery, but an infinite joy. And how has this heavenly mystery come about in my life? It is so out of the beaten paths of ordinary experience. If the uninitiated were to read this, they would probably assume that the writer was a "mooning" girl sighing for her lover. To the average westerner it is quite beyond understanding. But all who have themselves walked this holy Path know well that in all the world there is no relation so close and so sacred as that between Master and pupil. There is no other relation so crowned with the frenzy of divine joy. When the disciple feels that every ray of light that radiates

from the Master carries with it streams of life itself, he must love him. When he realizes in the depths of his being, that the Master is the embodiment of the Supreme Essence, now engaged in recreating the disciple after the image and likeness of the ineffable Lord, then he knows that life without the Master would be an insufferable calamity. So his thought is always of the Master. In fact, he would say in the words of Bulwer Lytton: "Not to think of him were the absence of thought itself."

With affectionate good will, I am
Your brother at his sacred feet,
Julian P. Johnson.

Letter number six.

The Dera, Nov. 10, 1932.

Dear American Fellow-Students:

October 6, at four A.M., we left the Dera again for our trip to Rawal Pindi and the mountain stations. The journey was made by motor car, and was very delightful. Much of the country in the north of the Punjab, and in the foot hills of the Himalayas, is similar to that

of the California mountain regions. It makes the writer feel quite at home.

Arrival at Rawalpindi.

The Master stopped in Lahore for a short satsang at seven o'clock, where several thousand people were waiting for him. We then proceeded northward along a very beautiful highway, much of it being shaded with trees on both sides. We stopped at one village for a short talk from the Master to a small bunch of people, and then arrived in Rawalpindi at 2 : 40. This is a nice little city of about fifty thousand people, lying at the very feet of the great Himalaya range, and adjacent to the North-western Frontier Province. It is an important trading center. Not far away lies a fertile valley, the seat of an ancient civilization, dating backwards far beyond the beginning of authentic history, The valley was invaded by Alexander the Great, the Greeks leaving their records, statuary, coins, etc. which have recently been recovered by excavations. This valley was once

the bed of a great inland sea, something like the Imperial Valley in California.

The R. S. Temple in Rawal Pindi.

On our arrival in Rawalpindi we went directly to the new Radha Soami temple, recently built by Raja Ram, a banker and manufacturing jeweler. Of course he is a devoted satsangi of our Master's fold. The temple cost about one hundred and fifty thousand rupees (At the present time the purchasing power of the rupee in this country is fully equal to one dollar in America, although the rate of exchange is now close to four rupees to the dollar). This temple is a very beautiful structure, the only drawback to it is the fact that it stands in the midst of the city, surrounded by all sorts of buildings. The furniture is modern and very excellent. It has just enough of the oriental in design to add beauty and grace. The Master's rooms are delightfully arranged in two suites, one on the third floor and the other on the fourth floor. The satsang hall, or audi-

torium, is on the ground floor, but has only limited seating capacity,—less than two thousand. At the several meetings held here by our Master this hall was packed, galaries and windows were full and many stood in the streets near the rear entrance, and others filled the main street in front.

The Master, with his secretary, Rai Sahib, went to his rooms in the temple, while the rest of our party were comfortably quartered in the home of Raja Ram and his wife. Here is a couple one would go a long way to meet. Although he is a wealthy man, he is one of the humblest and most unassuming of men. His wife is likewise humble, gracious, kind and very spiritual, besides being a beautiful woman. This is the lady whose sight was suddenly restored after several doctors had declared that she could never see again. They are both unusually devoted satsangis, and their love for the Master is an inspiration to us all. They are planning, as soon as the Master gives

consent, to turn over all business to his brothers and come to the Dera to live, building themselves a new house there. They would thus devote the rest of their lives to spiritual things. A great many satsangis look forward to a complete retirement from wordly affairs and coming to the Dera to devote the remainder of their lives to the Master's work. But the Master does not encourage or permit this until they have accomplished all worldly karmas and in the later years of life, nothing stands in their way of going forward on the Path.

At the very first satsang a great crowd greeted the Master. This is a privilege they do not have very often. The early morning satsang was also attended by an immense crowd; and then after satsang and all through the day numberless individuals and committees sought interviews with the Master.

The great leper asylum.

After the first morning satsang this

disciple enjoyed a visit to the great leper asylum in this city, one of the best in India, or the world. Here a large number of the victims of this dread malady are cared for. Contrary to popular opinion, the physicians and attendants have no fear of contagion. Here the patients receive the most modern treatment, including chaumugra oil, which was once thought to be a specific cure; but is now considered to be only a help; many patients making excellent improvement by its use, while others show but little improvement. Some are actually cured and discharged, while others remain for life. This is a disease still under scientific investigation and experiment. Many phases of it still elude the investigator. One peculiar feature of leprosy is its very long incubation period, extending from six months to twenty years between the time of exposure and the onset of the disease. No certain and definite cure has been developed thus far. Most cases are self-terminating, and leprosy itself seldom ever kills. There is practically no

suffering with it, even though fingers and toes may be lost. The patients in this institution seemed quite cheerful and the management deserves much credit for the kind and efficient service they are giving to many unfortunate men and women afflicted with this disease.

Climbing the mountains.

After a few days in Rawalpindi, we started at five, A.M., on the twelfth, for the mountains. Presently we found ourselves driving along over a good road built by our Master himself over thirty years ago, while he was in the government service. That fact, together with the increasing beauty of the scenery, added gest to the trip. Just after dawn, while the Master waited for the second car to overtake us, this disciple decided to walk alone, as the air was now quite chilly and the exercise would do him good. Any way, he wanted to walk a little distance over the road his Master had built.

We are now actually in the foot hills of the majestic old Himalayas; but their snowy peaks lie yet a hundred miles or more to the north. The air is already lighter and cooler. The traveller begins to feel a sense of exhileration, also of deep peace, so characteristic of these inspiring old hills. Finally, just as the sun rose over the mountain tops, pouring a flood of gold down the valley, the Master himself came along and picked me up in his car. We began the long climb up the slow grades.

At 8 : 30, we stopped at Abbotabad, a small mountain town, and took breakfast. Several scores of devoted disciples of the Master greeted him here, and among them were a goodly number who had worked with him in the old days. Their love for him was quite manifest. The writer was served with a breakfast of rice, warm goat's milk, dates, grapes and pears. The journey was then continued four miles further in the car, at which point we mounted horses for the re-

mainder of the trip, the climb of fourteen miles further up to Kalabagh. This was by order of the Master, as he said our party could better enjoy the scenery that way. But some of us suspected that the Master did not deem the motor trip up the steep mountain grades altogether safe. The road is barely wide enough for the car, and many are the sharp turns, with a yawning precipice of from one hundred to one thousand feet straight down below. The grades are very steep, some of them are apparently twenty to thirty per cent. It was not built for automobiles. All of this road was built by our Master and it is a master piece of construction work. Much of it is cut out of the solid rock in the mountain side. The ascent was indeed a pleasure rarely enjoyed. A little over half way up we paused at a watering place prepared by our beloved Master, so that all travelers over this way, whether man or beast, might drink the purest of cold water. We are climbing rapidly. The more or less desolate and barren mountains of the

lower altitudes now give place to pine covered peaks that tower above deep and colorful gorges. Rich undergrowth abounds. Ferns and wild roses and daisies, and a few scattering violets, cover the slopes. The air grows lighter and our ears tell us that we are in higher altitudes than usual. Three miles below our stopping place, a group of fifteen men met the Master, a committee who had come on foot that far to welcome him. This committee grew to a hundred or more by the time we reached the end of our journey. These mountaineers easily kept pace with our horses up the steep grades, mile after mile. In fact some of our own party did the same thing, walking the whole of the fourteen miles. The Master sat majestically on a spirited young horse erect and princely as any rajah, the picture of grace and dignity, as we climbed the steep grades. Many were the times in years long gone by that he had made this same ascent. He is quite at home in the mountains, either on foot

or on horse back.

Kalabagh, the black forest.

We rest in Kalabagh. The name means black park or forest. It has a small British population connected with the military establishment. The town lies on the mountain slopes at an altitude of between eight and nine thousand feet above sea level. The scenery is beautiful, some of it really grand. We unpack our luggage at last in one of the most sacred spots in this region or in all of the Himalayas—a little stone house built by our Master and still belonging to him. It has to be approached on foot for some distance. It stands on a point of jutting rocks at the very brink of an almost perpendicular precipice two thousand feet in height. From the edge of the stone rimmed little yard in front of the house one can look almost straight down for nearly half a mile, and at the bottom of the gorge runs a little stream of water, looking like a silver thread through the purple shadows. Sitting ten feet from

the stone wall of the yard, it appears as if the yard and house were suspended in mid air. To get a little clearer view of the situation, if one stands on the crest of the mountain above the little town of Kalabagh and looks southward, he will observe a valley many miles long, east and west, and something like a mile wide. The walls of this valley rise to a height of probably three thousand feet above the floor of the valley, and right in the midst of this valley, rising abruptly from its floor, is a ridge about two thousand feet in height. This ridge is connected with the north wall by another ridge, something like the cross bar of the capital letter H. Over this cross ridge we have access to the great central ridge and to the Master's house which stands on the extreme eastern promontory of that ridge. Looking away across the valley in any direction, one may observe what appears to be stair steps on the mountain slopes. They are little gardens made by digging into the mountain sides, one above the other, and thus levelling little strips

of ground upon which these mountaineers raise their vegetables. The houses are made by digging into the mountain sides, extending the roof outwards, and then covering it with dirt and gravel. In the winter time these little houses are often covered with ten to eighteen feet of snow. They are frequently abandoned at that time of the year, and the inhabitants go down to lower altitudes, until the return of spring weather.

Morning dawn in the Himalayas.

October 13. It is now early dawn. We stand upon the rock rimmed heights overlooking the deep gorge. Two thousand feet below us the lingering shadows hold everything in their dark embrace. But far above us the sun begins to cast a roseate glow over the mountains.

"The highlands catch yon Orient gleam,
While purpling still the low lands lie;
And pearly mists, the morning pride,
Soar incense like to greet the sky."—Burton

At last its dazzling rim looks over the tops of the distant pines, and a new

day is born. We could fancy that Shakespeare, escaped from his dull and foggy island, stood on these heights when he exclaimed:

"But look; the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

The scene is altogether enchanting. No words can describe it, and no mortal artist could paint it. The hush of solemn grandeur adds to the spiritual inspiration of the place and the hour. It is the sacred hour of the Mahatma. It is the holy hour of divine worship, and none the less sacred because the call to worship is in a temple not made by hands. Its walls are the mountains and its dome the sky, and the light of the sun points to the worlds of light within. One instinctively thinks of the Old Yogi morning salutation to the Giver of all life:

"Hail, hail, to Him alone
Who is the ONE, the Primal,
Pure, eternal, immortal, and
Immutable, in all ages."

For a hundred thousand years and more these mountain trails and wind-

swept pines have frequently heard this salutation. Here men have long sought to unravel the deep mysteries of God and of the soul; and here the disciples of the living Master still seek the calm retreat that enables them the better to meditate upon the Holy Path. Here many a soul struggling upward, striving to rise above the dark chasms of mind and matter, have found the Light eternal. Now, as this American stood upon the jutting rocks close by the side of the dear Master and looked into the dark valley below, he instinctively prayed that he might some day be permitted to stand by the side of this same gracious Deliverer upon the radiant heights of Sach Khand. He longs with an inexpressible yearning for release from the dense and chilling fogs of the spiritual lowlands. Too long he has groped his uncertain way through the dark and poisoned atmosphere of ignorance and passion. Gracious Master, open to us the Gates of Light.

Satsang in the mountains.

At ten o'clock the disciple sat in the little yard by the Master, enjoying the welcome sun beams and listening to the Great Teacher as he talked to a group of old mountaineers,—all satsangis now, literally worshiping the Master. Some of them had worked with him in government service thirty or forty years ago. But to them all now he is the Great Mahatma. They lovingly address him as "Maharaj Ji." This means something like very great and honored sir. Though I think there is no exact English equivalent. One old man could scarcely talk from excess of emotion, as he gazed lovingly at the Master and asked many questions. It had been several years since he had seen the Master.

One o'clock, and the Master rests. But the silent worshipers continue to gather in the yard. A group of women sit around the rim of the yard, waiting patiently for the Master to come out. One by one others quietly join them. Old men bent over their canes, come one

or two at a time, having laboriously climbed the steep trails in order to sit at the Master's feet. Satsang was held at two o'clock on a small level area just above the little stone house. About four hundred had gathered to see and hear their adored Sat Guru. These mountain folk are a sturdy people. Many of them having descended from tribes who lived by marauding and highway banditry, they now live in an atmosphere of spiritual peace and of steadfast devotion to Maharaj Ji, for whom they would readily lay down their lives.

The Master a mountain climber.

After satsang, just as the sun sets behind the distant purple hills, we all follow the Master for a little walk and climb over the hills westward, along the crest of the ridge. He inspects a proposed site for a new satsang theater which may be built by next year. The ground has been purchased for it. While some of the middle aged members of our party pause for breath and hesitate as they

climb the steep trails, the Master steadily climbs with firm, unfaltering step. And when the summit is reached, he shows not the slightest signs of fatigue. Talking and laughing, he is king of mountain and valley alike. He is in fact, always Master in every sense of the word. His quick wit, keen intelligence and physical vigor are quite astounding in one of his patriarchal appearance.

Teaching the children.

October 14, at eight, A.M. The Master has twenty three children, sons and daughters of satsangis, seated in a semi-circle in the yard, and he is teaching them the position in which to sit and listen to the Sound Current. They are not given the names. But instructed in this way, they can better join with their parents during the hours of meditation. He says many of them will come to hear the Sound Current before the time comes for the regular Initiation. The Master compares little children to blank paper, clean and white, nothing

in the way to obstruct their upward progress; and so they quite easily come in touch with the Sound Current and the upper worlds. It is only when the minds of the older people are filled with the filth and illusions of the world that it becomes difficult for them to approach the higher regions.

Leaving the Mountains.

It is a little late in the season for this altitude. The nights are cold. Sudden wind and hail storms sweep over the region almost daily now, and so we must leave before we are overtaken by a snow storm. October 18, we descended to Abbotabad, a charming little military station. This is one of the extreme outpost stations of the British military forces in the North-western Frontier Province. It is not far from the famous Kaibur Pass, the entrance to Afghanistan. Here the Master held satsang for three days, and was, as usual, greeted by hundreds of enthusiastic satsangis and others. There seems to be no remote

corner or jungle or plain, in all of northwestern India, where our Master is not known and loved. Time and again as we traveled over far stretches of country, we were met by groups of men and women waiting for him by the road side. In many remote villages he paused for a short satsang, where scores and hundreds of enthusiastic disciples welcomed him. In one mountain town the Master was grected by more than a thousand people. Here came also the Sikhs, creating disturbance, advancing their old argument against a living Guru. In this town we visited a place made sacred to our Master and all satsangis by a visit from Baba Jaimal Singh, holding stasang here back in the nineties.

The Taxilla museum and Buddhism.

Our next stop was at Taxilla, where is situated a government museum, containing many relics of the long ago, recovered from buried cities near by. Pottery, gold and silver ornaments, silver vessels, coins, Greek and Buddhist

statues. This disciple, visiting the place, as he did, in the company of our own adored Master, took particular notice of the large number of statues depicting the Buddha in attitudes of spiritual meditation. The making of statues has always been a favorite method of manifesting devotion by the Buddhist disciples. Here again we are forcibly brought face to face with another historical phase of old world religions; namely, that of the inevitable tendency to externalize the religion and to forget its spiritual content. We were also reminded of the way men and things grow sacred in the public eye by the lapse of time, while they completely ignore the real gods who walk in their midst today. One is reminded of the familiar couplet, regarding the great Greek poet:

"Seven cities claimed great Homer, dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Here in this museum of ancient relics are scores of statues of the immortal Buddha which, after the lapse of twenty six centuries, hundreds of millions of

men hold sacred; and yet right here in our party, visiting the museum today, there are, we believe, at least three and probably four, men who have reached a degree of spiritual enlightenment above and beyond that attained by the Buddha while he was on earth. This we say not to minimize the attainments of the noble Aryan, or to detract from his sacred character. For in our hearts we bow reverently to the much loved prince. All honor and praise to him forever. We say this rather to encourage the living disciple. Besides our great Master, we have a large number in the Dera satsang who have gone beyond the Buddha, even beyond his present degree; for that also is well known here among us, by the grace of our Master. Others are reaching those heights all of the time and you and I are expected to reach them, not in some future age, or in the next or fourth incarnation, but here and now. When the noble Siddhartha had reached the very first stage marked out by Sant Mat on our inward journey, he no doubt

thought he had reached supreme enlightenment, the highest possible degree within the reach of man. But in fact he had only started on the inward and upward journey, as it has been traveled by all of the Masters. Pity it is that the millions of Buddhists do not know this fact. If only they did know it, they might honor their Lord Buddha vastly more by taking up the course of development under a living Master. If they did this, it would not be long until they could meet and talk personally with their beloved Prince in his present home in the shining plane just below Tirkuti.

As this letter has already grown too long, I must bid you goodby, wishing you all the blessing and love of the Father.

Your brother at his holy feet,
Julian P. Johnson.

Letter number seven.

The Dera, Dec. 17, 1932.

Dear Fellow-Travelers on the Path:

On our return from the mountains, Oct. 24th, we stopped and spread our lunch, camp fashion, by a little stream at the famous "Panja Sahib", around which an interesting legend has been woven. The stream runs close by a small mountain, on the top of which, the tradition says, used to be a spring of cold water. By the side of this spring sat a Mohammedan faqir in meditation It was in the time of Guru Nanak, the fifteenth century. One day Guru Nanak with one of his disciples came along and the disciple went up to ask water of the faqir, but was refused. Reporting this to Guru Nanak, the great Saint thrust a stick into the ground and a stream of cold water burst forth at that point. At the same time the stream on the mountain ceased to flow. Seeing this, the faqir was very angry and rolled a great boulder down the mountain side, with intent to kill Guru Nanak and his disciple. But the Guru simply put forth his hand and stopped the boulder as it came near him. The print of his hand

was left in the side of the rock, and those finger prints are shown to the traveler to this day. The Sikhs accept this story as actual history, and have built up around it quite a place of pilgrimage. They are just now laying the foundation for a large dharamsala, or temple.

The problem of the Sikh religion.

We arrived in Rawalpindi at three thirty, and the good Master sought a little rest as he took refuge from the ever pressing crowds by going to his own suite of rooms in the new Radha Soami temple.

We come now to one of the most peculiar problems in the religious life of India. The Master's return to Rawalpindi was hailed with delight by large numbers. Even a considerable body of the Sikhs who do not follow the orthodox majority welcomed the Master and pledged him their support. But equally demonstrative was the opposition. The Sikhs did not like the enthusiastic support the Master was everywhere receiving and so

they decided to interfere. They held private meetings and took counsel among themselves as to what could be done, just as the Scribes and Pharisees, leaders of the Jewish orthodox body, did when Jesus became too popular to suit them. They decided to break up the meetings at the temple. So this evening they came out in force, many of them carrying the customary short sword and some few had long swords. If they had to fight they would be ready. Of course, the Radha Soami disciples were not armed. Two of the Sikhs sat at the writer's left, and these had long swords which they laid down at the very feet of the Master. Soon after the meeting opened, one loud mouthed Sikh arose in the hall and began to argue and to speak ill of the Master. He would not heed kindness or listen to reason. He could not be stopped. So, they started to eject him from the hall. This was the cue the Sikhs were waiting for. The two at our left took up their swords. Others went to the assistance of the first disturber. For a

time the scene grew threatening; but fortunately some one had finally called the police force, and by the time the mele had developed into a mild battle, the police arrived, and the armed Sikhs all suddenly remembered that they had urgent business elsewhere. They vanished through the nearest exits as if by magic, and quiet was soon restored. It is interesting to note that the Master had foreseen this disturbance and advised the management of the temple to have the police on watch. But they had neglected this precaution and, as usual when the Master's advice is not heeded, they came to regret it. In the midst of it all sat the Master, the only calm one in the house. This disciple had taken up a position close by the Master's side, saying to himself that he did so in order to help defend the Master in case of a personal attack. But it may be that subconsciously he felt that near the Master was the safest place for himself. (Since returning to the Dera, the Master has told us that all during the confusion his own Master stood by his

side, clothed in light and unlimited power, and that it would have been utterly impossible for any one to have hurt him).

After order was restored, the Master quietly announced satsang for seven o'clock the next morning, although he had not so intended before. This was held as announced and all was as quiet as a night on the Potomac, a deep peace pervading the assembly. And, so, there is the peculiar problem above referred to —that of the Sikhs and their bitter opposition to the Radha Soami movement. Even the Mohammedans are much more friendly, many of them seeking Initiation of the Master. It may be of interest to note that our Master himself was born a Sikh, and so are a great many of our leading satsangis. But the orthodox Sikhs are quite irreconcilable. What is the reason? How is their opposition to be explained? It should be borne in mind that there is nothing in the Radha Soami teaching to antagonize any religion, least of all the Sikh religion, with

which it is practically identical. It has no dogmas to defend. It has no priesthood to be supported. It does not fight any other religion. In fact, it is not a religion in the ordinary meaning of the term. The Master says it is the "Science of connecting the individual soul with its Creator." It desires to set up no new creed or church and cares not for the destruction of any old one. With them all it has nothing to do, any more than a science like astronomy has to do with a church creed. It teaches the Sound Current and the method of Yoga which takes the soul inward and upward to spiritual regions and to ultimate freedom. With this alone it is concerned. Consequently a devotee of any religion may avail himself of it without antagonizing his own organization. It is a private matter and has to do only with internal practice.

The history of Sikhism.

Let us briefly sketch the history of Sikhism. That religion was founded by

Guru Nanak in the fifteenth century, and partly in the sixteenth. Guru Nanak was a real Saint, a great and holy man, who had attained the highest regions. His teaching, along with that of his contemporary Saint, the great Kabir Sahib, also Tusli Das, and later Tulsi Sahib also, laid the foundation for the Radha Soami system of practice. This is why the Sikhs often contemptuously say that the "Radha Soami sect is only a little offshoot of the Sikh religion." The Radha Soami and the Sikh teachings are practically the same, with the exception of one point which we shall notice later. Soami Ji of Agra only amplified and simplified the earlier teaching and gave it out in clear and lucid terms. The Yoga or practice of the Sound Current is the central theme of them both. Why then should the Sikhs, of all men, fight the Radha Soami movement? It seems incredible. They should be our strongest supporters and closest brothers. But they are our worst enemies. Why? The answer is: **The orthodox body of the**

Sikhs has accepted the Christian dogma of a closed revelation and an inspired book, and they are now busy trying to defend that dogma. Therein lies the whole secret of their opposition.

Guru Nanak had nine successors, each in turn carrying on the great work in the face of much opposition and deadly persecution. That line of Masters included Angad Sahib, Amar Das, Ram Das, Arjan Sahib, Har Gobind, Har Rai, Har Kishan , Teg Bahadur, and Gobind Singh in the order named. Guru Nanak was born in 1469, and died in 1539; and the last of his successors died in 1708. The city of Amritsar was founded in 1572 by Guru Ram Das, and in 1588 his successor, Arjan Sahib, completed the famous Golden Temple in Amritsar. It is said, and the statement is confirmed by our Master, that this Golden Temple and its surrounding lake, is an exact reproduction, as nearly as can be on this plane, of the real Amritsar, or Mansarover, in Daswan Dwar, the third region. (The

word Amritsar means the lake or waters of immortality). But in Daswan Dwar, instead of a central temple, there is a gigantic flower whose bloom never fades and whose perfume never diminishes.

The Sikhs become a great power.

Under the leadership of the ten living Gurus, the Sikhs became a power in the land. They were finally successful in helping to overthrow the last remnant of Moghal tyranny and to establish religious liberty under the Khalsa rule of the great Maharaja Ranjeet Singh. As warriors, they came to be known as lions—the word Singh meaning lion. They were strong, brave and clean living men. And to day among them are to be found the finest specimens of physical manhood in the Panjab or in all India. They offer perhaps the world's finest example of what a noble type of men can be formed by clean living, free from meats, alcohol and tobacco ; and inspired by a certain knowledge of the future of the soul in regions of light. Theirs was

a noble heritage indeed, and if they had continued to follow a living Guru, instead of a lifeless book, their greatness might have continued to the end of time. But they had accepted a dogma which was destined to work their downfall. By that act they had cut themselves off from the fountain of their life stream. Without a living Guru their spirituality began to wane. Externalization of their religion took the place of internal practice of the Sound Current. Instead of this internal practice, following the Initiation by a living Guru, they simply read the book. Their ultimate disintegration as a spiritual force was written in their fate. Kal had again scored in his efforts to block the work of Saints. Gobind Singh, the last in their line of Gurus died in 1708, leaving no successor. A report became current that Gobind Singh, just before his death, had said that there would be no more Gurus, but that the Holy Granth, the sacred writings of all the Gurus, should henceforth be Guru to all Sikhs. How

this story originated, the authorities do not seem to agree, and it is by no means certain that he ever made any such statement. For it is fundamentally and directly contrary to the teachings of all the Gurus, as recorded in the Granth Sahib itself. Any way, the story was finally accepted by the main body of the Sikhs and it is today the accredited dogma of that organization. For nearly two hundred years the Sikhs have recognized no living Guru or Master, and they stoutly contend that there can be no more. This has been the fatal error of the Sikhs. Since they accepted this ancient Christian dogma they, like the church itself, have drifted more and more into external forms and ceremonies; though not so much as the church—bowing to the book as unto God and utterly forgetting the priceless heritage of the Sound Current and the help of a living Guru, as was taught and practised by the noble founder of that faith. So far as can be determined by inquiry, not a living member of the Sikh organi-

zation, now numbering over two millions, even claims to go inside and make the journey to higher regions. In spite of this fact, they still contend that the book is all sufficient, even though the book itself teaches the exact contrary. All the Saints of all ages, including Guru Nanak and his successors in Sikhdom, have emphasized the necessity of a living Guru. The Sikhs have thus taken up a position identical with that of the great body of Protestant Christian churches ; for they also have staked everything upon a book, and they insist that there can be no further or later revelation. The last word has been said. Only the Roman Catholic church, more wisely realizing the insufficiency of the book alone, have placed the living pope above the book ; thus occupying a sort of middle ground between the devotees of the inspired book and the disciples of a living Master. Why any one should ever have assumed that divine revelation was closed for all time, still remains a mystery. There is certainly no warrant

for any such assumption, either in the scriptures themselves or in human experience, or reason. But sooner or later all the world must, perforce, come to realize that without a living Master all religion is only a dead letter, only empty husks.

Our arrival in Jhelum.

October 24th we arrived in Jhelum. This beautiful little city lies along the banks of the Jhelum river, one of the five rivers of the Panjab. And in this large fertile area, so well watered, our Master lives,—the Panjab is doubtless the finest part of India. In Jhelum our Master has about two hundred disciples. As a father looks after all of his children, so our Father tries to visit every section where his spiritual children live. It may take him two or three years to get around to them all, but he neglects none. One thousand people attended satsang this evening. The attention was perfect, as usual. All hung upon the Master's words as if they realized that those words carried

the message of eternal life. This disciple in attending public meetings for sixty years has never known a speaker who could hold his audiences with such rapt attention and eager interest as our beloved Master can do. And the interest never seems to fail or decrease up to the last moment of the hour and a half or or two hours during which he speaks to them in an ordinary conversational manner. Though frequently rising to heights of true eloquence, there is never any attempt at oratory. Every one feels that his discourses flow from a great heart of love and a brain illuminated by the light of divine wisdom.

A stop in Lyalpur.

We left Jhelum the next morning for Lyalpur, stopping at several places along the way where the Master held short satsang. Groups of from fifty to several hundreds were waiting for him at many places. Arriving at Lyalpur, there were five or six hundred gathered for satsang. They were nearly all members of the college

faculty and their families. Here is one of the greatest agricultural colleges in the world, its experimental farms extending for miles. It is doing much for all India. The beloved Sardar Jagat Singh, who has long been the Master's secretary who writes the American letters, is professor of chemistry in this college. We were entertained in lovely homes and this disciple was served with the most delicious fruit salad he had tasted since leaving America.

Crowds greet the Master in Lahore.

The next day we came on to Lahore where the Master held satsang at one o'clock, which was attended by more than two thousand people. When we went to leave there, lines of people had formed two blocks long, through which the Master's car made but slow progress. Every man, woman and child was anxious to get one more near by glimpse of their beloved Sat Guru. Many had tears in their eyes as they said the last "Radha Soami."

The arrival home.

The next stop was in Amritsar, at four o'clock, where a thousand or more devoted disciples awaited their Master. He gave them a brief talk and then after a short business conference with some judges, lawyers, etc., concerning some public works of interest to the Dera, we started on the last lap of our return journey, arriving at the Dera about six thirty.

It is a delight to rest again in our own little corner here in this Holy Retreat, far from the haunts of passion and the marts of greed ; where men are real brothers, and our gracious Father looks with loving kindness upon us all.

Affectionately your fellow-disciple,
Julian P. Johnson.

Letter number eight.

A Christmas Meditation.

The Dera, January 1, 1933.

Beloved Friends in America :

Christmas morning on the banks of the Beas river in India, a solitary American sits in meditation. Tides of memories and emotions sweep over him. Far away in the home land this morning millions gather about their firesides in joyful reunion to celebrate the birth of a baby nineteen and a third centuries ago. Why do they do it? And why is this American so far from his home this morning here in a strange land? Who can penetrate the veil and solve the mysteries that constitute the phenomena of human life? Only the Master.

Wise men set out for Bethlehem.

Here we sit by the slow rolling waters of an Indian river. India, the changeless. India, the eternal mother. From her mountains and plains almost two thousand years ago went three wise men, Masters, setting out on the long overland journey to an obscure village in a remote province of the Roman Empire. An event was about to transpire of which they alone had full knowledge. Over

long and weary stretches of desert, of vale and mountain roads, the camels beat their steady tread westward. Guided by the inner light, whose star burned brighter as they approached their destination, the wise men came at last to a little Essene inn, dug into the hill side in Bethlehem. The Masters know the significance of all events. That is one reason they are called wise men. They know the value, also the past and the future of every soul coming into the world. As these wise men halted in the silent watches of the night on the plains of Bethlehem and looked down upon the little Judean village, composed mostly of shepherds and farmers, they knew that an illuminated soul was about to take human birth there; and their gladness and immeasureable love drew down from heaven a great chorus who startled the sleepy shepherds with their holy song. Thus heralded, came the Son of Mary. And now, after the lapse of centuries, the sweet story is told in awed whispers about the Christmas fire-

sides. And the holy melody lingers in the hearts of men.

A gloomy Christmas day.

But this disciple sits alone on the banks of the river, far from his native land and about him there is no Christmas celebration. The day itself is dreary. Clouds overhang the sky and chill winds blow. The dear Master of the Dera is in Agra today and only the Persian wheel at the well goes on forever as it has done for ages. Even Paras Ram, the servant boy, usually so good, is in an ugly mood today, because he could not have his own way this morning. Christmas morning on the banks of the Beas. Here there will be no turkey dinner today. No Christmas frolic tonight. No gathering of the kiddies to inspect arm-loads of toys. Far away in her California home is a little one, "so mighty like a rose" in the sweet bloom of her childhood, so beautiful that it seems as if she had just stepped down out of Paradise, bringing the light of that world

with her. Perhaps with dawning intuition she sits today, waits and wonders. May the holy angels guard her " all through the night."

A tear drops by the river.

And here by the banks of the Beas river a lone student sits and wonders. But the unheeding river flows on as it has done for half a million years and more. What cares it for Christmas babies? What cares it for Saints and holy shrines? What cares it for a hundred million souls ground down beneath the Wheel? Only time, time and worked out karma, and the love of God, shall bring release. This far wanderer may be excused if he drops a silent tear today upon the banks of the unheeding river. Yet why the tear? It would be hard to say. Does he wish today that he was back in America? No, a thousand times no. His emotions may be partly from thoughts of loved ones so far away; partly from pity for those who, like himself, have stumbled so long through the

darkness; and partly for pure joy, joy that he at last has found the way to the Light. Fifty years of searching up and down the earth, restless, drifting, listening, hoping vaguely for—he knew not what. But at last the Master who knows and loves took his hand, like a gracious father, and led him out of the wilderness. Over land and sea he almost dragged the wanderer, until at last he rested at the holy feet of his Redeemer. And strangely enough, that Redeemer in his human form, dwells here on the banks of the Beas river. The light of this stupendous truth is dazzling to the eyes of perception. How can it be so? Yet the pure white music of it, the living joy of it, fills the soul of the wanderer as he sits today upon the banks of the unheeding river. When the world seemed but a prison house of confusion and pain, the blessed Master came across the seas and touched my soul. He came to give freedom. He came in the stillness of the night, while I watched and prayed. Suddenly he came, and the

light of a thousand suns shone about him, though my dull eyes could not see the glory of the light. He called me, and my soul heard the divine music of his voice. No fetters of earth can hold me now. They all drop away like wax melting in the white fires. He bade me come to him on the banks of the Beas where he could teach me the wisdom of the Holy Path, teach me and train me, and watch over me as a father; feed me on the bread of life, and help me to grow clean and strong and fearless, fit at last to stand before the radiant Lord. No more wandering in strange bypaths. No more groping in the wilderness. But a steady climbing with him up to the heights. And when the awakened soul at last touches the pure white Sea, this divine drop, grown all luminous itself, shall absorb that shining Sea.

And so, after all, this Christmas morning may mean more to the lone American on the banks of the Beas than it does to millions of other Americans at their turkey dinners in the home land.

Jesus and the Jews.

But happy as this disciple is today at the feet of a living Master, he can never forget, nor fail to appreciate, the dear son of Mary; even though the story of his life comes down to us dimmed by the intervening centuries. Like that of all spiritual Masters, his life was a sweet mystery, and its main value to us now is the love it brought into the world. In that long ago, Jesus came to the Jews as a light to guide their erring feet. They sadly needed him. For a long time fancying themselves the specially chosen people of God, yet falling into divers errors and sins, now ascendent and now subject, they at last pitifully sat and nursed their woes under the galling yoke of Rome. But they fondly imagined that their Jehovah would come some day to their rescue and restore to them not only their freedom, but give to them world dominion. Thus they waited for the coming Messiah. While they fondled this egoistical dream, the great Teacher came and they failed to recognize him. He came

SRINAGAR.

as a light to both Jews and Gentiles, and they both joined in crucifying him.

Being full of enmity toward each other, nothing in the world could have induced the Jews and Gentiles to join hands in any constructive activity for the good of mankind; but they readily joined in the murder of the best man in all the Roman Empire. Such is the venomous quality of religious prejudice.

His Own great heart strained with grief as he stood upon Mount Olivet and looked down upon the city of David. Knowing their many weaknesses and being full of pity, he exclaimed "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

Jesus himself was born a mixture of both Jew and Gentile, his mother being a Jewess and his father a man of pure Aryan blood and a member of the Essene Brotherhood. He thus inherited the rest-

less mind, the fiery impulse and the passionate love, of the Semite; combined with the spiritual insight and the lofty idealism of the Aryan. To this heritage he added the training in scientific Yoga of mother India. (For he spent some time in India). Returning from India, fired by an amazing love, he came to his own people like the flash of a meteor. He taught them and healed their diseases in vast multitudes, and then he passed to higher regions, leaving them dazzled at his light, but not comprehending it. So it has always been. Only those who know his inner life love him, and to them even to this day his memory is like the odor of sweet incense. He is worthy of all the love that Christmas can bring him.

But one thing the American people have not yet learned, which is vastly more important than the memories of all past ages. That is the fact that more than one Christ has come into the world and some of them are still in the body

carrying on their Great Work. The same need and the same divine love that brought one, has brought a long succession of them. The same Great Father who sent one noble son to Bethlehem has sent a great number of them to many lands and in many ages. In fact, the world is never without at least one of them.

Other Christs are born.

Only a few days ago this disciple visited the birth place of another of these great souls, the world's light bearers and redeemers. In a little village called Ghoman, in the Panjab, was born in the year 1839, a child endowed with spiritual possibilities of a transcedent character. In the humble quarters of a family of farmers in this little village Baba Jaimal Singh was born. No angel chorus announced his coming, and yet he was born to a destiny among the greatest of the sons of men. He became a disciple of the great Soamí Ji, and later rose to real Sainthood himself. He laid the founda-

tions of this great work in the Panjab.

While the star of that Saint burned brightly in the Indian sky, another star of the first magnitude arose over the land of Five Waters. In 1858 another babe was born here who has become another Christ, and whose holy mission has already engirdled the earth itself with streams of light. It is he at whose holy feet this disciple is now permitted to sit. His very name, Sawan, meaning showers, points to the character of his work. As the summer rains bring new life to the dry land, so this great Saint showers the water of life upon all who come to him. Other Saviors also have come and gone, in India and in other lands. They came and their lights burned with intense brilliancy for a time and then disappeared. For this dark planet was not their home. But the perfume of their holy lives has lingered like the odor of sweet incense, like frankincense and myrrh. Many a soul long ages under the Wheel, found release by the strong

hand of these Masters, and vast numbers more would have escaped, if only they had heeded the voice of these Redeemers. If this disciple is ever permitted to spend another Christmas in America, he will surely spend it, not in eating a big turkey dinner, but in trying to show his people that they may have access to a living Christ, abiding yet in the body, and abundantly able to save unto the uttermost all who seek shelter at his holy feet.

Sitting at his feet.

Some days ago this disciple sat at the feet of the beloved Master on the very edge of the bank of this unheeding river. He had gone there to see to the unloading of three barges full of fine wood for use in the Dera. The bringing of this wood was purely a labor of love, no one receiving any cash pay; and yet scores of men, and even some women, engaged in the work eagerly. The wood was carried in bundles on their heads up the slopes to the Dera, from the steep river banks. The Master sat in a chair and this

disciple sat on the ground at his feet. To sit there was better than to sit in royal chairs. Through all of India, and to the ends of the earth, there is no place so sacred as at the feet of a living Saint. He who is privileged to sit there is blessed above all others. To look into the eyes of divine love, to listen to his voice full of the resonance of the highest spiritual culture, to feel in the depths of one's own soul the warm glow of his holy light,—that is something never to be forgotten when once experienced. How precious the moments. After a pilgrimage through the long and weary years, life after life, slowly emerging from the slime and the darkness of sin and ignorance, at last to sit at the feet of a living Saint, and to know that never again shall the soul descend into the depths, but shall mount with the Master up to the regions of light. This is a joy that no Christmas dinner can give; and for this holy hour one may well travel all the highways of earth and sail the seven seas. Illustrating the extreme value

of the privilege described above, a story is told of Lord Krishna. It is said that walking through the jungle one day he came upon a certain spot and stopping, began to weep. When asked why he wept, he said: "Ten thousand years ago a true Saint sat down upon this sacred spot and I was not here to see him and worship at his holy feet."

Now after seven months with this dear Master, the American disciple feels that even the disciple himself no longer exists as a seaprate individual. Besides the Master, there is no one else. There is nothing. THE MASTER IS ALL THERE IS.

Sunset and moon rise on the Beas.

We began the day on the banks of the Beas river. Let us end it there. But the scene has changed. The cheerless gray of the morning has given place to a great burst of light from out a gorgeously painted sky. The moon also has just risen. Stand here by me on the banks

of this unheeding river for a few minutes and let me show you a most beautiful sight. For after all the river is kind, in spite of its apparent indifference to our emotions.

Every one here feels that at all times the Dera is a sacred spot. It has been so from the time that Baba Jaimal Singh that beloved Saint who was Guru to our own Master, first hung his string of dry loaves of bread upon a tree and sat down to meditate by the banks of this river. Day and night he sat and when hunger impelled him, he would soften a portion of a loaf in water and eat it, returning at once to his devotions. It is said here that that great Master foresaw this as a splendid center of spiritual activity, extending its influence to the ends of the earth. At that time, forty one years ago, there was but little here except vast wastes of sand and unwatered silt. Now, irrigated green fields make the whole country side like a garden. This beautiful little Dera, now rapidly growing to be a real town,

becomes more and more the sixty ninth place of public pilgrimage in India. This is due to the life and work of our own great Master. In addition to its sacred associations, the place has its natural attractions, not the least among which are its river and its beautiful sunsets.

The Dera in sunset glory.

Just now the sun is lowering his brilliant disc behind the buildings of the Dera. Orange and deep red and purple light up the western sky, and those gorgeous colors, some what softened in tone, are reflected in the river. Tones and shades of colors are rapidly changing in both sky and river. Like a silver band a quarter of a mile wide, the river stretches away to the south, visible for two or three miles. Also winding its way into the north, visible for eight or ten miles in that direction. The west bank on which we stand, rises from fifty to a hundred feet above water and is cut by many deep ravines where the rains, during milleniums of time, have washed the soil into the

river. On the banks of a ravine, some three hundred yards away sit two sadhus (ascetics) in meditation. No, at this moment they are chanting a sacred hymn. On the north side of the Dera can be heard the incessant click of the Persian wheel as it brings up water from a sixty foot well, to the slow and monotonous tread of the oxen. Across the river to the east long levels of yellow sand bars are streaked with patches of dark brown earth. Beyond them are faintly visible numerous fields of yellow and gray in the gathering shadows. And far away in the east a greenish gray line of trees meets the deep blue sky. Hung in that deep blue sky, is the clear full moon, now a half hour above the horizon. Its silvery face is reflected in the river by a long path of white and sparkling ripples, so gentle that their motion is barely perceptible. The flow of the river is slow, so it rolls along with just enough movement to break the glassy smoothness of its deep and silent waters.

The violet in the sky is now reflected from the river forming a most unique border to the silver sheen of the reflected moon. The western sky gradually changes to pale gold, while to the south the orange merges into red and purple and that into deep blue and steel gray. The light fades rapidly. The glistening waters of the river in the north now stand out above the yellow sands, leaving them but a faint blur. The timber line on the eastern horizon has become a black border against the steel gray of the sky. Now the last sand bar disappears. Only the river and the moon, and the shadowy earth remain, and the silence of the night.

Finally the buildings of the Dera are sharply outlined against the western sky, The eye of the observer searches for one bright electric light that usually shines at night, like a mariner's beacon, above the Master's house. But tonight that light is absent. The Master is not there. Only the light of his love and goodness remains with us. At last only

a silvery streak marks the waters of the Beas river, merging into its black shore lines. The pale after-glow of sunset tells us that another day has passed. Mounting the eastern sky, the queen of the night is now supreme.

This disciple then asked the "man in the moon" if he had any message from his country and people so far away on the opposite side of the earth; but the "man in the moon" replied, with a twinkle in his eye—"Never mind your country and people; it is time you were getting back to your bhajan."

So, we must bid you goodnight, and "God be with you till we meet again."

Your loving fellow-disciple,
Julian P. Johnson.

Letter number nine.

The Dera, February 2, 1933.

Beloved American Satsangis:

In this letter I want to give you first a few hints regarding some of the diffi-

culties experienced by a new comer in India. You shall then have something better in the last section of the letter.

A combination salad in Calcutta.

On board ship the writer made the acquaintance of a very affable and cultured Hindu gentleman who was of great assistance to him during the six hours he spent in Calcutta. After many weeks aboard ship, saturated with unsavory smells, and finally free upon solid ground once more, one feels that a good square meal would be about the most desirable thing imaginable. So, we set off to find a restaurant where they served vegetable curry and rice. We hear of such a place. After walking sixteen and two thirds blocks, we found the place, only to be told that they were just out, no more prepared just now. But they told us of another place. Walking nine and a half blocks more,—walking is good for one after a long sea voyage—we were told sadly that they never made strictly vegetable curry. Why should any one

want vegetable curry, least of all an American Sahib? They would serve a choice chicken curry immediately for one rupee and a half. But we asked for a vegetable combination salad. Yes, yes, they would serve it at once. Will the Sahib please be seated. After waiting about half an hour, a boy entered with a basket full of vegetables and passed to a back room. Fifteen minutes later the proprietor entered the dining room, triumphantly carrying a broad smile and the combination salad. It consisted of three pieces of green peppers, one and a half slices of tomato, two pieces of onion and nine shreds of cabbage topped off with a small pod of red pepper, just to give it artistic effect. Asked for a salad dressing, the proprietor looked pained and disappointed. His salad was not duly appreciated. These Americans are such unreasonable creatures, any way. They are all so rich and live in such unbounded luxury that they are badly spoiled. Why should any one wish anything else on a fine salad like that?

Wasn't the red pepper sufficient for relish? My educated friend explained in the vernacular, and so after serious conferences with the elders of the establishment, and much grave discussion, it was finally agreed that if the Sahib wished, they would send out and get some olive oil. The Sahib did not care.

Railway travel in India.

Going to the depot—they always say station in this country—to take train, one has to decide first of all what sort of a person he is,—whether first class, second class, intermediate, or altogether third rate. If he thinks he is first class and wishes to travel that way, he pays a rate a little higher than regular railroad fare in America. But in this country it is much the same as in England, where they have a saying that only lords, Americans and fools travel first class. If one decides that he is second class, or his purse is second class, he pays only about half of the first class rate. The intermediate is about one half

of the second class rate, and the third class is still much cheaper. Let us suppose that he elects to travel intermediate. He will get there just as soon as if he traveled first class. He looks about for a window where they sell that class of tickets. Getting his ticket, he then enters his compartment on the side, directly from the platform . He has access only to his own compartment, which consists of two, four, or six benches. The backs of the benches are absolutely straight up and down, even the first and second classes. After sitting on one for twenty four hours, one is quite certain that if they could have made them more uncomfortable, they surely would have done so. The first and second class compartments have electric fans and cushions on the backs and bottoms of the benches. The intermediate has only wooden benches with a very poor sort of cushion, and the third class is but little better than an American box car with just wooden benches to sit on. The only cheerful thing about them is the

fact that they will take you to your destination. Entering your intermediate compartment, it dawns upon you for the first time in the confusion of many strange things, that you will really have to spend the night on the train and where are you going to sleep? There are no Pullman coaches; not even tourist sleepers. And this is a fast transcontinental mail train, the best in India. If your friends have not properly informed you to carry your own bedding with you, you are just out of luck. But if you have your own roll of bedding, you spread it out on the hard wooden bench, with its suggestion of a cushion, and proceed to make yourself as comfortable as circumstances will permit. It is always equivalent to many riches, if you learn to be satisfied with what ever your lot may be. You ride along for an hour and a half, wondering what the country outside is like, while the dust and hot winds sift about the compartment. You begin to feel sleepy and settle down for a nap. The train comes to a grinding stop. Loud voices rend the sultry

night air. If there is any one thing in India that is more obtrusive than another, it is loud talking. It is the only thing they ever do in a hurry. Let two or three of the coolie, or laboring class, get a little excited or angry, and the speed at which their mouths discharge noises is something that even Einstein never dreamed of. The velocity of light is a slow pace. It sounds as if ten thousand words to the minute would be a conservative estimate. But of course, no one has ever been able to count the words, and so the speed limit is not known. It is amazing how any human machine can work so fast and emit such volumes of sound. Certainly no one can understand half of what is said; neither is it important, or even desirable, that any one should understand. It is simply an automatic explosion of the agitated ego.

But we must return to our train. Loud voices on the platform. Mobs of people. Vendors of Soda water, fruits and sweet meats, cry their wares. Your

compartment is already full; but in India there are three hundred and fifty million people. Now, the door opens and five fat men and three boys tumble in, carrying sixteen bundles of assorted sizes, ranging all the way from a jug of water to a chicken coop, filled with fancy hens, or it may be a litter of pups. They—the men and pups—look about. No room to sit down. Bundles are piled on the floor and the boys climb on top of them. The men fix their eyes on you, lying stretched out on that bench. It is a sad case, but you simply have to get up. You have not paid for the entire bench. You roll up your bedding and sit upon it, leaning against the perpendicular wall. When morning comes, as it always does come, thank Heaven, even in Indian railway cars, you are still sitting on your roll, leaning against the perpendicular wall. The fat men and boys are scattered here and there, over benches and bundles, crumpled up, nodding and snoring. The old men are chattering at each other, no one listening, while the

train rumbles on through the dust and sultry winds.

The food question.

Of course, the food question is a pressing one from the beginning. Man usually has the foolish notion that he must eat, every day or two, at least. He looks for a restaurant. He watches for familiar windows with displays of appetizing foods. No sign of them in India. What is to be done? He soon learns that he should have carried his own food with him, as well as his bedding, soap and towels. However he can get meals on the big through trains if he is willing to eat them and pay the price. He can get lunches also at some of the principal stations. But for a strict vegetarian it is often a rather difficult problem.

Comfortably settled at last at the end of his journey and a faithful servant urging to him eat, the American is again quite satisfied. The boy enters with a tray full. Little copper dishes, each

filled with something, the like of which he never looked upon before; and on a large copper platter a stack of something that resembles pan cakes. You lift one. It feels hard and heavy. It is a "chipati" the standard bread here, made of whole wheat flour, salt and water, and baked on a piece of sheet iron. In the Dera they bake them by the thousands per hour when big crowds gather. In each copper dish a native vegetable, literally swimming in grease, which they call "ghee." In India ghee is much loved, and if they wish to be especially nice to a guest, they simply add a little more ghee to his food. Besides the ghee each vegetable is seasoned with two to six different spices of assorted flavors and odors wholly unlike anything you ever tasted or smelled before. One of the greatest difficulties encountered by this writer has been to keep his servant from putting all the fifty seven varieties of seasoning spices into his food. Without them he thinks the food would be tasteless.

The song of the mosquito.

The date is the fourteenth of June. Real summer in the Panjab. The two small boys appointed to pull the punka to keep the air in motion in the room have grown tired of their monotonous job, and one of them is stretched out on the floor, sound asleep. The other one is so sleepy that his hand relaxes the rope, the punka slows down to a complete stop, and he leans back against the wall, asleep. Presently beads of perspiration stand out all over you. The temperature is 120 in your room. Paras Ram, the servant boy, enters the room for the twentyseventh time in two hours to ask if the Sahib will have another glass of lemon soda, which he calls lemonade. This drink is quite a welcome refreshment during the hot weather in India. When night falls the newcomer seeks relief from the oppressive heat of the rooms below by going up to the roof. Here he is greeted by the silvery moon, just risen above the valley of the Beas river. As soon as he can get rid of an

over-anxious servant, he lies down on his cot to rest, and listen to the chanting of fifty women, in the Dera kitchen, as they sing in unison their song of devotion to Sat Guru, while they cook "chipatis." The howl of jackals in the distant jungle and the persistent song of a quartette of mosquitoes keep him company as he slips away into dreamland.

Talk less, eat less, sleep less.

In the morning your servant awakens you when he thinks you have slept too long. He coughs a little louder than usual, or rattles a dish. It is not good for you to sleep so late, especially after your tea is poured, piping hot. Your servant knows what is best for you; and above all he knows what is "tik", or proper. The very day this writer arrived here, a bright satsangi informed him that as one advances in this Path, he eats less, sleeps less and talks less. Your servant will see to it that you sleep less. With a little encouragement, he will volunteer to do most of the talking for you;

but if you should eat all he sets before you, you would not survive a single month. In spite of pleadings and scoldings, he continues to serve enough for five men.

Seated at your breakfast table, your servant places before you a pot of tea and two small biscuits—little sweet crackers. You prefer coffee; but he sadly informs you that there is no coffee in town. Besides, it is quite incredible that any one should prefer coffee to tea. Does not every English gentleman in the world drink tea precisely at six o'clock every morning? You surrender and reach for the tea; but the servant jumps for the pot and pours the tea himself. It is not "tik" that a Sahib should pour his own tea. You look for the cream. At least you might have cream in your tea, if you can not have coffee. But he passes you a cup of milk, boiled and sweetened. Any way, it is very strange that a man should want cream in his tea. One should use only sugar in tea.

But these Americans have such peculiar notions. Months after this American was settled here, in his own little corner, he was able to get a man to bring milk to his own rooms, so that he could let it stand over night and have cream for his coffee the next morning; also to avoid having the milk boiled and sweetened, which is the universal custom here. So the next morning he looked forward to enjoying real cream in his coffee for the first time since leaving America. But when the coffee was served, a jug of milk was set before him. Asked about the cream, the servant exhibited a pained and blank expression. He had carefully stirred the cream and milk together again, thinking it would surely be much better that way. It was quite incredible that any one should want pure cream in his coffee, when he might have milk and cream both together.

Hands made before towels.

One day following a severe dust storm, a plate was put on the table quite cov-

ered with dust. It was handed to the servant to be cleaned. He took it in the most casual manner and proceeded to wipe the dust off with his bare hands. One day after sending away to a distant city for baking powder, the writer proceeded to make wholewheat pancakes, a la Americaine. Charcoal was placed in a little iron box and a plate of steel was set over the hot coals. "Ghee" was poured over the steel plate and the batter was spread. The pancakes being nicely browned at last, while the servant looked on with eager snapping eyes he picked up the extra plate off the floor, wiped off the dust with his bare hands, and then picked up the hot pancakes, one at a time, in his fingers, and put them on the plate. When told that he must handle them with a knife or fork —no pancake turners known—he was amazed that any one should prefer clumsy instruments to his own hands, even for handling hot pancakes.

There is no such thing as fresh butter

in this country, except in a few of the larger cities where they have modern dairies, or where the natives are especially taught to make it. What they use for butter is extracted from milk after a long process of boiling and mixing and separating. The taste and the odor are both rather difficult for an American to surmount.

Beds and feather pillows unknown.

There is no such thing as bed springs and mattresses. Your beds consist of a roll of blankets spread upon cots made by stretching ropes or strips of canvas over wooden frames which stand up on four legs a foot or more from the ground. Then your pillows. You pick them up and try to diagnose them. After a night spent on one, you still wonder. Certainly not feathers. They are made of cotton, fiber, wood, or bricks; one can not say exactly which. The writer tried in the great city of Lahore to purchase a feather pillow. He went to a shop. No big department stores. Only shops each spe-

cializing in certain articles. He asked for pillows. Yes, yes, plenty of pillows. They always say yes, in this country, no matter what your question may be. Say to a man :—How are you this morning? and he will say: "Yes, thank you." It is considered polite to say yes, first. But his pillows were all of the hard variety. Asked for feather pillows he said: "Yes, yes" and turned and asked another man, he a third, and he a fourth. Finally, the answer came back that they had no such pillows. Another shop was tried with the same results. Then a third shop. Finally it became apparent that they had no idea of what was meant by feather pillows. When asked if they had any feather pillows in India, the shop keeper said: "Yes, yes;" turned and asked another man, he a third one, and he a fourth, then all of the bystanders were consulted. At last the answer came back that they did not understand what the Sahib meant. The Sahib then tried to explain that feather pillows were made by pulling feathers out

of a duck or goose, or other fowls, sewing them into bags, and using them for pillows. The shop keepers and bystanders listened with growing incredulity, with half suspicious expressions on their faces, and glances from one to another, as if they suspected that the foreign Sahib was actually exhibiting signs of insanity.

A land of many languages.

Of course the language is one of the big difficulties, and the problem is doubly difficult here because it is a country of many languages. It is said that more than three hundred different languages and dialects are spoken in India. The writer started out to study Hindi. He applied himself diligently for a time, making some headway. He would work out a few sentences with much pains and labor —one might almost say, with "labor pains". Then he would start out with malicious intent to use them on the first innocent native he ran across. Finally cornering some one, with deliberate aim, the sentences were discharged at

the unsuspecting victim. If he was unable to speak English, he simply looked puzzled, perhaps smiled a little, and passed on. If he could understand a little English, he would ask: "What did you say, Sir?" The Hindi sentences are repeated. He knots his brow and asks again: "I did not understand, Sir. What did you say?" Then, all crest fallen, the American repeats in English what he thought he was saying in Hindi. The kind hearted native then smiles sympathetically and asks to have the Hindi sentences repeated once more. It is done with great care and painstaking effort, with strict regard for grammatical precision. The face of the native lights up. He has understood. At last you have triumphed. But the native adds: "Yes, yes, that is quite all right; perfectly correct, Sir; only that is not the way we say it." He is then asked to say it right, and he says something which sounds not at all like anything the American had ever heard before. Urdu, Hindi, and Panjabi are all spoken here.

The Panjabi is sometimes called Gurmukhi. Asked to explain the difference between these three languages, the average native will tell you in substance: "No difference at all; they are exactly the same, only different." They will then tell you how Hindi is made up more of pure Sanscrit, Urdu being a mixture of Hindi, Persian, Arabic and Sanscrit; while Panjabi is a mixture of them all. Panjabi is to some extent a manufactured language, having been modified by one of the Sikh Gurus, and so it is considered almost a sacred tongue by the Sikhs. It is the language in which their sacred book is written.

The problem of trafic congestion.

If you are traveling on the highways or city streets of this country, the problem of trafic congestion is always present. In the main streets and on the side walks of Calcutta you may have to push the cows out of your way to get by. If you are in a motor car on most any highway, you are confronted by a mob of people, and

filling in all of the spaces between the people, are various assortments of cows, ox carts, camels, buffalos, calves, donkeys, dogs, and sometimes geese, ducks, and chickens. The horn is sounded nearly all of the time; but no one pays any attention to it until the car is right on them, and then they jump, sometimes in the right direction. When the writer was in India on his first trip, forty two years ago, he was riding a bicycle one day down a broad and beautiful boulevard in Bangalore City. A crowd of natives strolled along in front of him in the center of the street. The alarm bell was rung and rung; but no one heeded the bell. Finally turning to go around a bunch of men who were directly in front of him, just at that moment a man jumped, of course, in the wrong direction, right in front of the wheel. There was a bump in the rear, which probably left a bump in the same region. A general scatterment. Much loud talking by the crowd, while the two of us sat in the midst of the street and looked at each

other,—looked and wondered.

And so one might go on for hours, recounting the minor difficulties one encounters as a stranger in this country. But to a serious student, here to follow the Master, those things are as they say here "kuchh nahin", nothing at all. Although this letter is already long enough, we can not close it without some reference to the Master. So let us make the closing section consist of something more interesting and important.

A parable of the ball room.

The dance is in full swing. Costly gowns and sparkling jewels, bare white skin, powder and rouge, light and music and wine, beauty and laughter and love, all mingle in one gorgeous night. During a pause in the music a couple slip away into the garden. What a night! The moon and the stars were never so bright, and the perfume of a myriad flowers saturates the night air. A night just made for lovers and loving. They pass

on into secluded byways. And all the while, five deadly foes walk on either side of them and behind them. But their footsteps are not heard, and their hideous aspects are not seen. The wine has flushed the cheeks of our happy couple and emboldened their desires. The world is now shut out. They hold each other in close embrace, and murmur endearing words. Of all sweet things on earth, she is the most charming. Of all men in the world, he is the one just made for her alone. Nothing shall ever again separate them. Though all others have had troubles, they will never have any. Life shall be one long happy song of love. So they hold each other closer and press each other's lips in a long delicious intoxicating kiss. And the five deadly foes, all unseen by them, smile at eachother, as they nod their approval. The lovers are utterly lost to the world, They have each other. Nothing else counts. And they have life, real life. Away with your narrow creeds of self-control, and the laws of karma. They are all

right for old women ; but for red blooded youth they are the " bunk." Youth must live. Enjoy the present. The individual ego must express itself. Besides, we live only once and then,—who knows what ? Let wine and love chase away the shadows of the night and banish dull care and old men's superstitions. We must know life as it is. Let the future take care of itself. Tonight we shall drink and love. So, time and space, and God, and the laws of karma, are all forgotten in a whirl of blissful frenzy, intoxication of passion. And while they float away in the ecstacy of sweet delirium, the five deadly foes creep up and each one injects into the veins of the dreamers his own particular kind of poison. Some inner sense of danger causes them a little uneasiness ; but the resistless tide of passion sweeps them on. They will enjoy the moment, let come what may. The poison enters their bodies and permeates, even to the bones.

Only leaves, dead leaves.

Time passes. It may be a day or a year, or forty years. But it passes, and the gray dawn breaks at last. The sleeper stirs and mutters some half-forgotten words of endearment and extends his arms. But they close on empty space. His beloved is not there. He sits up somewhat startled. He feels a dull pain in his head and limbs. His throat is dry. He feels about him and his hands grasp a large bundle of papers. He looks. Only bills, bills, bills; and at the foot of each one is written the ominous words: "**PLEASE REMIT.**" The words burn themselves into his brain. In the sweet delirium of his pleasures, he had forgotten that he must pay. He feels about for his purse, once bulging with bank notes. But now it is gone. He reaches again. His hands grasp something. Only LEAVES, DEAD LEAVES, cold and damp in the fogs of the night, air,—LEAVES OF FADED HOPES AND BURNED OUT PASSIONS. Only a handful of dead

leaves, and on each leaf is written the ominous words: "PLEASE REMIT." Only dead leaves now, and the cold damp earth. Nothing more. He looks at his hands. He feels of his face. The skin is rough and wrinkled. His hair is quite gray. The five poisons have done their deadly work. He is now an old man, full of disease and pain. What could have happened to him? Only a few hours ago he was young and full of joy and the sweet intoxication of love. He never expected anything like this. And where was his beloved? Why wasn't she at his side? He struggled to his feet and walked on through the dismal woods that had so recently been a garden of exquisite beauty, full of roses and lilacs, sweet hyacinths, and violets. But now even the trees are bare and the chill autumn winds whistle through the dead limbs. Presently he stumbled over something and fell to his knees. Peering with amazement at the form before him, he exclaimed: "Mary, for God's sake, what has happened?" But a harsh

and accusing voice replied: "Aye, and what is the matter with you?" Still gazing into the gaunt and haggard face before him, he thought: "Great God, is that the thing I loved but an hour ago?" Then out of the depths of anguish and bitter disappointment, he cried aloud: "My God, my God, what is it all about?" Still looking anxiously at the "thing" on the ground, he muttered: "Water, water!" And then as he reached for the empty cup, his hand dropped, the chin rested on his chest, and the body pitched forward to the ground. Another soul had passed under the Wheel.

Master enters the dance hall.

Going back to the dance hall, let us follow another scene for a few minutes. In the midst of the gay whirl, an elderly man enters. He wears a tall white turban, east Indian fashion, a long light colored coat, rajah style, light trousers and tan colored oxfords. He has long white beard. His bearing is noble, as that of a born king, and his countenance

is like the rays of the morning sun. His voice is low and musical and full of tenderness. He spreads about him an atmosphere of holy peace. Even the dance hall seems sacred in his presence. But for the most part, he excites only a mild curiosity, and a casual remark, or two. One half intoxicated woman, leaning on the chest of her escort, said: "Who is the old beard? Wouldn't it be fun if you had one like that!" The mad whirl of the dance goes on uninterrupted. The wine flows as before. And the five deadly foes stalk through the crowd unnoticed, except by the shap reyes of the newcomer. But one lone couple, sitting apart from the crowd, apparently in deep thought, took special notice of the stranger. They arose and hastened to meet him, a new light beaming in their eyes. With a smile he greeted them, and led them away from the crowd to a flight of stairs leading to an upper room which was wholly unknown to most of the guests. Entering this room, the couple fell down and worshipped him;

for now they knew that he was the Master. As soon as they had reached that upper room, they noticed that his form had changed. It had become all radiant and beautiful beyond the power of words to describe, and each ray of light streaming from it, white and golden in color, seemed to carry a stream of divine melody which was in itself the very essence of life and truth and wisdom and love. They worshipped him with trembling and great joy—a joy the world never can know. Taking their hands he bade them rise and look behind them. Much to their amazement, they saw that they had not entered the room alone; but close behind each of them had come five others whose aspects were extremely uninviting. They were the five deadly enemies of mankind: **Kam** (passion), **Krodh** (anger), **Lobh** (greed), **Moh** (attachment), and **Ahankar** (egotism, or vanity). These five cowered in much fear at sight of the Master, and would have fled, but they could not detach themselves from those they followed, being held by many fine, strong, but in-

visible threads; threads that had required ages to weave.

N—A—M, the sword.

The Master now presented to each of the couple a most beautiful sword, a sword of the finest steel, finer than the finest blade of Damascus. And the sword was so constructed that if one listened carefully, he could hear, emanating from it, the sweetest strains of music. On the golden hilt of each sword was engraved, in shining white, the letters: N — A — M. The Master bade them take this sword and returning below among the common walks of men, proceed to give battle to those five deadly enemies. They obeyed his commands at once and right gladly. They fought, and long was the fight, sometimes discouraging; but always they fought on with increasing determination. The radiant form of the master never left them for a moment, always giving courage and strength. With every steady thrust of the sword they grew stronger, while their enemies

grew weaker. At last the battle was over, the victory won. While the struggling souls fought their way against the five deadly agents of the Negative Power, they were steadily advancing to higher ground. When at last their victory was complete, they stood upon the heights of dazzling splendor upon the plains of Daswan Dwar. The Master's approval was their greatest joy. But their journey was not yet finished. So, they followed the Master onward and upward, pursuing their glorious way with increasing joy, until they rested at last before the all-luminous feet of the Supreme Lord. They had entered the realm of immortal life, and of immeasureable happiness.

With greetings of love and best wishes from your fellow disciple,

Julian P. Johnson.

Letter Number Ten.

The Dera, March 6, 1933.

Dear Fellow-students :

I have been asked by some of you for my opinion on the much discussed subject of "Swaraj" home rule, or the problem of the British rule in India. The question of the British raj in India, which is now agitating the public mind, especially on account of the part played by Mahatma Gandhi, is not a question to be settled by a foreigner. That were equivalent to the old maid teaching parents how to raise children. It is a profound and complicated problem. It is a question concerning which this writer is not well informed and in which he is but little interested. Cousequently, he will not attempt to discuss it. But he might venture two statements, which may be suggestive to the student in his study of the problem :

The problem of Swaraj.

First, the British rule in India has, in many ways, been a very great blessing

to the country, and we believe it has been better for India, not with standing its faults, than any other existing government would have been. It has been set over India by the Supreme Will. Let us keep that in mind. Because all kings and governments exist only by His will. This writer only a few days ago asked a highly educated native gentleman the following question: "Don't your people like the British Government? They certainly have done much for India." And his reply was very significant. He said: "We like the British Government all right; but we certainly do not like the machinery by which that government is administered." Here is a distinction not well understood by the world at large; and therein may lie the key to the final solution of the problem.

Second, Out of the turmoil and stress of the present situation will arise a government best suited to enable India to regain something of her ancient prestige and then to go forward to achieve that

sublime destiny now lying latent and germinal in the souls of her great spiritual leaders. Whether that government shall be the one envisioned by Mahatma Gandhi, and the Indian Congress, or a modified British raj, is immaterial. Only one thing is certain—it will be the government best suited to serve the high destiny of this ancient and noble people. We may safely trust that to the Supreme Will: for His Wisdom, inspired by an infinite love, never makes mistakes.

Since the above was first written and later published in an Indian magazine, the writer has received a letter from an Indian patriot, telling him that he would have done well to leave the subject alone; because India will be satisfied with nothing but independence. Let that be as it may. If the writer of that letter, and others who think the same way, had perfect faith in the Supreme Will, knowing that whatever he gives India will be the best thing for India, there would be but little grounds for further discussion.

The great Indian epic Ramayana.

In these letters I find myself far behind in making note of things I would like to tell you about. One of them is the festival of "Devali" which literally means the festival of lights. It occurred last year on the 29th of October. It recalls the great Indian epic Ramayana and celebrates the victorious return of Ram Chander, after conquering and destroying his enemy, Ravena, in Ceylon. The epic of Ramayana is one of the greatest ever written. It is generally conceded to be far superior to either the Iliad of Homer, or the Divine Comedy of Dante. It is unique in one respect, and for that reason I am refering to it in these letters—it portrays the inner struggles of the soul and its final victory over mind and matter. This it does in well adapted allegory. Its spiritual meaning was fully set forth in writing by a Saint named Tulsi Das, about four hundred years ago. But the original story was written in the Sanscrit language so long ago that one can not now venture

to assign a date to it—ages ago. One estimate is that it was written in Treta Yuga, which would place it near two million years ago. If this seems apocraphal to some of you, then have your own way. The author of the original story was Balmiki, a great sage, or Saint. The epic was unique in one other respect—it was written at least ten thousand years before its chief characters were born; but who finally did appear and enacted their several parts in actual history. For although this great epic is an exact portrayal of what takes place in each individual soul who struggles to the light inside, yet the entire story was fully staged in history. The Master explains that the historical staging of the great epic was an effort of the Negative Power to divert attention from its spiritual significance, and so make it appear to all subsequent ages that the story is nothing more than a clever poetical account of ordinary human exploits.

The story of Ram Chander.

Ram Chander is the hero of the story and his wife's name was Sita. Ram Chander was the oldest son of king Dasratha, and was heir to the throne of Kosala, in northern India. The major part of the story is woven around the abduction of Sita by Ravena, the evil minded king of Lanka, or Ceylon, and the subsequent, and consequent, war between Ravena and Ram Chander. Ram Chander raised an army, many of them being monkeys, and invaded Ceylon, attacked the vicious abductor of his beloved, finally meeting him in single combat on the battle field and slaying him. Thus he recovered his stolen wife who had remained true to him in spite of the advances and threats of her wicked abductor. To this day Sita is to all Indian women the model of virtue and faithfulness. The victorious return of Ram Chander to the kingdom of his fathers was celebrated by lighting every light that could be produced, making the scene a most brilliant one. And, so down to

the present time, all Hindus celebrate the anniversary of this great event by lighting all the lights that can be mustered for the occasion.

The spiritual meaning of Dewali.

The spiritual significance of this festival of lights is the victorious entrance of the soul into Daswan Dwar, after its final victory over mind and matter. The lights point to the splendor and beauty of that realm where even the light of one inhabitant is equal to the light of twelve of our suns.

I would like to go into details concerning some of the marvelous spiritual lessons pointed out to the student in this great epic of ancient India. But I can not do so now. I have called attention to this, perhaps the greatest classic ever produced by man, because it bears direct testimony in support of the teachings of our Master and other Saints. The poem contains twenty two thousand slokas, or couplets, and is divided into

five hundred cantos. It is a pity that even now but few of the Indian people understand its true meaning, although they are so devoted to the story itself that every child in India is familiar with it. From the day that Ram Chander, with almost super-human strength and will power, won his wife Sita (soul) in a public contest by bending and breaking the bow of Shiva (penetrating the darkness, after controlling his own mind), up to his final victory, it is said that every word in every sentence is rich in spiritual meaning to him who has the key to its understanding.

I believe you may be able to get a very good translation of the Ramayana by applying to the State University, department of literature, for information.

Personel of the Master's inner group.

I desire now to give you a short sketch of the personel of the Master's closest disciples and personal assistants. This will help you to follow the work

of our great Teacher. One can not say that he has twelve disciples; for he has close to sixty thousand disciples, and most of them are devoted worshipers; but like all great men, he has a few who stand closest to him.

1. Naturally, we must begin with his private secretary, Rai Sahib, whose real name is Rai Harnarayan. He is always with the Master, wherever he goes, and is thus by his side to render assistance whenever and wherever needed. He is a retired director of public records in the Panjab civil government, and draws a liberal pension for long and meritorious services. Of course, he draws no salary for his present services, which are given purely from devotion to the Master and to the Master's work. He is familiar with all of the languages spoken in this part of the country, including English. He is educated, highly efficient, and insists that things shall be done properly. One of his chief duties is to see that the Master is not imposed upon by every

one seeking selfish advantages. He has been an Initiate of the Master for twenty three years, and has been constantly with the Master for the past ten years. Evidently he is much loved by the Master and his services are greatly appreciated, not only by the Master, but by all satsangis.

2. Next is Sardar Jagat Singh, professor of chemistry in the great Agricultural college at Lyalpur. He is the secretary who attends to all of the American correspondence. All of the letters you get from the Master are in his handwriting; but the substance of those letters is dictated to him by the Master. He comes here as often as possible, from a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. If answers to some of your letters seem to be delayed at times, it is likely because he could not get time to attend to them. He is a mild mannered man, gentle, of but few words, refined and deeply spiritual. In fact, he is a very lovable character. His devotion to the Master is an inspiration to all satsangis.

3. We may next introduce Sardar Bagat Singh, a cousin of the professor; although in this country, they speak of cousins as brothers. He is an attorney at law in Jullunder City, about twenty seven miles from here. (In this country an attorney registered to practice before the high court is called an advocate). Sardar Bagat Singh is one of the recognized, outstanding men of his profession, in all of the Panjab. He is a man of medium height, rather heavy set, with slightly gray beard and a benevolent smile that betokens a kind heart and a radiant soul. He is a lovable man and it is a delight to know him. He is highly educated, of a keen and discriminating intelligence, and he is a very successful lawyer. He is outstanding proof that a lawyer can make an honest living; for his honesty and integrity are beyond question. He attends to all of the legal work of the Master, relating to the many business affairs of this center. He may aptly be called the "Prime Minister" to the Master, a title which is

commonly given him by satsangis.

4. Sardar Gajja Singh, a man of about fortyfive or fifty years, is one of the advanced members of the Master's "cabinet." He is a builder and architect. He is just now retiring from long service in the government and will be here shortly to assume charge of the construction work on the new auditorium to be built in the Dera, a picture of which appears in these pages. The bricks are now being burned here in the Master's own brick yard. Sardar Gajja Singh, or Baba Gajja Singh, as he is affectionately known here, is renowned for his spiritual devotion and also for his love for the Master. He is highly trained and is a deep thinker in all matters philosophical and religious, as well as in his own particular profession. He draws plans and superintends all important construction work for the Master, although the Master himself is a civil engineer, and keeps his eye on everything that goes on.

5. Pritam Das fills an office not known in America. He is a chanter of sacred hymns and scriptures. At the satsangs a portion of the writings of some other Saint, selected by the Master, is chanted by this man, usually assisted by one or two others. The Master then uses the portion chanted as his text. He makes comments and explainations. This takes the place of set lectures, in which the Master never indulges. This man used to be considered a master himself and had many hundred disciples, although he is still less than forty years of age. He had, and still has, the power to perform miracles, and also the gift of prophecy. But of course, he is now forbidden to use those powers. He was highly venerated. But he realized in his own soul that he had need for a perfect Master who could lead him to greater heights. Learning of our Master he came to see him, was convinced of our Master's superiority over himself and all others, and asked for Initiation. He then brought all of his own disciples to our

Master, informing them of the Master's great superiority over himself. He is now a humble servant and helper to the Great Master while he applies himself diligently to advance on the Path.

6. Perhaps we should here introduce a man who, though not so highly educated or prominent in the social ranks, yet he occupies a position which, if rightly understood, might be envied even by the king-emperor. I am sure he would not exchange his present job for the crown of Great Britain. He has been the Master's personal attendent for the last seventeen years. He loves the Master with a devotion which is beautiful to see, and which only a true disciple can understand. He is over forty years of age and has never been married. He has always insisted that he cared for no other tie in this world except that of his master. His name is Shadi—which means happiness. His sweet spirit is proverbial here. He is also a skilled mechanic and machinist. He is the silent watcher, as

well as worshiper, of his Master, ready at any moment of the day or night to render any service needed. That service, rewarded only by a smile or a kind word from the Master, is his greatest joy. Like all the rest, he gets no salary.

7. There are three women, Bibi Lajjo, Bibi Rakhi, and Bibi Rali, who render great service to the Master by preparing his food, doing his laundry, pressing his clothes, and doing his sewing, mending, etc. (Bibi is a sort of affectionate term for lady). They also look after the management of numerous women engaged in the public kitchen and other departments of the Dera. These women are all spiritually minded, advanced souls, and serve with a loving devotion that is rare on this earth. Of course, they get no financial pay. They get only their food from the public kitchen and their rooms. Yet they would not give up their present jobs for the salary of the Governor General, with all of its honors and emoluments. They

consider that they are serving the King of Kings.

8. There are many others who deserve mention. Among them are Raja Ram of Rawalpindi, a manufacturing jeweler and banker and Shiv Shankar of Amritsar, a rich merchant, who have both built magnificent and expensive temples in their own towns devoted to our Master's work. They are unassuming, humble, and beautiful in spirit, and much devoted to our Master. They are frequently seen in the Dera. Besides these, there are many other prominent men, judges, lawyers, doctors, college professors, bachelors and masters of arts, without number, all paying deference to our Master with a sweet humility and loyalty that only a great Master could inspire in such men. None but the greatest of souls could captivate and hold such a wonderful personel as his worshipful followers. All of these men, wise in their own lines, yet they esteem it the greatest privilege to sit at the Master's holy feet and absorb the greater wisdom.

Each life is pre-determined.

One of the best beloved of your number has asked this disciple to try to give more of the Master's own words in these letters. Well and good. Last month he accompanied the Master to Amritsar for a two days' satsang in the new temple. Late one evening after the crowd had been shut out, a few of us sat at the Master's feet, in the upper room of the temple. One of us asked the Master this question: "Is it true that a certain definite number of breaths, a fixed amount of food, a certain number of actions of different kinds, are all allotted to each person and all predetermined before his birth?" The Master replied: "Yes, every one is allotted just so many breaths which he may draw during his life time; a certain fixed quantity of food, and all other things which he may receive and may do during his life. Thus his whole life is set and arranged on the basis of his past earnings, of his karma. If then, he uses up his allotment permaturely by over indulgence, he

cuts his life short by just that much." The Master explained at another time that one reason the Yogis have been able to prolong their lives far beyond the usual periods was because their time was spent largely in a sort of trance condition wherein breathing was almost stopped. Question: "Then a man should eat just as little as possible, and keep as quiet as possible, if he wishes to live long?" Answer: "Yes, he should eat only the minimum amount required to keep his body in good condition, and he should indulge in nothing unnecessarily that causes rapid breathing, or any other waste of vital forces. He should do nothing needlessly that causes any expenditure of energy or life force, or in any other way squander his allotment." Question: "But is long life always a good thing?" Answer: "No, a long life is useless, unless devoted to Shabda and spent in the service of Sat Purush under the direction of Sat Guru." It was further brought out by discussion that the Master's meaning was very clear to the effect

that the expenditure of one's allotment was to be limited to legitimate uses, and not to be squandered by any sort of indulgence, just for the sake of indulgence, or just to gratify the senses. Only by observing this rule may one live the full measure of his alloted days. Each one starts in life with a definite amount of capital which he has earned in past lives. He is permitted to do much as he pleases with that capital. He can " blow it all in " as we say, in a short time ; or he may use it properly and extend his life to the limit of years.

Great crowds press upon the Master.

At this satsang a large number were Initiated. The interest was unusually great. Throngs waited upon the holy Sat Guru from early morning until late at night, and they would have continued to come all night long, if the Master had not gone inside and shut his doors. They sat in great numbers just outside of his rooms, waiting for his coming out, just hoping for another glimpse of him and

possibly another gracious " Radha Soami " from him. They pressed the doors and windows in mobs, and guards had to be stationed at the doors to limit the numbers admitted. Otherwise the Master would have been thronged beyond endurance. They almost try to climb over each other to get to him. Each foot of space is contested to see who will get closest to him. But he meets them all, whether one alone, or ten thousand at a time, with a fatherly smile and a greeting of Radha Soami." His kindly words of wisdom and love inspire them all. This writer has frequently watched the crowds thus thronging the Master, many of them men and women of culture, offering some of the most phenominal demonstrations of devotion. He has many times tried to analyze it into its psychological elements. Often with tears in their eyes, hands folded in an attitude of worship, and on their faces the radiance of joy and love. There is nothing else like it to be found on earth. The writer has also watched the dull

perfunctory ceremonial worship of idols in some of the temples. The faces of the worshipers wore a fixed and serious expression, usually what you would expect to see at a funeral. Occasionally some poor woman, looking the very picture of despair, would implore her god to have pity. Seldom any where was seen even the light of hope, much less of love. The writer is also familiar with the customary forms of worship as carried on in the Christian churches throughout the world. The usual awe and hush; the solemn mein and sonorous voice of the priest or minister, as he orates of things he knows nothing about; the dignified formality of the entire ceremony, the half dubious expressions on the faces of the crowd in the pews, the set reading of the scripture and the songs of the choir, all are carried out as punctiliously as if it were to be their last act on earth, hoping thereby to escape the damnation of hell. In the old time Baptist and Methodist revivals the above described ceremonies generally gave way to mani-

fold demonstrations of emotion and hysteria. The writer has also watched the stern and set faces of men as they turned their attention toward Mecca at sunset, and went through with their formal prayers to Allah and the prophet of Islam.

But nowhere has he ever witnessed such beautiful spontaneous and joyous worship as that given to the Master, the beloved Sat Guru. In their faces, thousands of them in one great throng, they show combined love and joy and hope and cheerful realization. Sometimes accentuated by tears of gladness their eyes sparkle as if lit up by the light of the third heaven. Here is worship with perfect understanding, mingled with love. They know exactly whom and what they are worshiping. It is no theological belief with them. Their living lord is right there before their eyes, and he is not a theory. I am aware that all of this is probably beyond the ken of the average American, brought up as we have been,

upon an unholy mixture of dogmatic theology and materialism. But to these people the Master is all there is of God and of Heaven and of eternal life, combined and embodied in this human form. The most astute and analytical philosophers among them see nothing inconsistent in the idea of God and man being fully expressed in one form right among them. To them it is in fact the normal thing, and they can not imagine the full expression of divine love on earth in any other manner. When they have seen him, and learned to love him, they know that they can depend upon him for eternal life. They know in their souls that seeing him now, today, they have that boundless life already. It is not a far away hope, a vague intangible something to be wondered about. It is a present possession. And so why should'nt they be filled with joy? It would be idle to call this blind devotion. That would be an unfortunate reflection upon the intelligence and fairmindedness of the person making such a comment. If you

could witness this devotion yourself, you would know that it is the intelligent worship of the soul. The worship of the Master is a living joy, unlike anything else on earth. In the Master's presence it is all light. No shadow can remain, and it carries with it its own internal evidence of truth and reality. Borne up upon this reality, the heart takes wings like an eagle. And yet probably nothing but a personal experience would ever have convinced this disciple of that sublime reality. He does not expect every one else to accept it all at once.

The Master is all in all.

Under date of January 27, 1933, the following entry appears in the diary of this writer:

"This morning the sun shines again in all of his golden glory. The Master has returned. I have seen him, have looked into his smiling eyes and heard his kindly voice in greeting. Life has returned and the Light of the World has

dispelled the night of the soul. For three weeks the sun shone not by day, and the moon and the stars gave not their light by night. The birds forgot their song, and only the shriek of things in the distant jungle broke the oppressive silence. Men came and went like ships passing each other in the night. Only in Bhajan was there life and light; for the Master's radiant form is always there, if the scales have fallen from our eyes, that we may see. But this adorable earthly form was a hundred and fifty miles away."

If any of my friends should feel that there is some exaggeration in these words, let them come in person to the Master. Let them live with him for eight months, watch his gracious ministry to thousands of eager disciples, behold his tender forgiveness extended to his erring children, receive his holy benediction upon your own feeble efforts, learn to love him as your father, redeemer, savior; realize all of this, and tell me if there is exaggera-

tion. You will probably say that without him, the world ceases to exist and time itself stands still. This disciple daily grows more and more thankful that he has found the way to the Master's holy feet. But the feelings of a disciple will probably remain an enigma to the average American until he himself becomes a disciple and has the same experiences with the Master.

Personal experiences.

Some of your number have written urgent requests to know what progress this disciple has made internally. Obviously that is something which can not be discussed without special permission of the Master. But this much may be said: This disciple's experiences with the Master, on the inner Path and otherwise, have been extremely satisfactory. They have been of such a nature as to convert all faith into positive knowledge as to the Master's genuineness and leadership, and the truth of his message. The immediate future is very bright with

promise of greater things. There is every assurance of success. Do not let your faith in the Master waver for an instant, no matter what the difficulties in the way. Final success is sure to attend your efforts.

Cordially and fraternally yours,
Julian P. Johnson.

Letter number eleven.

The Dera, April 2, 1933.

Beloved home land Satsangis:

These letters may be a little irregular in reaching you; but I am doing my best to get them to you as nearly on time as possible. This disciple is one busy boy here. I told the dear Master some days ago, if he would give me thirty six hours a day in which to work, I would be glad to put in more time in the study of the language and other things of minor importance. And let me say right here in the very beginning of this letter that every satsangi in the world

who has been so fortunate as to get Nam from our Master should consider it his primary aim, purpose, and business in life **TO GO INSIDE** and take up the journey to higher regions. To that everything else must be subordinated, even the making of a living. And if you make this your main objective in life, you need have no worries about business or other affairs. Do not forget that your Master is ONE with the Supreme Lord and he will take care of you.

A question often repeated.

The writer of these letters has been asked the following question with so much persistency and urgency that it seems necessary to attempt an answer. It appears to belong in this series because the students of the Master are constantly confronted by this very question. They should be prepared to meet it; and it is our fondest hope to help remove every obstruction from the pathway of approach to the Master's holy feet.

The question is: "**If the Christian religion is not of God and true in doctrine, how is it that that religion has developed so many noble, self-sacrificing characters in history, and has also produced the highest civilization known on earth; while the several religions of India have done but little, if anything, to elevate and liberate her people?**"

Since the writer was once an authorized representative of the Christian religion, a graduate in its theology; but now is devoted to a faith originating in India, this question comes to him with special emphasis and force. It is a question that can not be evaded. Let us then face the issue squarely. If the answer startles us, shocks us a little, let us bear in mind that progress, as well as safety, comes by facing the truth and not by ducking our heads in the sand.

Christian religion not taught by Jesus.

In the second and third centuries of

the Christian era, the religion as lived and taught by Jesus underwent many changes, going through a gradual process of crystalization into a formal religion, and drifting away from the pure spiritual precepts as taught and much emphasized by the gentle Nazarene. When that process of crystalization was completed, the product was something very different from that which was taught and lived by the Master himself. So, in this discussion when reference is made to the Christian religion, this latter product is meant, and not the religion actually lived by Jesus. Let this fact be kept clearly in mind. It may avoid misunderstanding and prejudice. It will help us to get at the truth of the matter.

When that religion finally emerged from its catacombs, after the era of persecution was over, and was made the state religion by decree of the emperor Constantine, a little over three hundred years from the date of the birth of Jesus, that process of crystalization, external-

ization and formalization, had reached its culmination. Up to that time two powerful forces had been exerting their sinister influences upon the great body of Christian believers.

One of them was PRIESTCRAFT, and the other was absolute MONARCHISM. Monarchism first persecuted it, and then took it over as its darling child. In the mean time that body itself had been remodeled out of all resemblance to its former self. Those dark and malign forces had for a long time, stealthily but effectively, concentrated in Egypt as their center of operations. From there they invaded Rome. They first converted the Roman republic into an absolute monarchy under the Caesars, and then the Egyptian priesthood slowly wound its tentacles about the new religion and finally absorbed it. When monarchism was finally seated upon the throne of almost universal empire, it espoused its twin sister, Priestcraft, and from that incestuous union the uni-

versal church was born. The three were then merged into one body, and the politico-theological institution became the Catholic Church, with the pope-emperor as its head.

This new power, once thoroughly entrenched in Italy, and adjacent territory, set about enlarging its powers by converting the world. It invaded Europe. Arius and others were sent out as missionaries. The scheme was extremely clever. First let the priesthood bring the people under voluntary submission and then the monarch will assume control. It was better than conquest by the sword. The Norsemen, the Anglo-Saxons, the Gauls, and nearly all of the Germanic peoples of Europe gradually came under the sway of the pope. They found the field ready for the harvest ; for the people of Europe had long ago drifted away from their ancient Aryan moorings. They had long ago forgotten the spirituality of their illustrious progenitors and the pure simple faith of the golden age had

degenerated into a ceremonial formalism, having no virility or appeal to intelligence. They readily accepted the new system. The pope became virtually the emperor of Europe and the universal dictator. The principle of universal authority became dominant in Europe, as opposed to individual rights. The church was everything. The individual was nothing. The individual existed only for the benefit of the supreme organization, which was now both church and state. To more thoroughly establish its authority, it arrogated to itself divine powers and prerogatives. The pope was the vice-regent of God on earth; and absolute submission to him was the supreme virtue. Rebellion against him was the arch crime. And simultaneously with the inauguration of this universal power, began the Dark Age, which hung like the shadows of night over all Europe.

Why the dark age?

The thoughtful student will ask, Why the dark age? Why should darkness

supervene at the very moment when the church had every chance to give light? it were a divine agency, the moment was ripe for its supreme demonstration. It had a chance to open up an era of light such as the world had never known in this age, if it had been an agent of light itself. But the era of darkness set in at the very moment light should have dawned. Why this darkness? Note well the answer to this question; for therein lies the answer to our original querry.

ORGANIZED RELIGION HAS NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO BRING LIGHT INTO THE WORLD, TO DEVELOP SPIRITUALITY, OR TO ESTABLISH AND PROMOTE CIVILIZATIONS.

Its entire genius and tendency lie exactly in the opposite direction. As soon as any religion is settled upon a people in organized form, with its priest hood in authority, it begins its deadly work of suppression, of subjugating reason

to authority, of smothering the intellect, and of denying the right of individual thought and initiative. All progress ceases, and ritual and ceremony take the place of spontaneous worship. Innovation becomes a crime against society. Religion becomes a dead letter, and the priests grow fat. Such is the history of all formal religions, not alone the Christian religion. This fact is so well known to the student of history that examples need not be cited here.

Organization destroys religion.

The primary evil lies in the very nature or fact of the organization itself. There should be no attempt at organizing religion. The death of the thing itself lies in the process of organizing it. It is like encasing the entire body of a healthy man in a plaster of paris cast. It is like trying to build a cage around an eagle. It is analogous to trying to organize a science like chemistry, for example, and then building up about it a set of fixed dogmas and a priesthood to teach and interpret it. The

Science itself would be killed by that very process. Organized religion exerts the same destructive influence upon true spirituality. Organized religion and priestcraft are essentially one and the same thing, even in its most liberal protestant forms. If they think otherwise, they only deceive themselves.

Spiritual religion a true science.

But religion, or spirituality, as taught and practiced by the Masters is something vitally different. It is a free and exact science. It is subject to the same analysis and demonstration as any other science. It is controlled by laws of Nature just as rigid and universal in their operation. Its methods are as exact, and its results as uniform, as in any science known. The fact that the spiritual work of the Masters is an exact science is quite difficult for western students to grasp, accustomed as they are to think of religion as a bundle of vague theories and beliefs; and yet the lack of scientific value in those theories and beliefs is the main

thing that is now forcing the majority of western college men and women to discard all religion. Their intelligence is forcing them to give up the old, and they have not yet found anything better. But the spiritual Master's position is exactly like that of any master of science in his laboratory. Only the Master is more than a teacher. There comes a time in the course of each student's demonstration in spiritual science, when steep and rugged mountains must be climbed, even the dizziest heights. Then he needs not only an experienced guide, but the strong right hand of that guide must support him in places where he could never make the grade alone. Then it is that the value and absolute necessity of the living Master is fully realized. Then it is that the great love of the pupil for his Master is born. Though the Master has all knowledge and all power at his command, and the pupil may submit himself wholly to the will of the Master, yet the Master never imposes any authority or restraint upon his pupil.

There is one other point in this spiritual science which is apt to be overlooked. That is the fact that morality itself must be made the actual foundation for the superstructure of scientific spirituality. For this reason all Masters insist that the very first step of the aspirant must be to subdue all passions and regulate his life according to the strictest rules of good behavior. He can make no progress spiritually until this is done. This is one thing that distinguishes the Master and his disciples from all others. They have perfect self-control and their characters are perfect (Assuming that they have really advanced on the Path). Upon this foundation all of their spirituality and their higher powers are built.

Organized religion deceives itself.

There is one thing in organized religiont hat shows it to be an extremely clever design of the Negative Power; viz., while it is actually the world's worst enemy to enlightened progress, it firmly

believes itself to be the greatest friend and promoter of civilization. Besides, it instantly seeks the destruction of any one who dares to challenge its claim to beneficence. But to those who know, this very fact stamps it as an agent of the destructive forces. Truth, righteousness and goodness never persecute their enemies. They seek only the good of all, at all times and by all means. They win by love and by their own innate values. You cannot imagine a Master fighting or persecuting any one. He is just as gracious to an opponent as to a disciple. His love is universal, impartial. and his light is like that of the sun, it shines alike upon the just and the unjust. But, of course, the one who opens his heart to it gets the full benefit by it. Only error, feeling its own weaknesses, fights for its existence. And by that very sign all men, if they were observant, would know that it was error. That is one of the infallible indices of the forces of the Negative Power, and by that you may always locate them. The reader should never

forget this point.

The principle of Aryan civilization.

It is three fold and may be stated as follows: (1) Political self-government; (2) Freedom of individual thought and action; (3) and A personal relation between the individual soul and its Creator, without interference from external authority. It may be summed up in the one word—LIBERTY. This is the fundamental principle of Aryan civilization and it has always been operating in history in direct antagonism to the opposite principle of individual ensalvement. And if there is any one principle of action which has always characterized the Aryan peoples, it is this principle of individual liberty. For that they have always contended, and for that they are still contending, and will contend, until the last vestige of individual slavery has disappeared from the earth. It was the rebirth of this principle in the consciousness of men which brought about the Renaisance and the great awakening

in Europe, called the Reformation. It has stimulated the struggles for liberty in all lands and ages.

But the opposite principle has been manifested chiefly among the dark races of the south. There has always been war between these two principles. They are absolutely irreconcilable. The one is wholly destructive to both the individual and the race; while the other is entirely constructive to both the individual and to mankind. The one is the principle of darkness; while the other is the principle of light. The one is the working principle of the Negative Power, by means of which he enslaves mankind; while the other is the working principle of the Positive Power by means of which He seeks to lead all men to light and to God.

The original question answered.

We are now ready to answer fully the question we started out with. It is this: **THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION HAS**

NEVER DEVELOPED NOBLE, INTELLIGENT AND SELF-SACRIFICING CHARACTERS; AND IT HAS NEVER PRODUCED ANY HIGH CIVILIZATIONS. Neither has any other organized religion. As said before, their tendencies lie all in the opposite direction. The assumption that the various religions have done so much for the world is only an egotistical claim of their champions. As a matter of fact, they have all been an unmitigated misfortune, and each in its turn has left civilization in a worse state than it found it. If this comes as a shock to some, it is nevertheless better to face the truth and boldly seek the remedy. If you give unbiased study to the question, you can not fail to see the truth of the above statement.

The term "Christian religion" must always be understood in its legitimate historical sense, as an organized institution. It must never be confused with Jesus and his personal life and teachings.

From the day that it became an organized power, it has acted as all other organized religious bodies have done, to enslave the minds of men. It has smothered the growth of spirituality, even as weeds choke the fruitful plant in the garden. It has stunted individual growth and development, and it has done its damndest to prevent all scientific discovery and increase of knowledge.

Many noble Christian characters.

Some of my readers will be ready with numerous examples of noble men and women in the Christian faith who have served mankind with unexampled heroism: some of whom were priests and ministers of the church itself. Yes, the fact is cheerfully admitted, and it goes down in history to their eternal credit that they did so usually in spite of their church, or by its reluctant and forced consent. Besides, it should always be borne in mind that their spirituality and heroism derived its inspiration, not from the church, but direct from the divine inner

light. It is a most gracious manifestation of divine Providence that among all religions and in all ages, there have been many individuals whose love of God and man can not be questioned; but the beautiful flowering of their spirituality has generally been in spite of the stultifying influence of the organization to which they belonged. So long as men say and do things to exalt the priesthood and support their doctrines, they receive the plaudits of the church; "Well done, good and faithful servants." But the moment that anything to the contrary is even hinted at, the offender becomes anathema; and in former times the thumb screws, the dungeon and the stake awaited them.

A great modern school.

Modern missionary enterprises, the building of schools, and many other philanthropic endeavors, in the name of organized religion, have usually been inspired by a peculiar mixture of fanatical church propaganda, together with individual

spirituality and love of humanity. Sometimes the one factor predominates, and some times the other. As an example of the latter, we may cite a great modern institution of learning, much loved by this writer. To it he is greatly indebted. It is located in the city of Chicago and is one of a half dozen of the world's greatest universities—the University of Chicago. Although only about forty years of age, its great light shines to the ends of the earth and it has made for itself a unique position in history. Many thinking minds have been awakened to independent thought within its blessed halls. It was founded, promoted, and its work has been carried on, mostly by men connected with a certain religious denomination. This church takes all the credit for the institution, when some one points to its noble achievements. And yet the orthodox body of that very church has never ceased to criticise and condemn it, because its faculty are free to think independently and to express their findings. They would utterly destroy it if they

could; but happily, that power lies not in their hands. The great work of this institution has been carried on by men in whom the very flower of modern civilization has reached its highest expression, in spite of the hamper of the church to which they belonged. Long may it live to spread its light among the nations.

A civilization without churches.

The question is often asked: "Where would the world be today, if it had not been for the church?" The answer is: It would probably be much further advanced in everything that makes for general enlightenment and happiness. Do not take this as a personal insult, if you happen to be a devotee of the church. You can not help it. You have been only one of millions who have supported the idea of the beneficence of the church, under the delusion that all civilization was to be credited to the church; when as a matter of fact, it has made what headway it has made usually against the

opposition of the church. If in the last two hundred years certain protestant bodies have exerted some influence in favor of civilized policies, that does not effect the truth so well established by history that the influence of the church in the main has been on the other side.

The flame of individual spirituality has ever burned in the souls of noble men and women the world over. These divine flames have often fed and kept alive the organization to which they belonged; but much to the detriment of the individual. If only these individual flames had been left free to shine out into the world's darkness, unobscured by the dark and sinister robes of the priesthood, their holy light would long ago have illuminated the world.

The fatal discrepancy.

Let us now call special attention to one fatal discrepancy in the logic of those who propound this question. It has already been touched upon. They assume that

the religion with which their heros were connected should be given full credit for all that those heros did; whereas in fact their major deeds of heroism and service to humanity were generally done in spite of their religion, and often they died as martyrs at the hands of their religious leaders. Throughout history noble men and women have arisen here and there, not only among the ranks of the Christian faith, but from all religions, the Mohammedan, the Buddhist, the Hindu, Zoroastrian, and Confuscian, besides other smaller bodies. Those great souls, nourishing a genuine spirituality, born of a close personal relation with God, rose to heights of splendid achievement. From all organizations have come men and women who became the world's benefactors in science, invention, in public charities, and even in religion itself. But they derived their inspiration, not from the organized religion to which they belonged, but from the Inner Light which knows no race, creed, time or organization. Many of these noble men actually

believed that their religion should have all the credit. They forget the patent fact that their religions have also fostered wars, civil and international, race hatreds strifes and contentions, without number. They overlook the terrible tragedy of one nation at the throat of another, both professing the same religion, and each side calling on their God to overthrow the other side. How often that has actually happened in history! How amazingly that phenomenon was thrust into our faces during the last Great War!

When the debits and credits of all organized religions have been counted up and a balance sheet printed, it will certainly be found that the debit side is much heavier.

The great Saints of all ages, including Jesus himself, have generally suffered martyrdom at the hands of the established religion in which they were born. If not that, then at the hands of some rival religion. Glowing with the fires of

inspiration within themselves, they set about their work, only to fall victims to the bigotry and prejudice of the organization. But finally, when the world at large proclaims some of these men as heros and benefactors, in spite of organized religion, then the church faces about and brazenly replies: "Yes, just see what we produced!"

The holy Flames lighted.

When the world is lulled to sleep and stagnation by formal religions, then the Supreme Father lights the holy flames anew in the hearts of his advanced sons, in whatever time or land his divine wisdom sees fit. Thus came the great Renaisance in Europe and the awakening in India at about the same time under the gracious ministry of Kabir Sahib, Guru Nanak and Tulsi Das and in Persia through the influence of Moulana Rum and Shamas Tabrez. A little later the same influence was at work in England and America through the ministry of the Wesleys and then came the great Light of the Sage of

Concord followed by the Unitarian and Congregational factors of liberation.

These holy men drew their inspiration from within and their work was the flowering of the great Aryan principle quickened by the living Spirit, rising above the cess pools of human slavery and ignorance, even as the sacred lotus puts forth its blossom above the stagnant waters. Reformation after reformation has come in many ages. Men have to be dragged out of the mire of superstition into which formal religion leads them; and they have to be cleansed and taught anew that the source of all genuine religion or spirituality is within and not without. It still remains a tragic fact that the chief cause of spiritual and moral degeneration and the wane of spirituality among all peoples and in all ages, has been organized religion.

Protestants only half emancipated.

It is a pity that the protestant bodies did not entirely free themselves when

they shook off the Roman yoke. They retained much of the doctrine and many of the forms of the old religion which had bound them. All of these are directly opposed to the great Aryan principle alluded to, and are correspondingly destructive to true spirituality. When the time comes that this principle shall have worked itself out in human history among all nations, when the great Aryan civilization shall again be established in all of its pristine simplicity, purity and beauty, there will be no organized religion of any sort. But unfortunately, that day is somewhat remote.

A strange, unfortunate graft.

One of the strangest absurdities of history is the grafting of a Semitic religion upon the Aryan people. That was one of the cleverest strokes of the Negative Power ever manifested in history. It must have afforded him much amusement to contemplate the achievement. It was a master piece of cunning manipulation. Any type of Semitic religion is

wholly opposed to the genius of that people and they can never absrob it. The Christian religion is distinctly Semitic. L. Adams Beck in a modern book says: "After studying with Jadrup Gosein, I regreted and shall regret to the end of my days, that we drew our western faith from a Jewish source and founded our ethics on the old Testament, instead of those of our own kindred in India. What have we to do with a Semitic people? I do not speak of the Christ himself who was a true Oriental Teacher."

The Christian religion is not only distinctly Semitic in most of its thought forms; but its theology fairly reeks with the odors of absolute monarchy and priest-craft. It is not suited to the spirit of the Aryan race, and they are today in process of throwing off the last remnant of it. Even the theologians themselves are forced to admit that just in proportion as the civilization of the white race advances, exactly in that same proportion, this Semitic religion is losing

ground and disappearing. That race will be free again, free as they were long ago in the Golden Age of Sat Yuga, when there was no such thing as king, priest, or organized religion; when each soul faced the problem of spirituality independently, as he would the problems of any other science, unfettered and unprejudiced, and lived his alloted years in the full light of his own divine sonship. Our own brothers in India, kindred of our own blood, descendents of the same noble fathers, are today laying the foundations for the ultimate return of the people of the west to the faith of our common ancestors—a faith that is millions of years old and yet one that is ever young and virile.

Again at the Master's feet.

We are now again at the feet of the Master, where we started. We have seen that organized religion is not the friend, but the enemy of mankind. It does not produce high civilizations, but it destroys them. It does not develop noble

characters, but it tries to subdue and suppress individual initiative. It does not disseminate knowledge, but it does its best to close all avenues of knowledge, lest that knowledge might upset its dogmas and disrobe its priests.

Of course, organized religions have done nothing to liberate and uplift the people of India. They are, on the contrary, the very cause of the degraded condition of masses of people in India. Here, as elsewhere, religion in the hands of the priesthood, has thrown the halter over the heads of the millions, and the priests have continued to ride them, as they would other beasts of burden. So long as priesthood endures, mental and moral slavery will endure.

What have the Masters done?

And the Masters? You ask what have they done for the people? The Masters have done much that has never been written down in history, and can not be written; but no apology is needed

for them. If it were so, this writer is not worthy to undertake such an apology. But he may venture a word or two in explanation, so that the earnest student may better understand the situation,and his path to the Master may not be blocked by misunderstanding.

The Masters are now and have always been very few in number, while there are three hundred and fifty millions of people in India. It is extremely difficult for the Masters in the physical body to reach any considerable number of the people. And if they were reached, they are not capable of listening to the appeal of the Masters. There are people right here in less than a mile of our great Master who have lived here by him for thirty years, have seen him going and coming through their villages during all of these years, and yet they do not know that he is a Master, and if any one should tell them that he is, they would probably pay not the slightest heed to it. Many of them do not even know what a Master

is. It is all beyond their comprehension. For untold thousands of years the people of this country have been under the yoke of the priesthood; and, as always, that means that they have been kept in ignorance and subjection. The real Aryan population of India comprises but a small portion of the total inhabitants. The great majority are still so far down in the scale of evolution that it is utterly impossible for them to form the faintest conception of what the Master is talking about. They simply must wait for future ages to bring them up to that level. And the dead inertia of the average undeveloped mind is something almost incomprehensible. It is next to an impossibility to induce a mind to act in any direction different from what it is accustomed to. This is particularly true in all matters pertaining to the realms of mind and soul. This important fact of Nature is nowhere in all the world more evident than it is in India. Consequently when even a Master approaches the task of enlightening the dull and unthinking

mind, he finds a job that even a God can not do.

Masters follow the Supreme will.

The Masters do not find it consistent with the will of the Supreme Father to use extraordinary powers to upset the usual routine of life and set in motion novel reforms. The Masters understand that the will of the Supreme is being carried out among the people. So, they are content to let the Supreme Father manage the world in his own way, and they themselves obey with loving submission whatever the Father directs them to do. The management of the world may not suit us ; but it evidently suits the one who is doing the managing. So we had best leave it at that. The Masters look upon the drama of human life from a vastly higher point of view than most of us, and so they understand it better. They are not in such a hurry as we are to work revolutionary changes. They accept the principle that the Supreme Father is already doing the

best that can be done for the people under the circumstances.

The Masters extremely busy.

The Masters are extremely busy men, working generally more than twenty hours out of the twenty four. They do not require as much sleep as most others. Our Master here sleeps only about three hours per day, a good part of the time. The rest of the time they are obliged to attend to the requirements of the physical body and to carry on the Supreme Father's work. **They do all that lies in the power of men or gods to help the people.** But spiritually the great majority can not be reached or helped to any appreciable degree. They must first rise to higher levels of evolution by their own unaided efforts. The Master can not pick a man up by force and make him over. It is always a matter of voluntary individual effort. It is a fundamental principle that all self-improvement must come from within and must be due to voluntary individual

effort and initiative.

Physical improvements.

As to the improvement of physical conditions, that also must be left to the people themselves. Improvement can not be thrust upon them against their own will and without their cooperation. One of the most fundamental principles upon which the Masters have always insisted is that each individual will must be left free to act independently and upon its own initiative. Only in that way can development take place. That is a part of the great Aryan principle. It has always been the working principle of the Masters.

One other point may be mentioned here which may not be so easy for the western student to grasp. **The Masters are not much interested in trying to improve worldly conditions.** They pay but little attention to secular education, or to the establishing of material benefits for the masses. At first this statement is rather startling. It

may seem to nullify all that a Master is supposed to stand for. We are so accustomed to think that the greater a man is the more he is interested in every phase of human welfare. We are also accustomed to think of material benefits as matters of primary concern in this life. But the Masters think primarily of spiritual benefits. To that all else is subordinated. It is true that the Saints love all mankind with an abiding affection that the world can never understand; and there is nothing in the world that lies in their power to do for humanity which they would for a moment neglect. But as before said, they look upon the drama of human life from a much higher view point than that of other men; and so they know better than others what makes for the final betterment of all, and to that they give their undivided attention.

Permanent improvement impossible.

The Masters know that no permanent improvement can ever be made in the

material conditions under which human life is carried on in this world. Conditions improve or get worse with changing ages; but no immediate and rapid changes can be effected. Each age has its prevailing conditions of material existence. Those conditions can not be modified to any great extent. The more one meddles in affairs of that sort, the more troubles he runs into and the less good he accomplishes. If he changes one thing for the better, something else is worse. The present lot of mankind, in every country and among every people, is exactly what has been ordered by the Supreme Will, If it were not so, the only logical conclusion would be that the Creator has abondoned the job which he undertook at the time of creation, and has turned it over to the people themselves, or to the devil, to do the best they could with a bad situation. But such a thought is quite inconceivable to one who accepts the major premise of a benevolent and omnipotent supreme being. The Saints do not wish to interfere with the working

out of that supreme will. But when the time arrives that the people themselves take up the improvement of their material conditions, that means that the Supreme Will has brought them up to the proper time for such a change. But that comes only gradually with the change in planetary conditions, when spirituality has become so diffused that the world itself undergoes regeneration. When that time arrives material conditions will automatically improve. But the great law that spiritual improvemeut must preceed physical or material benefit, should be kept in mind. Physical or material benefits, are the effect, the reward, of spiritual development. The greater the spiritual perfection, the more absolute the command of the individual over material conditions.

In the second place, if this material life could be so greatly improved, that disease and pain and sorrow and poverty could be eliminated and all men made happy in the enjoyment of long life and

prosperity, just in proportion as that was done, men would lose interest in spiritual things, forget God and their eternal home, and settle down to a contented sojourn here for countless ages to come. But that is just what the Supreme Father and the Master do not want. They want to take souls out of this region, as fast as they are fit, and take them back to their original home. That is the mission of the Masters, and if pain and sorrow are needed to drive men to their feet, they look upon that pain and sorrow as a God-send, even though the individual himself may regard it as a great hardship.

Again at the Masters feet.

And so we arrive again at the holy feet of the Master. Their work is unique. They organize no church. They establish no authority to cramp the initiative of the indiviual. They give out light to guide all who can see that light; and they lend their strong hand to support the weak who are willing to lean upon them. No external organization is needed.

Such organization only serves to draw the attention downward and outward, while the student should center his attention inward and upward. The Master's kind and potent assistance is all that he needs. Any interference from an external organization detracts from the Path and leads the soul back to darkness.

Affectionately yours at the Master's feet.

Julian P. Johnson.

Letter number twelve.

The Dera, May 11, 1933.

Dear Travelers on the Holy Path,

In some respects the month of March has been the most notable of all since this disciple arrived in India. The Master's work constantly expands and increases in momentum. At every monthly satsang thousands meet the Master here and hundreds are initiated. During March almost twenty five hundred (2,500) were initiated. And now the

Father's spiritual family is increasing more rapidly than ever before.

The Master goes to Bombay.

The first week in March the Master left the Dera for an extended tour to Bombay and many other places. He was only three days in Bombay and initiated forty applicants, they say nearly all of a very high class. The number including Lady Joshi, whose husband was home member, or prime minister, to the government of the Central Provinces at Nagpur. Sir Joshi and daughter Mrs. Bidhe were already Initiates. Mrs. Dey wife of the Commissioner of Amraoti Division of the Central Provinces, was also initiated by the Master at Amraoti on the 7th.

The Master at Indore.

After stops at numerous small places, the Master went to Indore, the capital of the State of Holkar. This place will be remembered by some of you, as the place where lived the Rajah who married

Miss Miller, of Seattle. They say he has a palace here which cost over one and a half million dollars. But they seldom live in it now, as the Rajah lost his job as king, and now has nothing to do but try to enjoy life. He has a real castle in France, which they say requires two hundred servants to keep it in order. They live there part of the time. So he and the former Miss Miller go where fancy takes them.

At Indore the Deputy Inspector General of Police is son-in-law of Rai Sahib, Private Secretary to the Master, and so everything was done to make the Master's coming a royal occasion. More than four thousand people were at the station to meet him. The enthusiasm was very great. Immense crowds attended his satsangs, and on the 19th and 20th eighteen hundred and fifty (1,850) were initiated by the Master. This extra large number were brought to the Master chiefly through the influence of Pritham Das, a man mentioned in number ten of these

letters. He used to be regarded as a Guru and is still much loved and venerated by the people, although he now directs every one to his lord and Master, our beloved Sat Guru. Here the interest was profound and every-where the Great Father was greeted by throngs of people eager to see and hear him.

On the return trip the Master visited Agra where he was most cordially received by Sahab Ji, the head of the Agra satsang, with whom he remained over night. The Master was especially delighted to have another visit with Seth Sahib, a real Saint, and nephew of the Great Soami Ji. His health is now somewhat improved.

Satsangs not united.

This may be a good place to say, in answer to many questions, that there is no organic connection whatsoever between our Master and his satsang here, and the Agra center. There never has

been any connection, except that of a similarity of teaching and a common origin. That satsang came down to the present leader, Anand Sarup, commonly called Sahab Ji, through the Gurus mentioned in the discourses,—Rai Bahadur Saligram, P. Braham Shankra Misra, and Sarkar Sahab. That group now numbers probably something over one hundred thousand members, and constitutes the largest single group of Rahda Soami followers in India. Besides this one in Agra, there are five or six other centers, of considerable importance. I believe they claim ten all together; each with its own Guru, and standing out independent of all the rest. Of these smaller groups, the main one is in Allahabad, with thirty to forty thousand initiates. There are, in all India, now close to a quarter of a million Radha Soami adherants. It should be kept in mind that in this Science there is no such thing as a church organization, neither is it a "lodge" or an "Order." The Master is the beginning and the end of the organization, although the general

gathering of any particular group of his disciples is called a "satsang."

The Beas Group, or Center.

Our own group had its inception through the work of Saint Baba Jaimal Singh, who was a disciple of the founder, Soami ji, but he was never connected with the Agra group. And so this center never had any connection with the Agra Gurus. Baba Jaimal Singh became the guru of our Master, Sawan Singh Maharaj Sahib, whom he initiated up in the foot hills of the Himalayas in 1894. Baba Jaimal Singh then laid the foundation of this great work in the Panjab, with this little Dera as his center, and here he passed to the higher regions in 1903, leaving his work to our Master whom he designated as his successor. Our Master is therefore, the spiritual grandson of Soami Ji, through Baba Jaimal Singh, and has never had any sort of connection with the other centers or any of their Gurus, except that of brotherly love and good fellowship.

Our Master and this satsang have always adhered strictly to the teachings and methods of the great Founder, Soami Ji. His teachings have been handed down to our Master intact by Baba Jaimal Singh, and so our Sat Guru continues to teach his disciples in strict accord with the teachings of Soami Ji. These teachings are also in full accord with the teachings of all other Saints from time immemorial, and from Kabir Sahib and Guru Nanak down to Maharaj Ji himself.

Entente cordiale between groups.

At the present time there exists the utmost entente cordiale between the two great centers of Radha Soami disciples and between all the other centers, so far as this writer knows; and this fact was strongly emphasized by our Master's recent visit to Agra. He was with them also during the big Christmas celebration held by the Agra center.

At Agra they carry on an extensive industrial and manufacturing activity along with their spiritual work. They do

this, they say, to supply employment to thousands of satsangis, and to develop efficiency in self-support. But our Master devotes his energies solely to spiritual work, with the minimum of attention to material things.

It may be proper to say here that the magnificent monument to Soami Ji, now being built in Agra, is being erected by funds donated by rich relatives of Soami Ji, together with some private subscriptions from other satsangis. But in this our Master and this satsang have taken no part.

The Master at home again.

March 23rd the Master returned to the Dera, from his long tour. Great crowds gave him an enthusiastic welcome back home. The Dera without him is only a place with sacred memories. His loving greetings bring light and gladness to thousands who await his return. Already many have gathered for the monthly satsang. The next day the

place is swarming with visitors. Tents are set up and all buildings of the Dera are literally bee hives of activity. Porches and verandas are full of cots and mats on which the people sleep. Thousands are coming and going. The public kitchen is cooking vast kettles of rice and vegetables, and great stacks of chipatis. The latter is a sort of pancake made of wholewheat flour and is the staple bread in this country. Twelve thousand people are to be fed at his gathering. No one is charged for meals; but each one who is able to contribute to the fund goes to the secretary and gives what he can afford to give, much or little. Thus funds are provided in plenty to meet all expenses.

The Rajah and Rani of Landhaura.

This satsang will be remembered, especially on account of the presence of the Rajah and Rani of Landhaura. He is the ruler of a small native state or kingdom in the north of India. The Rani has been a satsangi for nearly three years.

Finally the rajah himself decided to come. This disciple went to the afternoon satsang, as usual, and took his seat on the matting and rugs in the open compound before the little platform on which the Master sits. Every body sits on rugs or matting here. No chairs. The people would not be comfortable on chairs. This disciple has learned to sit cross-legged, with the rest of them. This way many more people can occupy the same floor space. It is not so uncomfortable as you would think, after you get used to it. A little open space had been kept for the rajah and presently he came and sat down as unostentatiously as any of the rest. The only thing that indicated any difference was the fact that an attendant placed a silk embroidered cushion for the rajah to sit on, and a little extra space was reserved around him, so that His Highness might not be crowded. This writer sat by his side and pondered how the high and the low alike all come to sit at the great Master's feet. Here all are one. Earthly distinctions are

forgotten. To the American, it was hard to realize that a real king sat there by his side with the rest, listening to the Master's gracious message as eagerly as any one. The rani sat in a little enclosure just back of the Master and to one side, a group of ladies attending her, but with no pomp or ceremony at all. A glance across the grounds showed an armed military guard pacing back and forth in front of the guest house, the only sign that royalty was quartered there. During his discourse the Master said very definitely that all earthly distinctions counted for nought, in the realm of the soul. The rich man and the prince, the ruler and the pauper, were all on the same footing when they faced the great future. All were one before the Supreme Father, and before Him nothing counted but submission to the Supreme Will, and the practice of the Sound Current under the direction of a living Master. At the end of the satsang, the rajah bowed in obeisance at the Master's feet, and

would have caught hold of them, but the Master stepped back and would not permit it. That is a privilege he accords to a very select few; but kings and the rich are not among that few, unless they are at the same time very devoted disciples who have proved their love for him and the purity of their hearts. For three days the rajah attended satsang, and listened attentively to the Master's words. He was given several private hearings also with chance to ask questions. After that he asked for Initiation, and on Monday he was given Nam, making him a real disciple. His greatest difficulty, he said, was to give up wine. However, he gave the Master his promise that he would discontinue its use. On Tuesday the distinguished company left the Dera. They expect to return here for the May satsang. The rajah has invited the Master and the rest of us to his palace next fall, when, he says, he will have every man, woman and child in his territory out to see and hear the Master.

A Cashmere pundit initiated.

About fourteen thousand people attended this satsang and at its conclusion four hundred and ninety were initiated Included in this number was a pundit a learned man, from Cashmere. These highly educated men are usually so set in their own ideas, and vain of their learning, that they can not be approached with anything new or different. And no doubt that is what blocks the Holy Way to many of the world's greatest scholars. The very thing upon which they pride themselves most is their worst enemy; for by it they are blinded to all other avenues of knowledge. But no obstacle seems to stand in the way of approach to our Master. He draws all men, from every walk of life, as the magnet draws the iron filings. Besides, the truth of the Radha Soami message appeals alike to both heart and intellect.

Secret of Master's powers.

Some of the older and more advanced satsangis here tell this disciple that the

secret of the Master's power to draw all men to him can be known only after one has gone inside and has followed him to the higher regions. Then it becomes clear to him. Looking at him as a mere man, one can form no conception of his true greatness. But if you go inside and travel with him to and through those upper regions, then, and then only you see him as he is. There they say it is no uncommon sight to witness hundreds of thousands of souls, all radiant in their own light, but all following him and bowing at his holy feet in loving adoration. And they say that the throngs attending him there run even into millions, in one vast multitude. And the higher up you go with him, all the way up to Sach Khand, the greater he is seen to be. He is literally and truly king of kings all the way through those regions of light. But returning to earth again, he says never a word of all of that himself and appears among us simply as a kindly, patient, father, going about ministering to his children. Gracious God, only

to be able to go with him every day to those fair lands and behold his glory there! Is there anything on earth to be compared with that? And yet there are scores and scores, even hundreds, right here among us who can do it. Why not you and I? Isn't it something worth working for? What has the poor old world to offer any one, in comparison with this!

Love the gift of the Master.

At satsang one day, the Master made the statement that going inside and advancing to higher regions depended more on love than upon any thing else. A satsangi asked: "Can that love be developed in every disciple?" The Master's reply was very significant and should be remembered. He said: "No, that love is the gift of the Master." Then the satsangi asked: "Will the disciple always get it?" The Master said: "Why not, IF HE WORKS FOR IT? Every one else pays wages earned, and so, if any one works for the Master,

he must draw the wages due him." It is also highly important to bear in mind that "Working for the Master" means primarily to purify your mind and to sit for "sumiran", "dhyan", and "bhajan". That is really the Master's work. You are doing him the greatest service when you prepare yourself for going inside. The Master is so immeasurably above us that in the very nature of the case, it is usually impossible to render him any service of a material sort. Only a privileged few can ever do that. But the one great service that all can render is the Great Work of carrying forward one's own development.

In case you may not all be familiar with these three important technical terms, a few words of explanation may be given here. "Sumiran" is the repetition of the Five Names, as directed when you are initiated. This should come first when you sit for meditation and concentration. If you are to sit for two hours, the "sumiran" may take

up half of the time, more or less. Then comes the second phase of your sitting, "dhyan", which means contemplation of the Master's form. Fix that form in your mind and hold it there, as perfect a mental picture of him as you can form. (Incidentally, it may be pointed out that holding a photograph of the Master in mind is not so good. Be sure to go beyond the picture to the reality, in your thought). This part of the exercise may continue for half an hour, more or less. Then comes the last phase of the sitting, "bhajan", which means listening to the Sound Current. These three should have attention at every sitting. If at first you can not hear the Sound Current, you should listen for it for a short time, any way. This program brings into action the three faculties, speech, sight and hearing. It helps to develop these faculties on the astral plane. With steadfast attention and expectation, they will slowly but surely come into action on that plane.

The Master on tour again.

April 2, the Master once more left the Dera on an extended tour to many villages and towns. But he told this disciple that he was getting tired of these long tours and intended to cut them out and stay here, letting the people come to him, if they wished to see him. But whether he will do this or not, remains to be seen. He is so kind and generous hearted that it is difficult for him to refuse their appeals when they beg him to come to their towns. Of course, he will by leaving about the first or middle of June for hill stations to escape, the excessive heat of this section.

Inexhaustible fountain of mercy.

When the great Father had gone and night had fallen upon the Dera, this disciple made the following entry in his diary :

" The master has gone. His gracious Radha Soami has been said, and we are once more left alone with our meditations

and our holy memories. Often and often this disciple has wondered if the incomprehensible mercy and lovingkindness of the Master would not some day slacken as in the case of all other men he had ever known. We are so accustomed to witness, in the average man, exagerated devotion for a time, only to see it give way later to more or less indifference. After that each one goes his own way in pursuit of his own selfish ends. But now for almost a year we have watched the daily outpouring of the Master's love to all of his nearly sixty thousand children as they come and go in a constant stream. Daily this unworthy disciple has shared in that love, and—incomprehensible as it may appear to the average American—the volume of this divine compassion grows greater all of the time instead of less. The holy light of it burns brighter every day, as the multitudes that wait upon the Master constantly increase in number. Daily the divine mystery of the Master himself grows upon us. But the intellect utterly

fails to grasp the full meaning of it. When we try to reduce it to ordinary language and express it in terms of daily life we fail completely."

The river and the holy secret.

And so this afternoon when the Master had gone, this disciple turned and walked toward the jungle and the river bank, where he sat down to think. His head was literally dizzy with the magnitude of the problem. We know that the Master is able to do any sort of a miracle that he may chose to perform; but he is himself the supreme miracle. We know it is so, and yet we ask how can it be? We know he is the super-man toward whom all philosophy points, as the goal of evolution. We know he is the embodiment of the noblest human aspirations. But when you stand face to face with the living Master himself; when you grasp his hand; when his gracious smile and loving words make your own soul glad with an inexpressible delight; all philosophy vanishes from your mind

and just the joy of his living presence remains.

We sought the river bank where in solitude we could think; where we might quiet the surging tumult of thoughts that came unrestrained. So we sat down and asked that calm and emotionless river to tell us of the mystery. This river that comes down so quietly from the snow-covered Himalayas. Glancing northwards we can see those majestic old hills, those age-old sentinels, towering in their superb grandeur over the region of the Panjab, their pure sun-lit summits pointing always to the highest heavens. From their feet flows this slow rolling river, this ancient river that for ten thousand generations has kept its silent way, to empty at last into the Indus and the Arabian Sea. We begged this river, so hoary with years, to unlock the holy secret and explain to us the perpetual miracle of the Master himself. And the river replied, ever so gently and without the use of clumsy words:

"As the river flows on for ever, regardless of the ways of men, so flows the love of God. Be as constant in your devotion to the Master as the river is in its course, and his love will carry you to that Supreme Ocean as surely as the river flows to the open sea."

But, a little disappointed, we said: "Venerable stream, I knew all of that already. You talk like a preacher. I asked you to tell me more of the divine mystery of the Master himself." And then, the river replied:

"Oh, little soul, why does the drop try to swallow the ocean? Only when you have become a Master yourself, can you comprehend a Master."

And then, while the night fell over the valley of the Beas as silently as a feather drops from the sky, this lonely disciple took his refuge and returned to the solitude of his own room, but

pondering still over the sublime mystery.

Affectionately yours,

Julian P. Johnson.

Letter number thirteen.

The Dera, June 2, 1933.

Dear Fellow-Students:

One year ago today this disciple first met the Master in the physical body. For one holy year we have lived in close association with the greatest of modern Mahatmas. Today there is so much that we would like to say to our American confreres, and the words forsake us. The heart is full; but the art of expression seeems to be lost. I wonder if I can write this letter at all. When the Master becomes such a large part of one's life, he realizes more and more how impossible it is to tell his friends the story. He really longs to just take them by the hand and say: "Come, see him for yourself."

Longing to be with the Master.

Today I am reminded how for years and years I wished I might have been with Jesus when he was on earth, to have been his disciple, following him over those Judean hills and down to Galilee and Jerusalem, watching his gracious ministry, and if possible giving some loving service. Often in years long passed, the thought haunted me day and night. But never did I imagine it would be my good fortune to have that wish gratified in substance. But now I have only to transfer the scene from Palestine to India and change the date, and in this good year of 1933 I am walking daily by the side and sitting at the holy feet of another Master even greater than the beloved Son of Mary. My impulse is to grasp his sacred feet and thank him that he has permitted me to see this fortunate day. Out of all the hundred and twenty millions of my fellow countrymen, I consider that I am the most fortunate.

Today I feel a sense of pity for the

masses who do not appear to realize what a priceless privilege might be theirs. They are letting the golden opportunity slip by them. They do not seem to understand now, any better than they did in the days of Jesus, that a great Master is among them. They are so blinded by the god, or gods, of this world that the great Light which now shines among them is quite invisible to them. Truly the light is shining into the darkness and the darkness does not comprehend it. Perhaps two thousand years from now, many who read the history of our Master may look back with longing and wish they had lived in his day, so that they might have seen him and might have become his disciples.

Theological misconceptions.

But some of my American friends will say: "Yes, but your Master in India is not Jesus. He is only a mere man, while Jesus was the son of God." Both of these assertions are due to theological misconceptions. Jesus himself

never taught that he was anything above and beyond the possibilities of other men. In fact, he taught the exact contrary. Get the New Testament and read his own words; not the words of Paul, the Jewish theologian. There is not a word in the New Testament, except perhaps one or two interpolations, in which Jesus makes any claim to an **exclusive,** divine sonship. Such a thing was never thought of until long after his death.

But let us admit that he was a son of God in a special sense. Divine sonship is the goal of all spiritual aspirations. It is the very sum and substance of all Yoga, which means union with God. If Jesus became a divine son, other men can become divine sons. Why any set of theological speculators should ever limit that sonship to only one man in all human history still remains one of the mysteries. This divine sonship is exactly what makes a man a true Master. All Masters are sons of God in a special sense.

They have risen to heights of spiritual unfoldment and united their human attributes with those of the Supreme ONE, and thus they have attained divine sonship. They are then no longer sons simply in the sense of having been created by God; but they are sons by virtue of having united their spiritual essences with that of the Supreme Father. Aye, they are even more than that; they are practically identical with the Father, because of this ONENESS. There is no difference between them, except that the Master still resides here in the human form. This is the ultimate goal of Mastership. But it is a goal toward which all men may look, if they make themselves Masters, after the example and pattern of their own Master. It must ever be borne in mind that Mastership and divine sonship are not limited to one individual on this planet; but it is an achievement within the reach of an unlimited number, running through all the ages of human history.

A serious theological blunder.

It must now be apparent to the student that it is a fatal error to assume that there is, and can be, only one Christ, or divine son. By such an assumption a man shuts the door of opportunity in his own face. He dooms himself to continue wandering in the wilderness, when he might sit down at the banquet table in the palace of his Father. Besides, for such an assumption, there is no rational need. It is utterly without reason or fact to support it. It accomplishes no good purpose, while doing vast harm. And it is a poor and limited view of the Supreme Father. Indeed, poor in resources would he be, if he were so limited that he could send into this world only one great Teacher during all the millions of years of its history, and then under such circumstances that comparatively few of earth's inhabitants would ever know anything about him. The most ardent claimant of this doctrine is forced to admit that even if his doctrine were true, the entire scheme has been

a dismal failure. In the final wind-up, but a mere insignificant fraction of the human race will ever be saved by and through this system or scheme of salvation.

Let us therefore discard such notions and come and worship today at the holy feet of a living Christ. Our Father is abundant in mercy, and his gracious manifestations are not limited to any one country, race or age. Let us come and follow the Master now to divine sonship and mastership ourselves. Only in this way can we honor him and the Supreme Father and share in his infinite love to the full measure.

All Masters' teachings the same.

The teachings of all Masters are essentially the same, though their methods may differ, due to individual inclinations and also to the country and people among whom they manifest. Jesus worked many miracles, especially healing the sick. Our Master here does comparatively few

miracles. This is not because he has less power to do them. It is because he does not consider that the best method of carrying out his mission. Faith founded on miracles is not enduring; besides, such a method draws about the Master great crowds of curiosity seekers. It fixes attention upon material benefits, while the work of the Master is to emphasize the supreme importance of the spiritual. It aims at spiritual benefits only. It seeks to break the bonds of this world which have held the souls of men in thrall so long, and it aims to lift them up to spiritual freedom. The Masters have found by ages of experience that the best way to accomplish these ends is to convert people by righteous living, by gentle persuasion, by holy precept and example; by convincing the reason, by appealing to intelligence, by wisely pointing the Holy Path. When men are converted in this way, they are ready to devote their lives to the Master's Path and to go with him all the way.

Things insisted upon by Masters.

In all the ages the Masters have insisted upon three things as fundamental. First, a clean and holy life, free from all self indulgence in the pleasures of sense, and given over to good deeds. Second, the absolute necessity of a living Master to guide and to help the disciple over the rough ways and to lead him inward and upward to higher regions. Third, the inner Spirit, the creative energy, by whose operation and power the individual transformation takes place. This inner power is called by Jesus and his followers the "Logos", or Word. In some places in the new Testament it is called the Holy Ghost, or Holy Spirit. Some Saints have called it Kalma; others Nad; and yet others, including our Master, call it Shabda, or the Sound Current. By whatever name, it is the same creative force; for by it all things have been created and by it they are sustained. It is the Infinite Father reaching down to the individual man to give illumination and power and finally to lead him to his

eternal home, after it has purified and fitted him for that abode. Only a slight difference in terminolgy ; but the cardinal facts remain the same. There can be only one Holy Way to the highest spiritual achievements, to the ultimate reality.

The Master on tour again.

Early in the month of April the Master left the Dera on another extended tour to various cities and towns and country villages. As usual, everywhere he went, great crowds gathered about him, worshiping him and seeking deeper knowledge of the Holy Path. Everywhere the interest appears to be growing, and the numbers are increasing who seek initiation. This disciple remained in the Dera for the greater part of the month ; but finally joined the Master on the 27th at a little village in the mountains by the name of Gelet. It lies up in the foot hills of the great Himalayas. There is really no town there ; but a cluster of houses here and there, scattered

over a group of hills, all inhabited by the descendents of mountain tribes who have for many years been connected with the military establishment. They are a people with deep feelings and strong attachments, sturdy and loyal, kind and generous. They gave this disciple, as well as the Master, a most cordial welcome to their homes. Among them the Master has a large following. This disciple, accustomed to unusual manifestations toward the Master, was quite amazed at the demonstrations witnessed in that mountain region. We left the motor bus in a deep canyon and climbed a steep hill, perhaps six or eight hundred feet, to a small area where satsang was to be held. Streamers and decorations of all sorts had been lavishly set up to welcome the Master. The Master had not yet arrived in this section when we arrived. He came at seven the next morning. The good people, all devoted disciples of the Master, made us welcome with the most unstinted generosity and kindness. It happened to be the original home of

Paras Ram, personal servant to this disciple. He comes of a good family and all of his people joined to make the American particularly welcome, some of them even offering presents. They said it was the first visit ever made to their homes by any European or American.

Booming of guns welcome the Master.

In the morning, just as the Master's car appeared a half a mile away in the canyon, a shot was fired from the lookout station on the hill. As he came closer, another shot was fired. These shots were to announce to all that the Master was approaching, and to sound their first note of welcome. The people rushed to the tops of the hills, overlooking the canyon, all eager to see the Master. Many descended the hill to the place where his car was to stop. The people came in hundreds and thousands. The hill sides were lined with them. Old men came, slowly hobbling over their canes. They must be there for the "darshan" of their beloved Maharaj Ji. It was

a rare treat that they were to enjoy; a treat which some of them would perhaps never have again in this life. A considerable number of us went down into the canyon to meet the Master as he got out of his car. There he gave his loving "Radha Soami" to us all and then we followed him up the steep hill, which he climbed like a boy of eighteen, to a cluster of houses where quarters had been arranged for us all. It was an inspiring sight to witness the devotion here shown by the people to their adored Master. It was no ordinary friendship or esteem; neither was it anything like the ovations given to political leaders or national heroes. It was worship actuated by the deepest affection. They all wanted him to set his holy feet inside of their houses, and he tried to accommodate them all as nearly as possible. Many of them had spent days, even weeks, in preparing special decorations inside of their houses, in anticipation of this notable event. If they had been permitted, they would have showered him

with all sorts of presents. But that he will never permit. He accepts no presents of any kind. But he is pleased when they show real love. He does not like them to bow at his feet and worship the outer human form. But this cannot always be prevented. He accepts their love with evident pleasure and in all humility. One woman here, the wife of a military officer, could not control her impulse to worship him, and so threw her arms about his legs and bowed down to the ground, holding his feet. He gently removed her and told her that was not the right way to worship the Master. She should go inside and up into the higher regions, and there meet and worship the Master in his radiant form. The human form should not be worshiped, he said. But the people will worship the human form also; for great is their love. How any one in the human form, even the divinest of men, can imspire such love and devotion as this Master does, has been one of the deep mysteries which this disciple has been

trying to fathom, ever since he arrived in India. But it still eludes his grasp. It is one of the great miracles daily performed by this Master. We feel that it constitutes one of the visible evidences of his mastership.

Great satsang in the mountains.

The crowds continued to gather all day long and to spread over the hills, until two o'clock, when the Master held satsang. More than eight thousand people were seated before him. In such a mountain region, necessarily thinly populated, such a crowd is nothing short of marvelous, Where they all came from, one could only wonder. But from all the mountains and valleys round about, they continued to pour in. Many delegations of prominent men, officers from the military stations, head men of villages, some of patriarchal appearance and also smartly dressed young officers, all came to pay their respects to the holy Father and to listen to his gracious words. For four days the Master held

satsang for these people, and the crowds diminished not at all; but rather increased. Finally the last meeting was held under a big banyan tree down in the canyon. This disciple sat near the Master's side, and as the Master spoke, he watched the faces of the crowd. They fairly hung upon the Master's words. Deep interest was apparent everywhere. Here and there a tear could be seen dropping from some one's face, and then smiles and laughter would burst forth as the Master related some amusing story to illustrate his point. The Master is an adept at pointed stories, quotations and illustrations, to drive home his message. He is highly eloquent in the true sense of that term. It must not be assumed that this mountain audience was a lot of illiterate people. Far from it. Among them were numerous college graduates, hundreds of keen brains and critical minds. Many of them were learned in the literatures and sciences of this world. As this writer watched and studied the faces of the people, he could

at the same time glance up to the snow-covered Himalayas, towering just above us. The sight was thrilling. For ages this has been the region of the Mahatmas, the forest temples of those great men who have become more than men, and yet linger here that they may continue to teach all who seek the light. These mountain retreats and deep valleys, for untold generations, have witnessed Master and disciple walking their trails, or sitting upon some mountain crag, looking up at those same snow-covered summits. But probably never before since the dawn of creation, never since the first Master ascended those heights, have such crowds waited there upon the words of a Mahatma. Never before in the history of mankind have such large numbers flocked to the holy feet of a living Sat Guru, as this American was privileged to witness today. If only its significance might be duly appreciated, it marks a distinct epoch in the higher development of mankind. Usually, all through the ages, it has been only the few brave and

daring souls who sought the higher Path. According to the old systems of Yoga, the path was extremely difficult and even hazardous. But now, thanks to the most merciful One, the Path has been made easier and all may follow it who will. Infinite Love has opened wider the gates and now many more are listening to the call and entering the golden gate of opportunity. One could almost fancy that these deep mountain retreats themselves were filled with gladness at hearing the divine voice of a living Mahatma addressing the people by the thousands.

Eight hundred are initiated.

Finally the candidates for initiation were assembled, after the last public meeting had been held. After many had been rejected, the Master initiated eight hundred. He personally inspects each and every one. Many are rejected. No one but the Master knows who is to be initiated and who rejected. He only glances at each one, as they stand in line. It is a deep mystery to every one

else why this one or that one is rejected. Sometimes there is sad disappointment, both to the applicant and to his people. But the rejected ones are told very kindly to come back some other time, and in the mean time to give further study to the teachings and the duties and responsibilities of discipleship. Perhaps some of those rejected will be ready the next time, or some years later. But the Master knows instantly who is ready now. Only those who bear the mark are accepted. Only the Master knows what that mark is and he can see it at a glance. Every one designated by the Supreme Lord for the Initiation is stamped by some unmistakable sign which the Master can recognize instantly. Only they get the Initiation.

The Master returns to the Dera.

The finishing up of the Initiations in this village, together with a short satsang held the next morning in a village on the way down out of the mountains, completed the Master's work of this

tour. He was ready to return to the Dera the next day, to which a few of us preceded him, while he stopped over night with attorney Bagat Singh, in Jullunder City. We reached the Dera on May 2nd.

This tour of the Master has marked an epoch in the history of the Master's work; in fact, an epoch in the history of the Radha Soami movement in India. In my last letter I mentioned the fact that the Master had initiated about twenty five hundred during the month of March. We thought that a large number, and indeed it was. But that number was greatly exceeded in April.

Thousands initiated during April..

During this April tour, many villages and towns were visited by the Master. He was greeted everywhere by crowds running into the thousands. This has been the banner month in the Panjab, and so far as we know in all India, and for all time, among the services of the

Saints. During the month of April alone the Master initiated **four thousand and nine hundred.** This is the largest number ever initiated in one month by one Saint in the history of the world. This number exceeds the total number initiated by Soami Ji, the founder of this system, during his whole life time. It constitutes about ten per cent, of the total number initiated by our Master since he began his work here about thirty years ago. So the devotion and the enthusiasm continue to increase. Such large numbers applying for initiation would have been utterly impossible in the earlier ages and was not thought of even a hundred years ago. But the spiritual atmosphere of the whole world is rapidly changing, and the effect is being felt by large numbers who are turning their attention to spiritual things, more than ever before since this maha-yuga began, now more than three million years ago. This is why among all nations the feeling is becoming more and more pronounced that an era of spiritual

awakening is now dawning. And so it is. Old obsolete forms are passing and people are beginning to seek the truth, and everywhere the souls of men are catching the first gleams of the happy dawn. What the future will bring forth only the Master knows. But the outlook is exceedingly bright.

The Master is much over-worked.

The hot weather is now upon us and we shall soon be leaving for the hill stations to escape the excessive heat of this section. The dear Master shows the effect of the prolonged strain, continuous hard work, with almost no time for rest day or night; and now the heat is making it harder for him, although he stands it all much better than any one else. We are begging him to drop the work and go at once to cooler regions. Just this morning he said so much work was pressing for attention, how could he leave it? They are coming to him from all over the country, in ever larger numbers. We begged him to consider his

health, leaving the pressing work and the heat. He smiled and made only a partial promise. When we told him that there would be plenty of work to be done here a thousand years from now, he laughed and said: "Yes, no doubt."

The May satsang was attended by something like twelve thousand people, in spite of the busy season among the farmers. About three hundred and fifty were initiated at the end of this meeting.

I am glad to announce that the English translation of the Sar Bachan is now on the way to the press and we hope it will be ready for distribution before so very long. It will be a valuable addition to our literature.

Also the Master has given his approval for the publication of this series of letters in book form. It will contain a number of interesting pictures besides that of our Master, and will include a brief summary of the teachings of Sant Mat.

We expect to send it wherever the English language i s spoken, as a testimonial to the Master. It will be the first effort of this sort in history to let the world know that there is a real Master on earth. It will be translated into many other languages, we hope.

Letter from Baba Jaimal Singh.

We will now close this letter with a gem taken from a private letter written by the Saint Jaimal Singh to our Master during the early days of his discipleship. He was Guru to our Master and is still much loved and venerated by him. In value this letter is just the same as words from our own Master. It has in fact, a very special value to us, since its instructions were intended for our dear Master during his early struggles as a student. It may be accepted with the utmost reliance upon every word:

" Radha Soami. Radha Soami's grace be upon you. From Jaimal Singh to dear Babu Sawan Singh—Radha Soami. The

benign Lord, Radha Soami, Anami, is wonderful. There is no name or form there. It is only the transcedent spiritual current. That current of grace and mercy is about to come to you, and it is coming to you. But there is one veil in between still. LEAVE THOU THYSELF. All of the material that belongs to surat (soul), nirat (the inner eye of the soul) and of mind, and of nij-man (casual mind), and of paranas and body; all of the three bodies you must consider as states which come to you during the twenty four hours. Do not desire things of this world, of physical matter, nor sensual pleasures, nor any material thing, for any of the three bodies (physical, astral, or casual). And do not worry as to what will happen in the future, or what you shall do. Leave all of this thinking and worrying. All of this material you got from the Master at some time in the past, and you should keep it all as you would hold the property of another. You should never have considered it as your own.

Now, inscribe the words of the Master

on your mind. Remember to hold in mind that you are nothing. Everything belongs to the Master. "I" do not exist. All things, soul, mind, intelligence, all things pertaining to the material of this world are the Master's, and not "mine." "I" am nothing. Turn out this "I" from your mind. Jiva is the name of the soul or spirit. Soul got mind and all material things as a gift from the Father in Sach Khand so that it might carry on in this region of Kala by getting Shabda from the Guru and attaining union with its dhun or melody it might come back to Sach Khand. But under the influence of mind and maya, the soul has utterly forgotten this command and lost it. And so they (the mind etc.) consider everything as their own, and under the spell of maya both the soul and mind are imprisoned by maya; and Kala, by putting the weight of karmas over them, has pressed them down. So long as man does not stand aloof from the world, by leaving himself and resigning all to the Sat Guru, he can not escape

from this imprisonment and pressure. Therefore, utterly leave yourself and stand aloof. Think that body, mind and wealth, all worldly material property, belong to the Master, and not to "me." "I" am nothing. With this idea, perform all actions. And do just as he bids you do. Then he himself will take you with him when he finds you fit. Have true love for the Master and unshaken faith in him, and in your mind always lie prostrate at his holy feet. Shabda melody has been given to you by the Master. This gift is indestructible, and one day this melody will take you to Sach Khand. Every day give your devotion and love to this Shabda Dhun; and for this cherish a keen longing in your heart.

———You should gladly resign yourself to the wil of the merciful Lord. ——All should do their spiritual practice every day without fail. This time you have less work; but be contented with that and do your bhajan. Only Nam,

that is Dhun Shabda, is your own. So, do fix your attention on it with love and devotion. With hands and feet, and the use of the mind, go on doing your work of the world; but give the devotion of the Nij-man to the holy feet of the Master.

——Radha Soami to you from all at the Dera. The grace of the Lord be upon you all——Whatever is the will of the Lord, that is best."

And so this disciple sends his Radha Soami to you all. Do not forget the injunction of this letter, to fix your steadfast attention and love upon Shabda Dhun, and the holy benediction of the Master will rest upon you.

Affectionately your fellow-student,
Julian P. Johnson.

Letter number fourteen.

Palampur, India, July 4, 1933.

Dear Fellow-Travelers,

This is American Independence Day; but I am thinking more of the indepen-

dence of the soul, of its emancipation from the five enemies that have so long enslaved it and from the dominion of the Negative Power. I am thinking of—

THE PATH OF THE SAINTS,

that Royal Highway which leads to complete and eternal freedom of the soul. I am thinking especially today of the Great Deliverer, the noble emancipator, the Master, the true Saint, by whose grace the sojourner in the realms of Kal is enabled to break the last fetter that binds him and reach his home in the Supreme Region. I would like to sketch this Path today, if I might, and make it so clear that all men could see it. If only we could make it so plain and definite that it could not be mistaken again, even by the casual reader! This Holy Path should be so differentiated and marked out that none could ever miss it. Its main features should be so clearly set forth that it will be easily distinguished from all other paths of a religio-spiritual nature. This Path of the

saints is indeed unique and individual. There is no other way like it, or even approximately similar. There is no other way "just as good." For it there can be no substitute; for there is only one Way that leads to the Supreme Goal.

This Holy Path is not a theory. It is not a system of beliefs or dogmas. It is not even a religion, although it embraces all of the values of religion. It is an actual Way, a genuine road, to be traveled; involving, of course, certain preparation and training as one goes along. In fact, the word "path" is not altogether appropriate. It is more properly speaking, "El Camino Real", or the King's Highway. It belongs to the Royal Masters, and it leads the traveler from earth upwards through kingdom after kingdom from country to country, each one more splendid than the other, in an advancing series until the upper terminus lands the traveler at the very feet of the Supreme Lord of all regions. And this is no allegory, no figure of

speech, no flight of the imagination. It is a literal, actual highway, over which the Saints and their disciples travel, passing through numberless and vast regions, stopping at different stations en route. The passage is really a succession of triumphs; for the disciples of the Saints are enabled to Master each region as they enter it, to absorb its knowledge and powers and become citizens of it. No Hannibal or Alexander, or any Caesar, ever made such a triumphal advance. The Saint is the Great Captain leading the soul from victory to victory. It is a long and difficult passage; but the Saint has been over it many times, and he is Master of it all. He is, in fact, Lord of all the intervening regions through which this Highway leads, and before him numberless multitudes bow down as he passes. It is therefore, a long succession of triumphs, even until he reaches the Grand Terminus.

Many splendid continents and worlds.

In each region through which the

traveler passes he discovers new continents , new worlds, and meets their in habitants. He beholds their dwellings and modes of living. He studies them; perhaps visits there for months or years, before he advances. Then he passes on to higher planes. The journey may require many years, all depending upon the difficulties one meets within himself, of his karma and the general fitness with which he enters upon the journey. But if he persists, by the grace of his Master, he arrives at last at the end of the Highway, at the Supreme Region, the Home of the Saints and the abode of the Supreme Father. And this is the end of the journey, because there is nothing higher. He has reached the ultimate region.

The journey made during life.

This journey is undertaken and completed by Master and pupil while both are living here in the physical body. In fact, it must be done while they live in the body. If it is not at least begun while

they are both here in the body, it can not be accomplished after death. That is the supreme value of this physical body. It offers every one the most priceless opportunity to escape from the entanglements and bondage of earth and return to his true home above. But if he lets this opportunity pass, until death overtakes him, he must inevitably return to this life, before he can even begin his upward journey.

Not confined to this body

But the enquirer may ask: "How can you, or a Saint, really make a journey to a far country while you are still living here in the physical body? You certainly can not take it with you." This question reveals a misunderstanding which must be cleared up. **We are not confined to this physical body, even while we are still living in it.** You are imprisoned in this body only because you do not know how to get out of it. The body is no part of ourselves. It is only a covering, a house of clay in which we

live for the time being. It is simply an instrument of contact with this physical world. That is all. If then, we wish to travel in regions far above this plane, where this clumsy body can not go, we have only to step out of it and go. We need not break the connection. We can return to it when we like, and resume its use. This, all of the Saints and their disciples who have reached the first region above, do at will. They are quite free. How to do this is one of the first lessons taught their disciples by the Saints. Naturally, it is the initial step to be taken before they can even begin their upward journey. But once gaining this freedom, the soul is ready to begin its long and difficult, but triumphal, journey to distant worlds.

The reader is now asked to follow in his mind the journey over the Royal Highway of the Saints, stage by stage, as it will be given in some detail. Let him make note of its main features; so that never again will he have the least

doubt concerning the Path of the Saints, or fail to understand how it differs from all other paths. The description is necessarily extremely limited and meager. Only the merest hints can be given here; for it would require volumes to describe the Way, even if one were capable of doing it at all.

Preparation for the journey.

As in all other cases of travel, naturally some preparation must be made for the journey. This usually means the gathering together of a lot of luggage to be used on the trip, or at the other end of the journey. But in preparing to start on this trip over the Royal Highway of the Saints, the process is exactly the reverse of the usual program—**it consists in getting rid of all luggage**—Though we may not fully realize it, it is nevertheless a fact, that most of us are going arround carrying on our backs piles of useless luggage which weigh us down and hold us in slavery. Our plight is worse than that of the poorest cooley.

The very first step is to break the ties that bind us and rid ourselves of the useless luggage that holds us down to earth. These consist of the manifold evil ways, the gross sins, unholy desires, the self-indulgences, the passions, the love of the world, its pleasures, its pomp and vanities. All of these things constitute the load of luggage each one is carrying about with him, and by them he is hopelessly and literally weighted down to earth and bound here. Until the soul and the mind break loose from these and stand free from them, he can not take the first step on the Path of the Saints. How to break these bonds consti.utes the moral philosophy of the Saints. But in this there is nothing unique. The moral philosophy of the Saints differs but little, if any, from that of all great world religions. This knowledge is a common possession of mankind. No one has a monopoly of the knowledge of correct living. The Saints take but little time to inculcate morality. That is taken for granted. It constitutes but the

most elementary step on this Path. Perhaps no better system of morality has ever been formulated and given to mankind than that of the "Eightfold Path" of Prince Gotama Buddha. But here all religions meet on a common ground. In this respect the Path of the Saints differs but little from all other systems. We simply must disburden ourselves of this world. We can not take this world and its ways with us to higher regions. That is the sum of the whole matter. Disentangle yourself from the world and stand aloof from it.

Mortality alone not sufficient.

Before passing from this point, it would appear fitting to call attention to one vital consideration, usually lost sight of by most teachers and systems. It is this: **Morality, even though it be of the most perfect system imaginable, and even though its every precept be most scrupulously observed, is not sufficient to break the chains of slavery which bind every**

soul to this world and to the Wheel of birth and death.

And this leads us to one point regarding the moral philosophy of the Saints that must be especially noted. In this regard alone it may be said to differ from the teaching of all other systems. The Saints tell us that it lies not in the power of any man to free himself by his own unaided efforts. He is so entangled and bound here by the chains of the five enemies that he can not effect his own escape without help. It is just here that the Saint comes to the rescue of his disciple. The Master, and he only, has the power to break those fetters. Without him, the individual may struggle as he will; he may fight manfully to the end of his days, and all he can do is to better his condition a little, to store up more favorable karma for the future. But in the end he is still bound, and he must return to earth again and again under the "Wheel of eighty four"—that is the endless circle of transmigration.

This is a vital truth overlooked by most teachers of moral philosophy . Many students boast that man is master of his own fate ; that he must look to himself alone for liberation. It is a vain boast. For he will return here birth after birth, age after age, until he finally places his destiny in the hands of a real Master. We believe that this egotistical assumption of many students is a sort of natural reaction against the useless intervention of the priest. But the position of the true Master in his relation to his disciple is as different from that of the priest, as day is different from night. While the priest is not only useless, but highly detrimental to the individual, the Master is absolutely essential to spiritual liberation and upward progress.

Preparing to leave the body.

Assuming now that the outer preparation has been made, that the student has divested himself of all evil luggage which bound him down and obstructed his upward passage, his next step is to

close all of the nine avenues of sense that connect him with the outer world, and then go inside and prepare to leave the body. How to do this in the best and most effective manner every Saint teaches his disciples at the very outset. The method is made so clear that he can not mistake it and the student is amply safeguarded against all possible errors. He can not be misled, if he follows instructions.

His first exercise is to concentrate his mind at the Tisra Til, or third eye. He must pull in his wandering thoughts, restrain his restless mind, and hold it steadily at one point. The mind is often compared to a monkey, hopping around. But it must be brought to a standstill, to absolute rest at the given center. In due time, if the process is complete, the individual spirit current or substance, is slowly withdrawn from the body, first from the lower extremities which become feelingless, and then from the rest of the body. The process is identical with that

which takes place at the time of the death, only this is voluntary, while that of death is involuntary. The whole spiritual being gathers at the given center, or focus, its powers increasing because of the concentration. Eventually he is able to pierce the veil that intervenes—which in reality is "not thicker than the wing of a butterfly"—and then he opens what is called the "Tenth Door" and steps out into a new world. The body remains in the position in which he left it, quite senseless, but unharmed by the process. He can return to it at will. He may remain out of it for hours, or days, or even weeks, and months. The life processes slow down almost to a standstill, but the body remains in perfect health until the owner is ready to return to it. In all of this the student is never asleep or unconscious,—not for a moment. In fact, the reverse takes place. He is superconscious. He knows all that is going on in and around him and vastly more than he ever knew before. He is intensely awake and will remember all of his

experiences vividly. He is now in a world he never saw before and of the very existence of which most people are unaware. But it is a world which impresses itself upon the traveler as being much more real than this world. It is also much finer and more beautiful, and full of light. Here he beholds a great variety of scenery, of landscapes, or rivers and mountains and trees and flowers and buildings. Here he meets with multitudes of people, gathered from every nation and tribe of earth. He converses with them; for there all languages are understood by all. The light and colors of that world surpass anything he ever saw before. All of these things the student traveler looks upon for the first time, and with a new pair of eyes which he never consciously used before. He is now operating in his astral body and using his astral senses for communication, the same as he used the physical senses before.

Our student is now in the position of

a man who has been all of his life confined in a semi-dark prison and has just been given his freedom. He steps out from behind prison walls into a beautiful park or garden in front of the prison, ready to begin his journey home. In fact he is now ready to actually begin to live. His freedom is intoxicating, joyous. And he is just now ready to begin his journey on the Path of the Saints; for that is the way that leads to his home land. Up to this moment all he has done is to prepare himself for the journey and to open the door of the prison house which held him in. Up to this point there is but little that is absolutely unique in the process of his preparation. Many others besides the Saints have reached this region. By dint of the most strenuous efforts and the practice of certain Yoga, many of the ancients and some modern students have reached the astral plane. They have subdued, but not overcome the passions; and their excellent concentration has given them great powers of penetration into the lower astral regions.

Their understanding and their powers over the forces of Nature have increased correspondingly. Many of them, rejoicing at the great beauty and light of this region, have quite firmly believed that they had reached the highest heaven and that the Lord of this region was the Supreme God. But in fact, this is only the very lowest threshold of that vast system of heaven-worlds which lie above and beyond it. It constitutes the very first stage or resting place on the Path of the Saints. In reality, their journey begins here, since this is the lower terminus of the Royal Highway of the Saints. And yet for most of the world religions, this is the end; for their founders never went beyond this region, and so they believed it to be the ultimate.

At this point the student traveler enjoys so many new sensations, so much that he is quite bewildered. He is fairly intoxicated with delight. He is conscious of a marvelous influx of power. His vision is lucid. Space is obliterated. Time

has disappeared; for now all events stand before him clearly outlined, the past. the present and the future. He now realizes the shadowy nature of the lower world from which he has just escaped. He beholds its pitiful limitations, its passing deceptive show, its panorama of births and deaths, under the Wheel of karma, or the law of cause and effect. All of these things are now clear to his illuminated consciousness; and yet he has taken but the first step. For the Royal Highway begins just as you step through the tenth door, out of the physical body, and into the first astral zone.

Student here meets his master.

It is here on the very threshold of the upper regions that the student traveler first meets his Master face to face, in his Radiant Form. From that moment on, through the remainder of his life, that radiant form is his constant companion and he may always ask the Radiant Master any questions he may wish to ask and receive an answer. From that happy day

forward, he needs no other teacher. All information, on any subject, is ready at hand. It is this Radiant Master who now takes command of the upward journey. He will be his guide all the way. A few of the bravest of men have reached this region by their own unaided efforts; but even they doubtless had the help of some men who had already gone that far. A few may advance a little further; but only the Saints and their disciples may travel the Royal Highway to the higher regions. Fortunate indeed is the student who has a real Saint as his Master. For he alone will ever reach his home in the exalted planes of the Region of Truth.

The Shabda, or Sound Current.

It is quite necessary to call attention here to the Sound Current. For that is a vital factor in the Path of the Saints. From the very first he begins to listen for its sound, during his hours of sitting. By and by he will come to hear it at any and all times, even while he is about his daily duties. Gradually the sound

becomes more distinct and sweeter in tone. Only when he reaches the first region, the true Sound is heard, the real Shabda, This Sound Current is the most vital factor in his further progress. From it he constantly draws energy, and by it he is enabled to overcome all hindrances and all weaknesses. It is extremely musical, sweet and delightful. Its atraction fairly pulls the soul upward; and throughout the entire journey this Sound Current is his constant companion and support. Without it he could never make the journey. Consequently the Sound Current and the Master are the two vital factors in making the upward journey. Without them both, it can not be made. These two then, are he all important factors in the Path of the Saints—the Sound Current and the living Master.

Location of the first region.

The location of the first region should be kept in mind. In the Radha Saomi literature, mention is often made of the

three grand divisions of creation. The first, or highest, is that of the Supreme Being. His residence, and it consists of pure spirit, unmixed with matter of any sort, and is free from all imperfections. It is called the Sat Desh. In that region there is not even mind—only pure spirit. That region is so vast in extent that all the rest of creation below it appears no more than a small cloud floating in its sky. It is inhabited by vast multitudes of pure spirits who are not subject to death or change. They are supremely happy.

Then comes the second grand division, called Brahmand, the middle division. It is of a very high order of creation, mostly spiritual; but is mixed with mind and other very fine sorts of matter. In fact, mind itself is an extremely high order of matter; for it is not self-conscious and is wholly dependent upon spirit for its life and function. This grand division is the realm of universal mind. All souls, in their descent from Sach Khand,

here take on their mental aparatus for purposes of contact with the worlds below; and here, on their upward return journey, they discard it.

In this grand division are located all of the heavens of the great world religions, most of them in the very lower sections of it. Compared to the physical worlds, this division is also vast in extent and is divided into numberless distinct regions, or plains, world above world, and is inhabited by millions and billions of refined beings, many of whom believe that they are in the highest heaven.

Then comes the third grand division, the phyisical universe, called Pinda. In it are all of the suns, moons, stars, and planets, all of the unnumbered worlds noted by our astronomers; and far beyond the range of their most powerfull telescopes, still other universes without number. Our earth is only one of the small planets belonging to one of

the suns of this system. The earth is comparatively but a mere microscopic speck of dust floating in the sky of one small universe.

Now, the astral region, which our traveler has just entered, lies at the top of this third grand division, just beyond the topmost border, or frontier, of the physical universe. It lies in a sub-division of Brahmand, called Anda. Its substance, while very coarse when compared with the finer worlds above it, yet is extremely fine when compared with the earth substance. It vibrates at a much higher speed, than any known earth substance, and its light is much greater in volume. It has its own laws and characteristics. It is a distinct plane of life and is the first of the numberless sets of three dimensions, extending upward beyond the earth planes. So, even this physical plane of ours is only one of these sets of three dimensions, arranged in an ascending scale. There are other planes of life below us, coarser and poorer,

and their inhabitants are of a lower order of being than ourselves. As a rule the inhabitants of one plane are wholly unconscious of all other planes above them. They live and die somewhat as we do and pass to other regions, as their karma impels them. The duration of individual life increases as you go from lower to higher regions. Always the passing from a lower to a higher plane depends upon the life one has lived and the assistance of his or her Master. Such is the order of creation—plane upon plane, world above world, universe beyond universe, in endless succession and variety. To break the bonds of one plane and to traverse other and higher regions is an accomplishment. To do so, one has to qualify for a permanent residence in the upper region. He need not stay there permanently but he must qualify for it. In fact he must master each region before he passes to the next higher. That being done, he must then learn the secrets of breaking down the barriers in his way. These secrets can be

obtained only from the Master. But the Way is always open for those who earnestly seek the upward Path.

It may not be amiss to just mention in this connection one of the most vital and important principles of all progress. It is this:

Make yourself master wherever you are; then pass to a higher degree.

Now, our student, having broken the bondage of the physical body, steps out upon the first of the upper worlds. But he has not yet entered the city which constitutes his first real station on the Royal Highway. There are many subdivisions in this, as in all other realms. There is much to be seen of that vast and beautiful region called Sahansdal Kanwal, so named from a gigantic flower-like light, looking like a thousand petalled lotus. This region has been briefly sketched by Soami Ji, in his Sar Bachan. He calls them only hints. They are but

little more than that. But let us read what he says :

Soami Ji describes First Region.

"I will give you the secret of the Path ; a few hints concerning it. First fix your mind and soul upon Tisra Til. Gather together mind and soul, again and again, and bring them inside. Then behold a window ; and beyond that an open maidan, or field. Concentrate the attention upon that and hold it there. You will see a five colored flower garden, and inside of that behold the Joti (candle or light). Enjoy this scene for some days. Then see the blue colored sky appearing like a chakra (circular disc). Impelled by love and longing, pierce through this. Then gaze at the Joti with detatched mind. Hear the unending bell sound and become absorbed in it. Next you will hear the conch. Let yourself become saturated with it."

This description is quite incomplete of course. It omits to mention thousands

of things of the most absorbing interest. In that region are suns and moons and stars. In fact many of them are seen before you reach the real Sahansdal Kanwal. There are people of many sorts, living in different styles and engaged in various occupations—of course, not of a commercial nature. Mostly, they spend their time in concentration, meditating upon the Lord of that region. For this, as all other regions has its own lord, or ruler, and he is the creator of all below him, including the physical universe. He derives his powers from the Lord next above him. It is not surprising that he is often mistaken for the Supreme Lord of the entire universe of universes, by those who go no further than his region and who know of nothing beyond that.

Just before the Tisra Til, near the entrace to this region, at Ashtdal Kanwal, the student first meets the Radiant Form of the Master. From here on they make the journey together. Let

us now proceed to the second stage.

Region number two, Tirkuti.

With our great Captain in command, we resume our journey. He alone knows the Way, and he alone has the key to all regions: for he has traveled them all many times, and besides, he is the recognized Lord of them all for the time being. The true Saint is king of kings, and is universally recognized as Lord, because he is ONE with the Supreme. His power and authority are recognized all along the route. All other lords, rulers and people, pay obeisence to him. Under his protection we now enter Tirkuti, the second stage on our journey. Here we may rest and study for a long time, even years. There is much here to absorb attention, besides one has to himself grow and develop before he can advance. Let us quote a brief description of this region from Soami Ji:

"Now, my dear companion, prepare to enter the second stage. Behold Tirkuti,

the abode of the Guru, where the sound of Onkar is heard perpetually resounding. Then you go on up and open a gate and enter the bankanal (crooked tunnel), passing on to the other end of it: Then you cross high and low hills. Now, the vision appears to be reversed, and one sees as if from the opposite side of the veil which he has penetrated, Looking upward, he passes into a fort like region which he enters and becomes Master of it. He reigns there as lord of that region. Here the soul becomes adorned with the attributes of devotion and faith. Here the seed of all karma is burned, destroyed! You will see thick dark clouds, from which peals of thunder constantly resound. When rising above these dark clouds, behold, the entire sphere is red, with the beautiful red sun in the center imparting its color to everything.

This is where the Guru really gives Nam; for the Master's Shabda Rup is here. This Shabda is in fact, the Fifth Veda. Here you will see the red four

petalled lotus spoken of by the Saints, the details and colors becoming visible as one comes nearer to it. Here the bell and conch sounds are left behind and the sound of mardang (like a drum) is heard.

After that, the soul resumes his upward journey. Now comes the sound of a huge drum, beaten incessantly. Here the soul has grasped the Primal Current, from which all creation emanates. Innumerable suns and moons are seen here and many kinds of skies, filled with star The soul here realizes its complete, separation from Pinda, and rises to the upper Brahmanda, as if intoxicated with joy. He sees and traverses deserts and mountains and gardens. In the gardens are flowers arranged in artistic designs and groups everywhere. Canals and rivulets of transparent water are flowing in abundance. Then one approaches an ocean, which he crosses by means of a bridge. He then beholds the three mountains, or prominences, called Mer

Sumer, and Kailash. (From these the region is named) . After this, he passes on to a region of the most unalloyed delight."

Again, necessarily, much has been omitted. Volumes could be written and still tell but little of the worlds crossed by the Saints. Much of it can not be told in mortal language, because we have nothing like it here with which to compare it. So we must pass on along this Royal Highway of the Saints. They have given us only hints just a word here and there. Having reached this region; the soul finds itself in possession of new powers and understanding never before realized. In fact, he has to grow as he advances. That is one reason it often takes years to reach the higher regions. He must be fitted for their higher and purer atmosphere. Each successive stage brings him just that much nearer to sainthood himself. But very few of the ancient yogis, seers and prophets, ever reached this second region. None of the founders of

the great world religions ever reached it. And yet, no doubt, each one thought he had reached the highest, the abode of the Supreme. For so it appeared to him. In his delight, he could not imagine anything greater, and he had no Guru to instruct him concerning the many worlds beyond. Traveling alone, no one can hope to go beyond the upper frontiers of the first region. A few of the Yogishwars reached the second, and still fewer the third, by the aid of their gurus who had gone that far ahead of them. Beyond that none but the Saints and their disciples have ever gone. From this second region the Vedas emanated, and consequently, they know of nothing beyond it; although the Lord Krishna hints at a higher region when he tells his disciple, Arjuna, to transcend the Vedas. They believed it to be the ultimate region and its lord they accepted as the Supreme Being.

Region number three.

Let us now enter the third region.

The student may perchance abide in the second region for years before he advances to the next. But as we are now travelling in imagination only, we may proceed. Quoting again from Soami Ji, we read as follows:

"Now, the soul goes on up and opens the third veil and hears the voice of the Sunna region. This is Daswan Dwar, with very brilliant light. The Akash of Sahansdal Kanwal and Gaggan of Tirkuti have been left behind. The soul here bathes in Mansarover and joins the group of Hansas (swans). The soul then circles about and rises to the top of Sunna, and there hears the kingri and sarangi (stringed instruments something like a guitar). After hearing this sound, one penetrates in and crosses Tribeni (a place where three streams meet), there entering the vestibule of Maha Sunna, where he picks up the secret knowledge. This great sphere alone is seventy palangs in circumference and in this sphere there is at first pitch darkness. Four

Sound Currents are heard emanating from invisible sources, the music varying every minute changing in tone. The sound of the jhankar predominates and is indescribable in mortal language. One hears them and is entranced by their sweetness. Here are five egg-shaped regions or worlds all full of a variety of creations and each is permeated and governed by a Brahm. How can one describe the beauty of these creations? Each has its own predominating color like green or yellow or even white. They are quite vast in extent in comparison with which the entire universe below Tirkuti appears very insignificant."

Students who attain this third region gain corresponding increase of power and understanding in proportion as this region is vast in extent beyond those below it. But there is constantly increasing difficulty as one goes on up in giving expression to anything relating to those higher regions. They are further removed from the earth and its

language, even its ideas. The very ideas in those upper regions are beyond the grasp of earth's inhabitants until those regions have been traversed and then one is unable to put them into earth language.

Crossing this third region not only indicates another stage passed on our journey but it marks a distinct epoch in the progress of the soul. Here he leaves the last remnant of earthly impurities, and the last of his three bodies in which he lives and operates while here. In this region, wholly purified, the soul for the first time sees itself as it is, pure spirit, a child of the Supreme Lord. So, here for the first time it truly knows itself. Here for the first time it is absolutely untrammeled and free. And from here on its tendencies are all upward, instead of downward. The attractions of the still higher regions become overwhelming and the soul is impatient to go on. From here he returns to no more to be born in the flesh, —except those who come on special missions of

redemption. Being now free from all impurities, the soul here attains a brilliancy equal to twelve of our suns, and now it rises rapidly to the more perfect regions above. Let us then resume our journey. We traverse almost measureless space and approach the Fourth Region.

Region number four.

Quoting again from the descriptions of Soami Ji, we read :

" Now prepare for the fourth stage, O soul, and catch the sound. Cross the pass above the Hansni tunnel and enter the Rukmini tunnel, where you will see a strange and beautiful mark, or structure ; seeing which, the surat (power to hear) and the nirat (power to see) both attain peace and rest, satisfied. On the right side there are bright islands, and on the left are many continents covered with palaces, appearing as if made of pearls, having their top stories made of rubies and studded with emeralds and diamonds. This innermost secret I have described.

Only the brave spirit may venture this far. I then saw the Bhanwar Gupha mountain, approaching which I heard the Sohang Shabda. The sound emanating from there is like that of a keen flute. Here the soul beholds the white sun above, with immense light. The region is most beautiful and sweet and full of light. The souls there live on the Sound Current, as their food. Playing about on the great maidan are groups of hansas, and along with them are many devotees, sojourners in that region, on their way to Sach Khand. Here are vast and innumerable plains and worlds, abounding with a variety of creations, and inhabited by numberless devotees, living on the nectar of Nam."

Kabir Sahib also mentions in this region eighty eight thousand islands or continents, all set with beautiful palaces, as above described. This region is truly the gateway to the mansion of the Lord of Sach Khand. It is the vestibule to the Supreme Grand Division of Creation.

The approach to the Fourth Region is guarded by a zone of such deep, dense, darkness that none but a pure Saint may ever cross it. Only he has the light and the power to cross it, and to take his disciples with him. By his grace, therefore, we have come thus far, and now let us enter the gateway of the Supreme Lord of Sach Khand. He is the Great Father and the Lord of us all and of all regions below Him. He is boundless love and light. It is said by both Kabir Sahib and Soami Ji that His brilliancy is so great, so intense, that even one hair on his body (although in reality there is no hair there) radiates a light equal to that of many millions of suns combined. It is utterly beyond comprehension. But let us now enter His region.

Region number five.

Soami Ji, with increasing difficulty of expression, has given a few hints concerning this region. We read:

" In the fifth region is a fort like place wherein is situated the throne of the King of kings. You should know him as the true King. The soul now advances to a great and wonderful field, or park, the scenery of which is absolutely indescribable. There is also a great reservoir, from below which flow abundant streams of the most delicious nectar, and this nectar flows out through large cana's, to supply distant regions. Golden palaces are set in open fields of silvery light. But the landscape is indescribable, and the beauty of the hansas living there is incomprehensible, the brilliancy of each one being equal to the combined light of sixteen suns and moons.

The soul then passes on up to the real entrance. The watchers by the gates are the hansas. Here the Sahaj Surat asks the soul : " How have you managed to reach this region?" The new comer replies : " I came across a Saint and he gave me knowledge of this region." Saying this, the soul then pushes on and

enjoys the darshan of Sat Nam, and rejoices with an exceeding great joy. A voice then emanates from within the lotus, saying: "Who are you, and what purpose or object brings you here?" He answers: "I met the Sat Guru and he gave me full instructions. Through his kindness I now have the privilege of your darshan." From this darshan the soul derives immense p'easure. Sat Purush then speaks of the mysteries of Alakh Lok, and with his own powers and love he aids the soul to make further advance toward the still higher regions."

Our traveler has now reached the highest Grand Division of Creation, the region of immortality and of Truth. While still in the lower regions of Brahmand, he is always liable to return to earth, and to rebirth and death,—the Wheel of eighty four." But when he reaches this pure region of Sat Loka, the first plane of which is called Sach Khand, there is no more return to earth, except as a Redeemer. Here the student

traveler enters upon the full reward of his long and arduous course of training. He becomes a Saint himself; and the mission of his Guru is finished, so far as this journey is concerned. But the soul has yet to travel over the most sublime and beautiful part of his journey. Above Sach Khand there are three other plains, or regions, of utterly inconceivable splendor. But from here on the Great Father of Sach Khand takes over the responsibility of guiding the soul to the end of his journey. By his great love and light, he directs the advancing traveler through all of those exalted regions. First he becomes united in a mystic way with the very essence of the great Sat Purush, and so, becoming one with him, partakes of all his attributes. He then advances to the three remaining regions.

The three higher regions.

The next one is Alakh Lok, presided over by the Alakh Purusha and the next after that is Agam Lok, presided over by Agam Purush. Finally, the traveler

arrives at the end of his journey, the region of the nameless ONE, or of Radha Soami, the Supreme Lord of all that exists. Although the name Radha Soami may be ascribed to him, it is fully recognized that no name can describe him. No thought can embrace him. No language can tell of him. He is the formless, all embracing ONE. He is the impersonal, infinite ocean of love. From him flows all life and spirituality, all truth, all reality. He is all wisdom and love and power. All visible lords of all regions are his manifestations—He taking form, many forms, in order that His gracious purposes might be carried out in all creation. They are all His forms; but none of them expresses His totality. He may take millions of forms; but He himself remains formless, impersonal, all-pervading. He is universal Spirit; universal life. Why multiply words? No one can tell of Him.

When the traveler reaches this supreme region, called by Soami Ji, the " regionless

region, " he is so absorbed in its joys, so lost in its unutterable splendor, that he at once realizes the futility of even attempting to tell the story to earth bound people. Say what he may, they can form no conception of that region or the life there. Soami Ji finishes his descriptions by saying :

" The beauty of Alakh Lok is utterly incomprehensible. The soul, unable to describe those regions, goes on up and sees the Alakh Purush, the Agam Purush, and then the Monarch of all, Radha Soami, From one step to another the soul beholds strange things which can not be described in human language. Every region and everything is utterly beyond words. What beauty and glory! How can I describe them? There is nothing here to convey the idea. I am helpless."

The soul has now seen the three regions above Sach Khand, and the ruling Purush in each one. He has seen them

and united his own being with them. All he can say is that here in these Holy Regions—

LOVE PLAYS THE SUPREME PART. IT IS ALL LOVE.

So says Radha Soami."

We are now at the terminus of the Royal Highway of the Saints. We have finished the journey we set out upon, from the common level of earth life. It has been a journey of the greatest glory and triumph. It has led us stage by stage, from the low levels of earth to the highest conceivable realm of bliss. The traveler, the student, by virtue of his advancement, has changed from the status of a mere man, crawling in the dust of earth, to a real god of such unclouded glory, wisdom and power, that no language can recount his triumphs. What he has now become must forever remain quite inconceivable to the ordinary earth man. He may catch only a few glimerings of it. And this is the Path

of the Saints. Among all of the systems of religion or philosophy that have ever engaged the thought of men, is there anything comparable to the achievements of this Path?

The position of the Master, or Saint, must now be apparent. The journey to the higher regions can never be made without him, either in this life or after death. Therefore the Saint is the Supreme necessity, if one is to reach those regions. For this reason the way to those regions is called the Path of the Saints. The entire Science is called Sant Mat, or the teaching of the Saints. Happy indeed is the soul who takes shelter with a Saint and undertakes the journey in company with him. Among all the sons of men, he is the most fortunate.

With greetings of love and all good will, believe me,

Your grateful fellow-student,
Julian P. Johnson.

PART II.

Sant Mat, or the Teaching of the Saints. The new Psychology.

This little volume is in the nature of a personal testimonial to one of the greatest of Masters. After twenty-six months in daily personal association with him, and of the most critical study it is possible for a scientifically trained man to make of another human being, the writer sends out this testimonial with the utmost confidence that he is bearing witness to the mastership of one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all Mahatmas who have ever graced this world with their loving presence.

The Master critically studied.

While the author's love for the Master has become the dominant factor in his life, it is believed that this love has in no way biased his estimate of the Master. He has shut his eyes to no facts which could be discovered. He has sought for evidence both for and against. He has weighed in the balance carefully all points. He has watched keenly every little in-

cident of the Master's life. He has carefully studied the Master's reactions under all circumstances, extending from his enthusiastic reception by multitudes of ten to fifteen thousand people, down to a personal attack by a hostile critic. He has watched the Master while talking, eating, sleeping, walking among crowds, and climbing mountains, traveling in motor cars, and railway trains, and horse back riding. He has watched people worshiping him with the profoundest adoration, and he has seen others abusing him and seeking arguments, with loud and bitter denunciations. He has seen the Master at the bed side of the sick and dying, and at the funeral pyre of the dead. He has seen him enter and has followed him into the hovels of the poor, and he has gone with him into the mansions of the rich. He has witnessed many occasions when large numbers of prominent men, such as lawyers, doctors, judges, college professors, and even rajahs and their ranis, have all sat at his feet with rapt attention.

He has watched the Master carry on his heavy daily duties in the sweltering heat of summer, and he has stood by him in the chilling winds of winter, noting how calmly he meets all conditions and works on tirelessly.

In all things, under all circumstances, he has never seen the Master at fault, so far as he could tell.

He has never seen the Master exhibit any of the ordinary weaknesses of common men. As a man, the Master is perfect, so far as twenty-six months of careful observation can determine.

And as a Master, the preceeding pages tell their own story.

Some astounding facts.

One of the most astonishing things connected with this science—sometimes called a religion—is the fact that it has no organization, no priests, no dogmas, no ritual, no ceremony, and nothing to

be believed without evidence. Its entire structure is based upon positive knowledge which any student may demonstrate for himself. This is almost beyond the conception of the western student, accustomed as he is to mere beliefs in matters of religion. But the fact is that this is not a "faith", or a "religion", in the ordinary sense of those terms. It is strictly an experimental science, quite as much so as chemistry, or any of the applied sciences.

Another astounding feature of this system is its psychology. If you will turn to your standard dictionary, you will read that psychology is "The science of the mind or soul and of its functions." The science is thus confused at the very outset by using the terms soul and mind synonymously. The word is taken from the Greek, which means soul—not mind at all. But many modern students and writers on the subject know no distinction between the two. At best they consider the mind but a function of the

soul. Some others deny the soul altogether ; and a few even question whether there is a mind at all, aside from the physical brain and its functions. Most modern writers make psychology almost purely a science of the mind. They have thus usurped the name and given it a significance which Plato, Artistotle and Socrates never dreamed of. To them all Psyche was that beautiful divine spark which never experienced death, even though all else might perish.

Now, it must be evident that any accurate science of psychology must deal with both mind and soul. And this is exactly what the science of the Masters accomplishes. It is therefore, the only exact psychology. And if we were to give this science an accurately descriptive name, it would be : "The psychology of the Masters." In this system then, ethics would become but a subdivision of the great science of the soul. If only the western student could grasp this stupendous fact, his psychology would

enter upon a new and glorious era.

But one thing which will astonish the western student, and may possibly at first be difficult for him to concede, is the fact that the mind and the soul are two distinct and separate entities. The mind itself is material; of course, of a very highly refined order. But the mind has no independent self-consciousness. It can not function alone, being wholly dependent upon spirit to activate it. It is no more a part of the essential being of man than is his body. The mind is only another instrument which the soul utilizes for its contacts with material planes of life. When, in the course of its development and ascension to higher regions, it transcends the realms of matter, it discards the mind as of no further use to it, just as it discards the physical body when it leaves this plane. Strange as it may sound to the western student, the individual spirit is freer, happier, and wiser, when he no longer has any mind to cumber

his activities and limit his perceptions. This may sound like utter nonsense to the student, trained in the ideas of the west. But it is a fact, nevertheless,which every student of this science may, and does, prove for himself as he advances to higher regions. He does not prove this by any reasoning process, but by actual demonstration and personal experience. There comes a time when he literally lays aside the mind and discards it entirely, leaving it behind as an instrument which he no longer needs and which is more or less cumbersome, as the body is. From that time on, the spirit, or soul, **knows all things by direct perception** ; and the range of its perceptions is vastly increased. But that can happen only when the soul has entered the realm of pure spirit, and has left the regions of matter far behind.

Some of these ideas may be quite unthinkable to the western mind. They will probably think that I have at least mislaid my own mind, if I have not en-

tirely lost it, when I set out to make this statement. But that is because their minds are full of the old misconceptions. My only purpose here is to state that this science offers to the world a new psychology, which is at the same time the oldest psychology on earth. For it has been taught by all of the Masters of the East for countless ages.

The problem of evil solved.

Another astounding thing about this science of the Masters is that it offers for the first time in history an adequate solution of the problem of evil. That is to say, in all history this is the only solution that has ever been offered which satisfies the demands of both reason and fact. Around this problem wordy battles have been fought ever since man began to think. Mountains of books have been written. But the books have been mostly efforts to fit the facts into some preconceived theory, with the inevitable result that the problem was left just where it was before, only perhaps a

bit worse confused. Many a poor student has wrecked both character, and reason on the rock of this gigantic problem. Others have given up in despair, forced to the conclusion that there can be no such thing as a just God in the universe. For the student can never reconcile the existing conditions of life here with the idea of a beneficent all wise and all loving Creator in charge. He may indeed, shut his eyes to the facts and end up, like the Puritans of old, by rejoicing with his God over the tortures of the damned in hell. Otherwise, he can hardly find a solution that satisfies his conscience. Some have taken to another alternative, quite as absurd, and denied the very existence of evil. In a broad and metaphysical sense, the latter concept is quite true. But it must be understood to be true only in the sense that whatever system the Supreme Father has instituted must be the best, and in the end makes for the highest good of all. But to deny the existence of what men term evil in this world, involving pain,

sorrow and death, is manifestly to shut one's eyes to the facts before him.

Now, here is a science which offers a perfect solution of the problem. The key to its solution lies in the fact that this world, the entire physical universe, was created, and is now ruled over, not by the Supreme Lord of all creation, but by a subordinate who is himself imperfect. Hence if you are forced to the conclusion that the creator and lord of this world is not and can not be all love and goodness, you are quite right. But if you say that this is only pushing the question back a little, and does not offer a final solution, we still reply that the system has been established by the all-wise Supreme Will and is the best possible system for the purposes had in mind at the time of creation. This world is a theater of pain and struggle and death, and it is necessarily imperfect from the standpoint of our immediate happiness. So is a jail, a reformatory, or a hospital. The fact is that this world is not, and never

was intended as a place of human happiness. It was never meant to be so. The lord of the region, himself being imperfect, finds it his chief business to keep souls here as long as he can, and subject them to all manner of pain and other evils, until they learn enough to seek a way out. And that was what he was put in charge of this region for. When men reach this stage, they have accomplished their periods of discipline. Their evolution here is finished, and they are ready for advancement to higher regions. The purpose for which they were originally sent into this region of sorrow and pain has been fulfilled and the Supreme Lord of all is prepared to give them a royal welcome back home. That the great Supreme Father is infinitely higher and better than the lord of this physical realm is a concept wholly new to most western students. Many unbiased students have been painfully shocked at some of the atrocities supposed to have been sanctioned by the god of the old bible. But the god of the old bible

is really the god of this world. That may account for some of his many imperfections. Evidently, this is his congenial environment. Even in the bible it is said that when he had finished creating things, he looked upon the work of his hands and found it good. So, he must like it, whether we do or not. But the Supreme Father of all is infinitely above and beyond him. And yet the lord of this region is carrying out the beneficent plans and purposes of the Supreme Father. This theater of action had to be a very imperfect place, from the view point of the present happiness of its inhabitants, in order to carry out the work for which it was instituted; and so it required a ruler over it who was himself imperfect; for his work would not be congenial to a perfect lord. So, the Supreme Father made good use of him for the execution of his own gracious ends. In other words, this world is a sort of mild reformatory type of hell, or prison, or school, in which we find ourselves temporarily placed for

purposes of discipline and education. It is a good place for that purpose. The inmates of the prison being so imperfect, we could not expect a perfect keeper of the prison. Men do not ordinarily look for model characters among jailors and police offiers. And so the keeper of this great prison is not perfect by any means, and yet within the confines of his domains he is the Lord God over all; and most people do not know of any God above him. If some people, well situated, think this old world is a pretty good place to live in, it may be a wholesome thing for them to know that this world at its best, when compared with even the lowest plain, above, is nothing more than a dirty out house. So great and multiform are the mansions which the Father has prepared for those who earn the right to enter them.

Now, when men learn wisdom, when their discipline is complete, they will naturally seek a way out. And that means they will seek for a Master. He is the great Liberator, and he alone has

the key to unlock the prison doors and set us free. Why was the matter placed in his hands? I do not know. But it was the plan of the Supreme Father, and it must be the best way. For his infinite wisdom and love would not fail to do the best thing for his children.

In this connection one extremely suggestive fact presents itself to the student. It is this: VANITY, OR EGOTISM, IS THE CHIEF THING THAT BLOCKS THE RETURN OF THE SOUL TO GOD; AND THE MASTER OFFERS THE ONLY CURE FOR THAT TERRIBLE EVIL. If there were no other reasons why individual redemption has been placed in the hands of Masters, that one alone is quite sufficient. When the soul places itself at the Master's feet, and surenders all to him, with a readiness to follow him implicitly, that means the death blow to egotism. From that day forward love and sweet humility open the doors to the regions of Light. If however, the

liberation of the soul and its spiritual exaltation were left wholly in the hands of the individual himself, every step he would take toward his goal, he would become more and more vain of his achievment. This growth of vanity would act then as an automatic stop to all further progress; making self-liberation practically impossible. And this is exactly what always happens to those who endeavor to climb the heights by their own unaided efforts; i.e., without a Master.

We may also add that the task of individual liberation from the bondage of earth, and from the slavery of the five foes, is utterly beyond the powers of the individual. He can not accomplish the task alone. No one can do it. The resources at his command are altogether too limited. He must have help. And so the Supreme Father has determined that the living Master shall be the helper, the Guide, and the Liberator, that man needs.

Substitutes in religion.

It seems important to call attention here to one other thing. In their wholesale abondonment of the church during the last half century, many cultured and thinking people have turned toward some sort of convenient substitute; such as New Thought, Spiritualism, Christian Science, Theosophy, and Rosecrucianism. Not a few have turned back to the ancient Vedas, and many also have taken to Buddhism. The high and noble precepts of the great Aryan prince have appealed to many. In fact, as an ethical system, it is far superior to the Semitic ethics of the old bible. Only the Sermon on the Mount, given by Jesus himself, stands out as equal, or superior, to the "Eightfold Path" of Buddha. If we could get the real teachings of Jesus, we might have a very fine system of moral philosophy, and perhaps some hints as to the method of the Inner Path. But it is practically impossible to secure anything direct from the great Son of Mary. He wrote nothing himself, and

his teachings have been so obscured by his disciples, and so miserably interpolated by others, that they are largely worthless. They reflect but little of that sublime philosophy which Jesus doubtless received from his own Masters in India.

But to those students of Buddhism in Europe and America, it is only necessary to point out one thing. They may have an all-sufficient moral philosophy. But the system is lacking a living Master. It is therefore like Christanity, practically a dead letter, a lifeless husk. To read it is like picking up beautiful shells by the shores of some ancient sea. They are beautiful to look at; but they are lifeless. Nowhere in the teachings of modern Buddhism, either in the northern or southern school, or in any of the many sects subdividing them,—nowhere do they give you clue to that power which alone can free you from spiritual bondage. They do not teach you how to go inside and find for yourself that kingdom of Heaven

spoken of by all the world teachers. Neither do they offer you any help in overcoming the downward sweep of the great currents of evil. They tell you what you ought to do; but they leave it all for you to do alone. And they are careful not to give you the exact method by which the gigantic task is to be accomplished. They point you to a Buddha or to Christ as an example; but nowhere do they tell you exactly how to yourself become another Buddha or another Christ. They actually tell you, in substance,—"Go on trying to be like him. But of course, you can not do it." It is much as if you were down in a deep well, its cold waters cramping your muscles,and some one yells to you that you ought to get out of the well. You know that already, without doubt; but he offers you no help or definite information as to how to go about getting out. In such circumstances, what benefit is it if a minister, in a Prince Albert coat and a white neck tie, stands at the top of the well and reads to you a beautiful sermon?

All of these beautiful ethical systems tell you what you ought to do, and then they stand by and watch you go on down to hell. They offer you a charming system of moral philosophy—and in fact, most religions are but little more than that—and when you have committed them to memory, or tacked them upon your wall, you promptly forget them and go on following the five evil passions down to your grave. They all lack the dynamic force you need, and that is to be found only in the Master, the living Master, the one now in the human body. The one who has finished his work here and gone, is no longer able to help you. Those who look to such a Master only draw upon their own imaginations for help. The living Master alone can render the needed assistance. And that is exactly the supreme value of this science. It not only definitely points the Way, but it extends the help of the Master at the critical moment, and he is abundantly able to liberate all who take shelter at his holy feet.

No soul, no God, in Buddhism.

The Buddhist teaching is further weakened by its denial of the individual soul and of a Supreme Being. We believe this is not the teaching of the Buddha himself, but of his later interpreters. This is the chief doctrine which saps it of its vitality. They might with all consistency, add one more negative to their system, viz., there is nothing else. They need not stop to ask who is making these negations. For there is no one to make them. It is a practical certainty that the original Buddha never intended to convey any such ideas. He was making the most strenuous efforts to overcome the obstrusive ego everywhere so obnoxiously present, and to teach the ONENESS of all life. His followers even to this day have been unable to reconcile the idea of divine ONENESS with the existence of the individual soul. But it presents no serious difficulty. A single organ or a single cell may exist in the human body, and yet that is not inconsistent

with the oneness of the entire body. Millions of fishes exist in the sea, and can not live outside of it, and yet that does not offer any difficulty as to the inseparable oneness of the ocean and the individual fishes. "In him we live and move and have our being." Besides, if they had known the Sound Current, they would have had the perfect key to this oneness—to the existence of all souls as parts of the Supreme ONE. Here is the divine trinity—the Supreme ONE; the individual soul, and the Sound Current connecting the two and unifying them. They are one substance, and the souls have no existence apart from the Supreme ONE; and yet they have there own individuality. Each is merged into the divine WHOLE, and yet each one remains a self-conscious unit of that divine Whole. How much better this is than that cold and cheerless theorem which says there is no soul, nothing but a bundle of accumulated tendencies, called "Skandhas." How this bundle of blind and unthinking skandhas

could ever have imagined itself to be a soul is not explained. How it could ever get the idea of a soul, if no soul existed, and no one existed to do the thinking, is a trifle of a mystery which its advocates have never cleared up. But let us dismiss the idea. It is like the chill blasts of winter. It takes life, but gives none.

Can not sin.

Another fact most astonishing to the student is to be noted here, and then we shall proceed with a brief statement of the cardinal teachings of the Masters. That fact is this: When a student has reached a certain degree of advancement on this Path, **he simply can not commit a sin.** Not that the power to commit sin is taken from him. For he has vastly more power and freedom of choice than he ever had before. But he can now see the destructive nature and disastrous results of sin so clearly, and in all of its ramifications, that for him the act of sin would be equivalent to deliberate suicide. It is utterly unthink-

able to him. If this is not a very practical result, then it would be difficult to imagine one that is practical. That alone would appear to be worth all the strenuous effort required on this Path. There is no more sublime achievement on these lower plains. And with it the happiness of the student is so extraordinarily increased that the man of the world can form no conception of the vast treasure that is his. All the world is looking for happiness; but they are seeking it by the wrong method. They have never found it that way and they never will. Happiness can not be found in material enjoyments, nor in the gratification of the senses, nor even in the satisfaction of the mind. The pleasures of sense are but for a moment and are usually disappointing and fleeting. We no more than get settled in some situation from which we expect happiness, when it changes in substance, or vanishes entirely, leaving us but a dream, a shadow. The whole world is but a passing show, and its allurements only lead us on

toward some vanishing mirage. At the end of the trail, we leave our bones to bleech on the desert sands. In exchange for its momentary pleasures, the world forges around us fresh chains of slavery, and then we go on, dragging our chains with us. But the spiritual science of the Masters offers freedom, everlasting freedom, and joy beyond compare.

How old forms persist.

It has always been a mystery how and why men hold on so tenaciously to old religious forms and concepts. It makes no difference if they contain not the least shred of common sense or fact. Yet once accepted, it seems almost impossible to turn them loose. But in offering to the reader a statement of the Radha Soami teachings, let me urge that for the time being at least he shall try to divest himself of all prejudice and assume an attitude of open minded enquiry. Shut not the door of truth in your own face by assuming in advance that you can not learn anything new. To

most of us there are yet "many things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in our philosophy." Neither should we be over concerned to find that which shall support our own theories or creeds. We should look always for the truth, regardless of any man's theory. When you have given this statement due consideration, then if you do not like it, no matter. Let it go. You have at least been fair to both yourself and the writer. If the time comes when students of religious subjects find that they have discovered something which carried them a step further toward the Great Light, then they may relax their hold on the old and take up the new. But this they should do, not as if they were casting aside something false and worthless, but they should lay it aside reverently, as something which has well served its purpose; even as the growing child lays aside his primer when he advances to higher grades. For this also is in line with evolution. The comprehension of spiritual truth must always be progressive,

the light increasing as races and individuals rise to higher levels of spiritual consciousness.

The name Radha Soami.

It has been said that this system has no name. And in fact it has none. But it was inevitable that some sort of cognomen or designation, or label, should become attached to it. Many insist on calling it a faith. And so the name Radha Soami faith became attached to it. But the term faith is somewhat misleading, since this system does not fall in the category of faiths, or religions, as they are commonly understood. And the name Radha Soami was not given to it by its founder. That was given by Rai Saligram, one of the chief disciples of Soami Ji. But the name finally had the approval of the great Master. This name later came to be applied to the founder, and then to the system itself. The name has been applied to the Supreme Lord; but this name is "varnamatic" (that which can be spoken or written)

while the true Name, Nam, or Shabda, is "dhunatmic" (cannot be spoken or written). The true Sovereign of all must remain forever nameless, Anami; for he is above and beyond all names or descriptions in words of mortal tongue.

It was never aimed to found a new sect or cult. And this system was not first taught by Soami Ji, as some believe. He gave it clearer and simpler expression than any one else had ever done, and he made the exercises plain and easy to follow. For this reason only he is regarded as the founder of the system. He began to publicly expound the system in Agra, India, in 1861. But the teaching itself is the oldest science on earth, antedating the Vedas by untold ages, or any other teaching known to history. It should be said that while all Saints of all ages have taught and practised this system, it was not their fault if they did not give it out in plain words to the whole world. Each one had to be governed by the circumstances and the times

in which he lived. It has been only in very recent years that the heavy hand of fanatical persecution has been lifted, so that the Saints became free to teach openly. Civilization has at last wrested from the priesthood that power which for so many ages blocked the progress of enlightenment.

Sant Mat millions of years old.

The teaching of the Saints has been one and the same system since the first Saint ever set foot upon this planet, millions of years ago, in the days of the Golden Age, called Sat Yuga. It has never changed, and it can never change; because it has been a perfect science from the beginning, instituted and practiced by perfected men, who never make mistakes. It is a science based upon natural law and personal experience. The Creator himself is its author, and founder.

But in quite recent years the Saints known to history, such as Kabir Sahib, Tulsi Das, Shamas Tabrez, Moulana

Rum, and Guru Nanak, together with his nine successors, have been the chief exponents of the system. Then came Tulsi Sahib, and finally Shiv Dayal Singh, Ji, later known as Radha Soami, or Soami Ji, who simplified the science and presented it to the world in practical form, for the larger numbers who were approaching readiness for it. For this reason he is generally regarded as founder and first exponent.

This systen calls for no credulity. While it sets forth some very startling statements, it asks no blind acceptance; but proposes a method by which the student may prove every word of it for himself. It offers the student nothing to be believed without evidence, and it asks no favors of any man. It never begs for money for its support, and even the Master himself, giving his whole time to the work, never receives any material benefits from his disciples.

Sant Mat is not another cultural religion, or philosophy. We may truly

say that it is not primarily concerned with any system of right living on this earth. The field of its action lies in another direction. If a man is going to build a splendid dwelling for himself, he will not think only of the foundation, and when he has finished that foundation, stop right there and go on talking the rest of his life about that beautiful foundation. But that is precisely what all religions do. They lay a beautiful foundation of moral precept and culture; but they stop right there. They build not upon the foundation which they have laid. Therein is their fatal weakness. Sant Mat alone builds upon its foundation. It builds a superstructure reaching to the utmost skies. And its culture is that which is gained by the ascent of the soul to higher regions. That is the highest and noblest culture possible to man. It is a culture quite unknown to the man of the world, and it is almost impossible to put into writing anything that would convey a correct estimate of it. It is a priceless treasure quite beyond

the grasp of those who have not had the experience.

But with all modern presentations of ethics and cultural standards, the Saints are not directly concerned. Ethics is assumed by Sant Mat. It is the foundation upon which it builds its superstructure ; but that foundation is already in the possession of mankind. There is no need that any Saint should spend time restating it. He has more important work before him. All men know how to live correctly. If each one would do according to his own highest ideals of right, sin and crime would disappear and righteousness would prevail the world over. The world is not in need of cultural ideals. It has them in great plenty.

Let the reader here make special note of the fact that this writer does not mean to convey the idea that the Masters are not interested in ethics or moral culture. For the reverse is true. They always teach and emphasize its vital

importance. They are interested in ethics just as truly as any builder is interested in the foundation of his house. And their first lesson given to disciples is to impress upon them that they can not make even a start on the Path until the moral foundation has been laid. But unlike other systems, they do not stop here. Having laid this foundtion, they proceed to build upon it. Consequently, while ethics is vital in their system, at the same time it is not the chief interest of the Masters, and upon it they spend only the minimum amount of time necessary to impress its importance upon the student. The superstructure or spiritual character and achievement is their chief concern.

It is quite true that no one can take the first step on the Path of the Saints unless and until he has established his life upon a broad and sound ethical foundation. He is simply told that this is his first step. It is the one primary prerequisite. But he knows already how to

do it. He is quite familiar with its principles. All of this being taken for granted, the Saint has now to point out the Path of attainment. That is his mission.

He is not so much concerned with fitting men to live upon this earth, or the establishment of a moral order here, as he is in liberating men utterly and for ever from the confines of this earth life.

That is the supreme mission of the Saints, and to that they give all attention.

Essential teachings of Sat Mat.

I have mentioned a number of things which this system is not. Let us now endeavor to see what it really is. The great Saint at Beas has defined it in these words: "**Sant Mat is the science of connecting the individual soul with its Creator.**" This definition is extremely expressive and very accurate. It assumes that the ordinary individual is disconnected from his Creator. Its primary concern then is to re-establish

that divine yoga, or ONENESS, which in a real sense is the aim of all religions; although they have not the slightest idea as to how to go about it. A reunion with God is the fundamental aim of all spiritual aspiration. It is the one purpose back of all religious teaching and ceremony. But the pity is that they have all lost the method by which that reunion is to be accomplished. It has been lost and covered up in the maze of creeds and ceremonies and external forms. And Although the world is piled high with books and swarming with priests, all purporting to teach the Way, yet they actually know not the first step on the Path. Those who follow them only become worse and worse entangled in the maze, and there is no escape until they look to a real Master.

Souls disconnected from Creator.

It is then assumed that the individual is disconnected from his Creator. Each one comes into this world so disconnected. He runs on for a time, only by the mo-

mentum with which he came, and then he slows down and dies miserably from lack of power. During the ages that he has been wandering about the regions of mind and coarser matter, he has become separated from the great central dynamo. He is now like a motor car from which the battery has been disconnected. There is no longer any spark to ignite the fuel and produce the needed power to run on independently. It is just here that Sant Mat lays down the science by means of which the battery shall be reconnected and power made available for independent achievment. You may see at a glance that this is not, and and can not be, a system of beliefs. It is no mere theory. It is not a matter of opinions. It is not a cultural philosophy. Culture, beliefs, opinions, could never connect the disconnected battery. It requires a very definite act from the hand of an expert. A concrete, definite act. Only when the hand of the master mechanic comes and lays hold of the aparatus and actually makes

the connection, then and then only, will the motor come to life. And the Master mechanic works by strictly scientific principles and from exact knowledge. His is a science in the strict and technical meaning of the term. It is so because it is based upon natural law, and its rules and principles of operation are universal. In all ages of the world, among all races and in all countries, all who follow its working formulae get exactly the same results. That makes it an exact science. Therefore, the results may always be predicted in advance. The student on this Path may always know exactly what he will be able to accomplish. He may not know just how long it will take him. For many individual factors enter here, as in all other lines of endeavor. But if he follows the formulae faithfully, he may rest assured of the final results, with no shadow of variation and no possibility of failure.

Three great truths of Sant Mat.

There are three great fundamental

truths lying at the base of this system, and to each of these I wish to direct attention for a moment:

First, the helpless condition of the individual soul. I mean by this the utter inability of the individual to ever extricate himself from the prison walls and multiform chains that bind and hold him in this world of mind and matter, and in which he is doomed to be born and reborn for untold ages. He has wandered far from the regions of light, his original home. It would appear that he has been sent down here for remedial and disciplinary purposes ; in fact, that he might really finish the work of creating himself through individual struggle. In any case, he finds himself in the arena of individual struggle. He is compassed about by adverse conditions, requiring painful effort, prolonged and exhausting effort. These conditions are needed to supply the urge to force him to struggle. If conditions were pleasant, he would just sit down and take things easy for

a hundred thousand years. But after he has fought the battle to the limit, when he has done his best to rise above the region of pain and struggle, he stands alone upon a lofty eminence and surveys the field of his struggles. He looks for a way to escape. But there is none. Let him struggle as he may, he must return again and again to the theater of struggle. But if he is brave, and continuous to fight manfully, each successive return to the plane of struggle, he brings with him an earned increment of favorable karma, giving him a better placement. At last he looks about him and is seized with an inexpressible yearning for a return to his original home. He is tired of this endless warfare. The million entanglements of this world of sense are galling to him. He prays earnestly for his freedom. He finds that he has struggleld so long and so hard ; but has never been able to extricate himself from the Wheel. He recalls that he has tried every scheme, but all to no avail. He now knows intuitively that he never can release

himself. So, when his ego has been conquered, WHEN HUMILITY IS BORN OF BITTER EXPERIENCES, he is ready for the second great truth of this science. It is this: **The living Master is the divinely appointed agent of individual salvation.**

The Master the great Liberator.

As said before, the individual has been disconnected from the Great Central Force which alone could ever enable him to regain his lost position and return to his original home. He is quite unable to effect his own release. But now comes the Master into his life. The Master always comes when the soul is ready for him. When all else has failed him, and his ego has subsided sufficiently to permit him to accept the Master, the moment is ripe for the Great Liberator to enter his life. The Master then connects the individual soul with his Creator. That is his first step. He is the master mechanic whose skilled hands are able to connect the battery and give life to

the motor once more. In this particular instance the machinery is quite too complicated and delicate for the ordinary pretender to know what he is doing with it. When the connection is made, he has power to travel independently. He then has the power to overcome all of the downward pull of earth, and to begin his ascent toward the regions of light, where lies his eternal home. But without the aid of the Master, he could never make that journey. He could never even begin it. This then, is the second great truth emphasized by all the Saints—the fact that there is no ultimate release for any one from the wheel of birth and death, from the regions of pain and struggle, until the Master comes to his aid.

The Shabd, or Sound Current.

The third great truth of Sant Mat is the gigantic and vital fact of the Sound Current. This science is sometimes called the practice of the Sound Current. It is also called the Yoga of the Sound Current, or the Anand Yoga. The Sound

Current is the most stupendous and vital fact in all the realms of Nature; and yet it has been almost entirely lost sight of by the majority of modern students. For more than fifty years this student had diligently searched through everything printed in books, to the limit of his ability. He had ransacked the libraries of the world, in different languages, eagerly looking for gleams of truth. But never once did he run across a single intelligible word concerning the Sound Current, until less than four years ago. Yet the teaching of the Sound Current has been in the world since the earliest man began to turn his eyes heavenward; since the Great Father started the human race on its career upon this planet. Time and again, age after age, Saints have come to give fresh emphasis to this great truth, this is the most important of all truths. But soon after their departure, the Negative Powers begin to cover it up, and to obscure it, introducing a thousand schemes to draw attention away from it. Why? Because

it is the one and only way or avenue of escape from the regions of the Negative Power. It is the one and only power by means of which man is enabled to break every fetter that binds him, and remove every evil that obscures his moral sense, or clouds his spiritual vision. It is the one source of help that meets every need of the soul, and it is the open chariot in which he may ride back to his eternal home at the feet of the Supreme Father.

What then, is the Sound Current? It may not be so easy to define it. It is called Sound Current because it can be heard. It may be assumed that every force in the universe, moving from a static condition to dynamic expression, is in a state of vibration, and therefore produces a sound. Sounds are not limited to atmospheric vibrations, although our physical ear is so limited. When music is transmitted by the radio across the continent in the fraction of a second, it is just as truly a sound current, or sound wave, if you prefer that expres-

sion, while it is in transit, as it is when again converted into atmospheric vibrations by the receiving instrument. Only it can not be heard by the physical ear. But a finer ear, so constructed as to respond to those higher vibrations, might easily pick up those electromagnetic waves without any other instrument. And that is exactly what happens when the finer ear of the astral, body, and also of the still finer body or bodies, with which man is already endowed, actually picks up the finer vibrations of the Sound Current. It only requires the proper training of the Master to enable the student to accomplish this marvelous achievment.

Sound Current mentioned by Jesus.

It may be of interest to the student brought up in the Christian faith to know that Jesus himself, at least in one place in the New Testament, very definitely mentions the fact that this Sound Current is to be heard. In the gospel of John, first chapter, it is called the Logos, or

Word, through which all creation came into existence. It was not only with God from the beginning, but it was God himself. Then in the third verse of Chapter III, Jesus himself speaks of contacting the Sound Current and compares it to a new or second birth. (Bear in mind that birth means bringing to light). He says that which is born of the flesh is flesh; but it is the spirit of man which is born of the Spirit—that is, brought to light by the Spirit. Then in the eighth verse he clearly mentions actually hearing the Sound of this same Spirit Current which gives the new birth. He says: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one who is born of the Spirit." Thus the matter is made very clear and definite that just as the body of man is born of woman, body from body, so the spirit of man is born, brought to light, out of the dark womb of matter and its foul corruptions, through the action of the

divine Spirit, in the form of the Sound Current. When that takes place, he actually hears the sound of it just as distinctly as he may hear the rustle of the wind in the tall pines of the forest. But no one can tell whence that inner sound comes, any more than he can tell whence the wind is blowing. Shamas Tabrez, a great Persian Saint, speaking of the Sound Current, says very beautifully:

"To me came the Sound incomparable, which comes
Neither from within nor from without.
Neither does it come from the left, nor from the right,
Nor from the back, nor from the front.

You will ask, then, from whence does it come?
It comes from the direction you are seeking to go.
You will ask, then, which way shall I face?
The side from which the bridegroom cometh.

That direction from which the parched fish
Comes to life with the waters of immortality.
That direction whence the hand of Moses
Became bright like the shining moon.

The direction whence ripeness comes to fruit;
The direction from which stones become diamonds.
Be silent and listen to the Five Sounds from Heaven
The Heaven which is beyond all senses and directions.

Every moment of life this wondrous Sound
Reaches down from the Courts of Heaven.
Fortunate above all the children of men
Is he who hears its enchanting melodies."

Jesus speaking in the same poetical spirit, of this Sound Current, says it is heard in the direction whence the wind blows. He says: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he can not see the Kingdom of Heaven. He must be brought to light and that light is inside of man himself. And for this very definite reason he says that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. The kingdom of Heaven being inside, of course it can be seen only by going inside. And yet all the world is busy seeking for it every where else. To make the momentous discovery of the great kingdom of Light, man must go inside, and he can not go inside except by the aid of the Sound Current. Hence its vital importance. In every age of the world, time and time again, the Saints have repeated the significant words of Jesus —Marvel not that I say unto you, YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

When the soul is connected with the Sound Current at the time of his initia-

tion by the Master, that is the supreme moment of his new birth. But the completion of that birth is a slow process, a gradual coming into the light. The Master often refers to the birth of the soul into this world of matter as a real death, rather than a birth; for it is in fact a going down into darkness. But the real birth takes place when he is connected with the Sound Current, and by its regenerating action is brought into Light.

Sound and power through the Divine Shabd.

This divine Shabda (which means sound) may be called the Current of the Supreme Being himself, vibrating through all space, and extending down to each individual soul. Now it has been proved that not only sound can be transmitted by radio, but power also can be so transmitted. In like manner the power of the Supreme Current can be transmitted to the individual soul who is attuned to receive it. And here is the

crux of the whole matter. *One must be attentive to receive it.* This is the primal connection between the Creator and the created. But the entire process of training to receive both the Sound and the Power constitutes the course of instructions and exercises given by each Master to his Initiates.

In this manner the Creator himself sends out streams of life to the untold millions of beings who are dependent upon him. These streams reach to the outer bounds of all creation. It is the supreme current of spiritual life, the very essence of life, flowing out from the Creator to every soul in the universe. It is the way he will ultimately bring them back to himself, when their periods of discipline are over. This Current then, vibrates through all space and into each soul. Anywhere a receiving set is put into operation, it will pick up the currents or waves which may be said to fill all space. In like manner, any soul when properly trained, may pick up

this divine Sound Current and receive its power. But men have shut themselves off from vital connection with it. It is a living vibrant force and can be heard and its power can be felt. But first each one must be connected with that Current by the master mechanic, the Saint. It is largely, a process of "tuning in," as we say in radio. But only the Master knows how to do that tuning in. And no man can tune himself in. In consequence of man's degrading relations with these lower regions, he has become so disconnected—out of tune—that he can no longer hear the vibrations of that Current or avail himself of its power, until the Master reconnects him. This the Master does at the time of his Initiation, and from that time on he has only to train himself in that system of scientific yoga, as prescribed by the Master, and sooner or later he is enabled to distinctly hear the Sound Current within himself. It is at first feeble and makes but little impression upon the student. But gradually, as his

concentration becomes more perfect, the Sound grows more distinct and sweeter in tone, until at length it is the most delightful musical note ever heard by mortal man. It enchants and transforms him, and by its power he easily overcomes all temptations. It gives him new strength and resolution. It literally draws him upward, and at the same time it cleanses him of all earth impurities. It fairly recreates him. Under its benign influence, he begins his inward and upward journey toward the highest spiritual regions. There are five principal regions through which he passes on this journey. These regions are gained by inward concentration, first enabling the spirit to leave the physical body and then to travel abroad in those exalted and shining worlds. These he traverses one after the other, until the highest is reached, the Master being all the while his gracious companion and guide. The last of these region is in the highest Grand Division of creation, the realm of pure spirit, the Home of the supreme Father.

In those far realms of glory, so immeasurbly beyond the power of human words to describe, dwells the Supreme Father of all. Himself formless and boundless, an infinite ocean of love, yet he takes forms, many forms, visible to his children, fitting himself to their needs, in order that he may carry out his purposes of an all-embracing love. And this is the ultimate home of the soul.

Thus the Master and the Sound-Current are the two vital factors in the process of spiritual redemption, in fact, in all real achievement. Without them both the individual soul is utterly helpless and is doomed to forever wander up and down the desolate plains of shadow and pain, of struggle and death. The soul who has not a Master is indeed poor, though he may possess all the gold of the world. Even though he may be the emperor upon whose broad domains the sun never goes down, yet he is poorer than the lowliest coolie who has a Master.

These points are so vital and all-important, I am going to try to illustrate them a little further. To do that permit me to use the air plane and to recite a personal experience. In that we shall find a very apt illustration of all three of these great truths of Sant Mat.

A dead motor over mountain ranges.

I used to do considerable flying. I had some airplanes of my own and gained a little skill in flying them. On one occasion I was crossing the Siskiyou mountain range in northern California, sailing along at an altitude of almost two miles above sea level. Those snow covered summits and deep gorges, gigantic rocks and vast forests, all lay unrolling beneath me in a gorgeous panorama. Old mount Shasta stood out to my left and its twelve thousand foot peak I could almost have touched, if my arm had been a little longer. Here and there miles of billowy clouds crept lazily along the mountain sides, far below me, shining white in the morning sun. I was

joying the flight with superb delight. I felt almost as if I were floating through the sun-lit skies sustained by the everlasting arms. There was no thought of danger to myself. I was exultingly happy. Then all of a sudden my motor went dead. No amount of coaxing could restore it to action. It was dead, hopelessly out. I looked around in every direction; but no place to land without a crash. Nothing as far as I could see—nothing but rocks and deep gorges and dense forests. Only one thing was now certain, beyond peradventure—I must soon come down to earth. Even the minutes allotted to me were counted, and only my gliding angle was left—eleven times the distance I was above the ground; and then I must come down to earth, whether I was ready or not. But how to make a satisfactory landing when there was no place to land? I continued to glide and look for an opening, or as the flyers say an "out." Miles went by under me, and all the while I was slowly but inevitably descending. The

pull of gravity was as relentless as death itself, and held its victim as surely within its grasp. Finally far to the east, perhaps six miles, I saw a field and headed for it. Shortly reaching it, I circled the field twice to pick out the best approach, skimmed over the tops of some trees, sideslipped her down to break the too rapid landing speed, and then set her down in that little field, none the worse for my dead motor.

Now, here is the point. The airplane is the human body. The pilot siting in it is the soul. The motor is the Master, and the gasoline from which all power is derived is the Sound Current. The mountain range, with its stony crags, with its deep cuts, vast forests and low rolling clouds, is this earth, the realm of matter. And my home, lying some hundred and fifty miles to the south, may represent our eternal home in Sach Khand.

Let us now make the application,

if by all means we shall not not fail to get the fundamental ideas fixed in our consciousness. Presumably I was headed for my home ; but now having no power to rise, because wholly disconnected from the source of power aud being utterly unable to continue the journey, I was slowly sinking toward the earth. This is an exact parallel to our situtaion spiritually. It pictures the situation of the whole world. Each one rises but for a moment above the horizon of life, spends that moment wasting the small store of energy he has acquired in former lives, and then slowly sinks to earth, to die and be reborn, in an endless chain of cause and effect, called karma. But there is one avenue of escape, and only one. If he is fortunate enough to meet a real Master, he may find the way out. The Master like the motor in the plane, is the connecting link between the source of power and the individual soul. The source of power is the Sound Current, and it is in all men, like the gasoline in the tank of the plane ; but it is latent.

To us it is practically useless; because without the Master its power is not available. Just as the plane needs the motor to convert the latent power of the gasoline into dynamic energy, so the soul must have the Master to connect it with the Sound Current and make its power available. This the Master does when he gives the soul his initiation. From that moment on, the divine energy is available; whereas before it was latent and useless to the individual. As the plane begins to rise the moment the power of the motor is applied, so the soul begins to rise the moment he is connected with the Sound Current by the Master. But the man without a Master is exactly like the airplane without a motor. The utmost that he can do is to glide, and that for only a limited time. Most of the human race are simply gliders, momentary gliders, drifters. Nothing more. They have no independent motive power by which to rise.

Now, the pilot in a motorless plane

may have all the technical knowledge in the world. He may know how to build airplanes. He may be a master of all the sciences. Yet as he sits there in that motorless plane, all he can do is to glide a little ways. Precisely the situation in which all men without a Master find themselves no matter how wise and learned they may be. Search the hearts of the wisest and best of men, and ask them if they have power to do as they please. They will tell you that they are helpless gliders, with power only to modify their gliding but a little. In like manner a man may have all the book learning in the world. He may have all the sciences of the world at his command. He may be able to quote verbatim every line of the Vedas, the Shastras, the Koran and the Bible,—all of the sacred hymns and bibles of the world. But that knowledge will never enable him to overcome. the downward pull of earth's influences. Knowledge can save no one from the "Chaurasi da chakra", the inevitable Wheel of birth and death, called the

"Wheel of eighty four." Only dynamic power can do that, and dynamic power is not inherent in knowledge itself. Also, the pilot may be a model of moral perfection. He may be the most rigid of purists, the most punctilious of all in observing every moral precept, and he may spend all his days in prayers, yet sitting there in that motorless plane, he is as helpless as the boldest scoundrel. So the man of moral perfection is likewise helpless, when it comes to rising against the downward pull of earth's dominant forces which lead him ultimately to death and rebirth. Without the Master he also is helpless.

Again, the pilot may have all of the training and skill of a Lyndberg ; he may be the most efficient and keenly intellectual pilot that ever sat in a plane ; and yet without the power of the motor, he must come down to earth. The utmost that he can hope to do is to glide for a little season, and if he has favorable winds, he may stay up a little longer than

the other fellow who has less favorable winds, and less skill. But the winds of fortune blow not in the favor of all men.

In the same way, a man may have attained the very acme of human culture. He may be a marvel of erudition. He may be the very flower of earth's super-refinement. He may contain within himself the combined mastership of all the fine arts. He may speak every known language. In a word, he may have reached the summit of all possible human culture and achievement; and yet all of that will never lift him above the downward pull of those currents which are an integral part of this earth life. With all of his erudition and culture, the utmost that he can hope to do, like the pilot in the motorless plane, is to drift along a little above the dark streams of earth's more sordid conditions, and with the favorable winds of good fortune, he may glide on for a time, and at least, all that his culture can do for him is to help him pick out a more favorable landing

from which to begin his next venture. But the landing he must take. He has no choice. He has no independent power to ascend the skies and go on to his real home. He must return to earth and begin his struggle all over again. The Wheel of birth and death must roll on forever, and he must pass under it. He is hopelessly bound to these regions of mind and matter, of pain and struggle. But the soul who has the help of a Master, and he alone, has the power to rise and free himself to shake off the dust of earth forever and mount to his eternal home.

From this illustration, it would appear that it lies not in the power of any human being, high or low, ignorant or cultured, vile or saintly, to free himself from the bonds of earth and rise into the regions of light. And that is exactly what all of the Saints teach. It is a fact of experience, not a theory, and it is fundamental in thier system.

The final triumph.

But suppose while that airplane is

gliding along over the mountains, slowly descending for the inevitable landing,—suppose that the motor suddenly springs to life again. Once more the power is applied to the propeller, and the throb of life is again felt through every wire and rib, to the tips of her wings/ We begins to rise. Oh, the glory of it! Only those who have had the experince may ever know what joy the pilot feels when he hears again the blessed hum of that motor and feels his ship begin to climb once more. The earth drops away beneath him and he triumphantly ascends the shining path of the skies. The old earth may now pull all she pleases; but there is a power within which is able to overcome the downward drag. So he climbs higher and higher, breathing the purer air of those upper regions, until at last the beholds his home on the distant horizon.

Just so is the joy of him who begins to hear the sweet sounds of the divine Current within; when he feels a new

power throbbing through every fiber of his being. He is now conscious of rising above all downward tendencies, thrilled with a sense of well-being which he never knew before. His real Home, in the land of pure Spirit, is even now on the horizon, and soon his feet will step upon its golden sands.

THE END.

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